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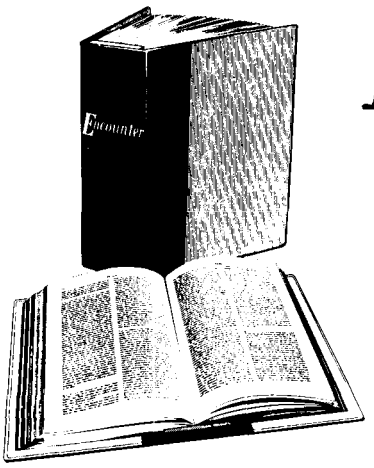

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John W. A. Roberts

Tiny

I NEVER thought it was right, sir. Never. I know I let him say it before but that didn't make it right. There is no way it could be right except at the beginning, then of course, it would be true. Start at the very beginning? Well, then it was true but it's true for everybody then, isn't it? I can't truthfully say that I remember—I don't think my mother ever said it. She may have done and I've forgotten but if she didn't, then I can't have forgotten, can I? I know I don't remember everything she told me, she didn't talk a lot. At least I don't remember her talking a lot but if she did it may be that what she said was just ordinary things which you wouldn't remember. We were just an ordinary family, sir. That's why it's a great honour when an educated man like yourself, sir, comes all the way from London to talk to me. My mother and father and I were just ordinary people. I did read a book once that said that an ordinary person was "the man in the street." (I know that means women too, sir.) I do know that, but I've often thought about that and I think I'd be right in saying that sometimes persons like you must walk in the street and you're not an ordinary person, sir. I don't see how you can be—not like me you're not. But it does matter, sir. *No*? You know best, sir. I couldn't argue with an educated man like you, sir, but I must say I'm a little surprised.

The beginning? That's what we're talking about now sir, isn't it? I just said it was true then, so it wouldn't have bothered me then if anybody had said that to me, I . . . but, *that's* not the beginning sir. That was only five years ago I met Crawford—you can't call that the beginning. No, sir, beginning means when you begin. That's what I've always been told it means. And all the other educated persons who have talked to me have always been very interested in my beginning, very interested indeed sir. Always interested in my beginning, they were. I expect that's why I know so much about it. Not actually the very beginning but certainly from the age of four. I'd say that I was as familiar with my beginning from that age as anybody could be, sir. That's quite a bit of remembering, sir, when you think about it. I'm 49 now sir, so that means that I'm remembering things from 45 years ago, 49 takeaway 4 is 45, isn't it sir. Yes I thought it was. I was always good at sums although I'm not looking forward to next year sir. I'll be 50 then sir, that's one more than 49, I do know that's right. When I'm remembering then sir it will be much harder to count the years I've remembered because 50 ends with nothing sir and I've always found it difficult to take away from nothing sir. I remember that from school, finding it difficult to take away from nothing. It was very difficult for me then sir and I've not had a lot of practice since sir for I've only had four nothings in my age since then. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, that's four nothings isn't it? Yet, to tell you the truth sir, I'm sure I can remember better what it was like to be four now that I'm 49 than what I could when I was 45. That's strange, isn't it? You'd think it would be much harder at 49 because 49 is a bigger number than 45 so that means you've lived longer, doesn't it? But I'm being truthful when I say I know more about myself being four at 49 than what I did when I was 45, or even 40. But I don't like the years with nothing in them. I remember that from school sir, I . . . .

NO, SIR, nobody called me that at school. Yes, I was a big boy. My mother was a

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big woman and boys always grow bigger than their mothers. You didn't know that sir? Fancy that, you learning something from me and you're an educated man. It's funny that sir. I mean you being educated and not knowing that because everyone knows that for a fact sir. Even the biggest mother in the world sir, if she has a son, he will grow bigger than she is, sir. What kind of person was my mother sir? I've just told you, she was a big person. I *did* tell you that sir. Big. But not as big as me because I'm her son and it's a fact that sons always grow bigger than their mothers. . . .

What else do I know about her? She was 5 feet 10 inches. I'm more than that of course sir on account of being her son. I'm exactly 6 feet 6 inches sir, exactly. They say our Lord was six feet tall sir but they're not sure if that was with or without his sandals. Some sandals wouldn't make much difference of course but some of those that come from Italy—or it might be Spain—I know it's a foreign country that they come from—like Spain or Italy—they have thick rope soles that would make a considerable difference to our Lord's height if he ever went to those countries. But even if he only wore thin sandals you couldn't say he was exactly 6 feet if he was only 6 feet tall when he was wearing them—that wouldn't be exactly—not exactly it wouldn't.

I'm exactly 6 feet 6 inches—without sandals. I am as you probably already know sir without sandals as I haven't got any. I did have sandals in Crawford's house but the police wouldn't let me bring them with me. I like sandals sir. I had a pair when I was five. I can remember my mother had to get me a new pair of shoes when I started school. They were black. Not my sandals, they were brown, *all* sandals are, aren't they? I've never seen any other colour. It's strange that. You'd think men who were clever enough to get all the way to the moon could make sandals that were black? They have? For ladies? That accounts for it sir. That's why I didn't know. Not being educated like you I don't look at ladies' things sir. But they were black sir. Not my sandals, my new shoes. Mother didn't think that sandals were suitable for school. Then winter was on the way because I started school in September. September, October, November, December, that's right, isn't it sir? Winter starts some time in November I believe. I could get you the exact date from my book. You're sure? It's a very nice book, *Book of Facts* it's called, I could easily. . . . Well, as long as you don't mind not knowing.

SCHOOL? I can't say I had any trouble in elementary school sir. That's where they teach you the elements of things. Like the alphabet and adding easy numbers. I could do the work very well, I was always a good reader. I was very good at adding and I could do taking away except if there was a nothing on the top line, I. . . . Yes, I know I've told you about that already sir but you did ask me if I had any trouble at school and I assumed that you'd overlooked—I can't say "forgotten"—(not an educated man like you, sir). I thought you had overlooked the fact that I'd already told you of the trouble I had at school taking away from nothing.

Any other trouble? No, sir. I didn't get into a lot of trouble because of the Germans sir. I was evacuated to Devon, which is in the South-west of our island, because of the German bombs. We didn't like the Germans in those days sir, but it's the Russians we don't like now isn't it? More about school? Well, it was the Germans that started us moving and we just seemed to keep on doing it. Especially since my father never came back from the war. It's possible that the Germans may have killed him. Mother said he was "missing presumed dead." He could be anywhere in the world sir or even in the next room, for "presumed dead" means only "maybe dead." So he may be alive—or dead—like Crawford sir, only he's not "presumed dead" is he?

YES, WE DID MOVE AROUND A LOT. Mother often worked in seaside cafés. That's why we mostly went to the South and South-west parts of our island. That's where most people go for their holidays. I suppose it's because they get a lot more winter in the North parts of our island. We always came back to London for the winter but as soon as it was Spring, any time in April, we'd be off to the South or South-west parts. Mostly South—I don't ever remember us going exactly West, but we did go South-west. Schools? I really only went to schools in London sir, in the winter that is. In the South or South-west there was plenty of

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work that I could do in the cafés. I was a big strong boy. "You're a big strong boy" mother used to say. No, I liked to work. And I liked the sand, sir. I liked the sand very much. Sand is just little bits of rock, isn't it sir? A teacher told me that sir, an elementary school teacher. All those big rocks split up into such tiny bits. Many of the beaches still had big rocks on them. I used to wonder why some big rocks had split up into sand and some big rocks were still big. I used to keep an eye on them in case one day I saw one splitting up but I never did catch one "in the act" so to speak. Some beaches, like Brighton, are mostly stones of course. They're bigger than sand. Sand is required to be no more than two millimetres in diameter, that's a French measurement sir, any more than 2 millimetres and it's no longer sand. It does matter sir. To me? Of course! It's proper to be exact, to be truthful: "Tell the truth and shame the devil" mother used to say. I always tell the truth, even if my solicitor tells me not to. It'll only make the judge angry they say. But I consider it would be disrespectful to my mother's grave to tell a lie. I don't like lies.

FIGHTING? My mother never said anything about fighting. Besides it's not really me—it's the drink sir. That's what Dr Samuelson says. "It's the drink, Leonard." He's always telling me that.

Why do I drink so much? Because I like it sir. It's possible that I've inherited my liking for it from my father. Mother said he had a great liking for it. I sometimes wonder if any of the older men in the bar is father. It would be a likely place for us to meet, wouldn't it? But, if we did meet, he'd only be my "presumed" father until he gave me absolute proof. I'd not call him "father" till he did that.

"Dad?" No. I wouldn't use that word. Mother always said not to be common. She gave me a right telling off once for calling her Ma. After that I was always careful to call her Mother. Yes, words did mean a lot to her sir. You have to tell the truth, don't you?

Crawford? He didn't tell the truth sir. That's how it happened. Why did I stay with him for so long? You mean five years? It was his house sir and I did need somewhere to live. He did ask me to stay there. Yes, I did like him except when he didn't tell the truth. How often? I'm not exactly sure sir for he was much better educated than me sir. But some of the things he said didn't seem right to me even if he did get them from books. Like he said it needed a much bigger word to describe him than me. That surely couldn't be right. Not with him being only 3 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches and me being 6 feet 6 inches. He said the proper word for him was "HO-MUN-CU-LUS" and that midget was only a common slang word, but that "giant" was the proper word for me. "Giant" has only five letters while Ho-mun-cu-lus has ten! That's two times five isn't it? Yet I was almost two times his size. Perhaps the man who wrote that book made a mistake?

No. That wasn't why I kept hitting Crawford. He wouldn't stop lying. He kept on calling me "Tiny." Yes, that's what he often called me but that night I told him that he must tell the truth. If he was here you could ask him but you can't. Nobody can ask him now can they? He just would not tell the truth. He said, "Stop it, Tiny. Stop it Tiny." He wasn't telling the truth was he? It wasn't right of him sir, was it?

Five Sisters

In the garden at full moon five poplars.
In the room above the bed in which no one sleeps,
In perfect silhouette, moon-cut, five poplars.

Gordon Dyson

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Nathan Glazer

The Ethnic Factor

If Melting Pots do not melt, what democratic hope is there for Multi-racial Assimilation and "Equal Rights for All" (including Foreigners in our liberal Societies?

THE AMERICANS, in their misery, now have company in their major form of domestic social distress: the interaction of race and social problems. In Britain, France, Germany, and the smaller countries of Western Europe there are now established permanent settlements of people of non-European background—West Indians, Indians and Pakistanis, North Africans, Turks—who differ in race, or religion, or ethnic background from the native populations of Western Europe. And it has turned out—and, one must fear, it must increasingly be the case in the future—that the melding of old populations and new that differ in descent and in culture will demonstrate that American problems are not only America's alone. They are the problems of all multi-ethnic societies. Is there anything someone from the New World, where this mixing of peoples into new societies has gone on more vigorously than anywhere else (and, I would argue, in the end more successfully), has to say to the Old?

The United States has one advantage over the countries of Western Europe: legally, there is no ambiguity about the suitability of anyone, of any racial background, of any religion, of any language, of any level of cultural development (assuming for the moment that differences in culture can be arranged in stages) for full participation in the society, as a citizen, with exactly the same rights as Anglo-Saxons who have descended from the first 17th-century settlers at Plymouth or Jamestown.

Even our most conservative present President insists that "anyone" can be an American, and "as good an American as any other." Can one imagine an English, French, or German Prime Minister saying, as Ronald Reagan did when he accepted the Presidency of the Republic, that

> "only a Divine Providence placed this land—this island of freedom—here as a refuge for all those people in the world who yearn to breathe free—Jews and Christians enduring persecution behind the Iron Curtain, the 'boat people' of South-East Asia, Cuba and Haiti, the victims of drought and famine fighters in Afghanistan, and our own countrymen held in savage captivity. . . ."

Leave aside the anti-Communist and anti-Soviet thrust, the mixed reference to the Iranian hostages, the fact that victims of drought and famine in Africa will not be able to engineer an easy passage to the USA, or the fact this quotation is cited in the latest report on American immigration, a report that tells us that we must *control* immigration in the light of American needs. The fact remains that the United States, almost alone among the countries of the world, sees itself as a natural home for people of any religion or race, any language or culture. Even the candidate of the Republican Party that draws little support from immigrants and minority races will proclaim this is a national virtue. And indeed the report tells us that the United States took in 800,000 immigrants in 1980, expects 700,000 in 1981: all *legal residents*, and all expected shortly to become citizens.

Should one expect the ancient countries of Western Europe—densely populated as they are, and with historic traditions that link them for many centuries with one ethnic group, of one language—to achieve any such simple solution to the questions of the legal status of peoples of very different race, religion, culture, and history? The West European concept of Nation, which has spread all too easily and without analysis to the rest of the world, implies a State with a homogeneous population, sharing a common history, a sense of common descent from revered ancestors, common institutions, generally a common language. Much of European history has involved the effort, through war and rebellion, to forge such Nation-States, bringing together into a single state the members of the common nation-family, expelling those who do not belong. How does such a Nation-State accommodate to the permanent presence of large communities of people who share none of these commonalties?

West European nations have not, in general, seen themselves as "countries of immigration." Indeed,

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until recently they were countries sending large numbers of emigrants to the true countries of immigration, the "empty lands" of the New World and Australia, which welcomed immigrants and absorbed large numbers of them. The immigrants of the post-War period to Western Europe have come into a different political setting, one which raises, to begin with (and not least important), serious questions of their legal status in these countries, of what role they may legitimately adopt in states that have for so long been almost synonymous with a single national group. As the eminent Swiss sociologist, H. J. Hoffman-Nowotny, writes:

> "It is the very paradox of European migrations today that millions of people who are living in foreign countries are not designated as '*immigrants*'; nor do those countries see themselves as immigration countries. And vice versa, very few of the countries that send millions of their citizens to work abroad consider themselves 'emigration countries' in the narrow sense. Instead of the term '*immigrant*', words such as '*foreign worker*', '*guest worker*', '*foreign employee*', or '*migrant worker*' are used."[1]

Britain is something of a European exception. Its post-War immigrants are true immigrants. But now Britain struggles with the problem of just who is exactly a British national or subject. It must deal with the heritage of colonialism; and it must deal, too, with the concrete reality that Britons never conceived their country as a "country of immigration", of people of varied background and race. The making of the British people was substantially complete by the 13th century. Whatever additions later were made to the British people—of Flemings, or Jews, or Huguenots, or Italians, or political refugees—were small in number and merged more or less into the body of Britons. Scottish and, later, Irish immigrants were more numerous but were seen in time as not very different from Englishmen—and the term "Briton" was devised to cover Scots and Welshmen and assimilated immigrants. To think of Britain as now becoming multi-ethnic and multi-racial—including more than the related Scots and Irish, and small streams from Europe—creates a certain difficulty. That is not what Britain was, or wants to be; but it is what Britain is, and cannot help becoming. The British family has been expanded to include very distant relatives. The fragments of the old British Empire still bound to Britain offer the possibility still of (for example) a mass migration of Chinese from Hong Kong—or so the ambiguities of citizenship and subjecthood permit.

[1] "European Migration after World War II", in *Human Migration* (edited by William H. McNeill and Ruth S. Adams (Indiana University Press, 1978), p. 86.

JUST AS BRITAIN must struggle with the consequences of various kinds of rights to citizenship and entry, so must France and Germany.

France, also an ex-imperial power, has special arrangements with the countries of North Africa and the "francophone" countries of West Africa that it formerly governed, special ties to formerly French Indo-China. The German empire (which came late) was small, and was taken away after the defeat of 1918, and therefore does not have the problem of how to deal with ex-subjects, and what special status to offer or allow them. But because of its membership in the European Economic Community—and its need for foreign labour which has had to reach beyond the EEC—it, too, now deals with populations of different or ambiguous status, some who have free right of entry, some who do not. And the status of "German citizen", which has in the past covered Germans by ethnicity almost exclusively, is very difficult to attain for almost anyone of foreign birth.

Thus in terms of basic law as well as in terms of dominant conception, the countries of Europe now deal with large resident populations of ambiguous status in law or in settlement as to suitability for full equality.

THE CONTRAST with the clear-cut situation of the United States is striking. "We are all immigrants", John F. Kennedy proclaimed, and it was more than rhetoric. Whatever the social advantage of being a descendant of pre-Revolutionary settlers (and we still do retain the term "settler" for those who were here before the Revolution), only the American Indian can claim not to be the descendant of an immigrant. And the law makes no difference between the *Mayflower* descendant and the newest citizen though there have been some vagaries in the past and that still remain, distinguishing the native-born from the immigrant citizen. (Thus, only a native-born citizen can become President, according to our Constitution: Dr H. Kissinger can aspire no further than, for example, getting elected a Senator.) But there are basically no classifications of citizens, and there are no classifications of foreigners from the point of suitability to become a citizen.

Indeed, some of the most agitating American questions now revolve around the opposite question: the degree of preference for employment and college and university entry for US residents (whether citizen or not), who are Black, of Hispanic and Asian background, and American Indian. Policy even attempts to reduce the handicap of foreign language. Thus bilingual programmes in the schools as frequently try to maintain a non-English language as to teach English (and in some programmes *more* effort is devoted to the former

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than the latter); and the citizen who speaks Spanish or an Asian language must be given special assistance in voting, by means of the translation of necessary information into his language.

US citizenship is thus now radically divorced from race and ethnicity. Whatever the degree of social prejudice—and much of that is beyond the reach of the law—Blacks, Asians, and Latin Americans know that they can aspire to the highest offices (short of the reservation of the Presidency to the native-born); for the ideology of our race-blind polity is now backed by the presence of members of these groups in such offices.

Thus there may be clear advantages to having had to deal with these matters for centuries rather than decades; and there is the further advantage of a Constitution and a constitutional system which, through design or good luck, can be used as the basic law of a multi-ethnic and multi-racial society.

I BEGIN WITH LAW as a means of considering the status of the large new immigrant groups of Western Europe, because, while law is only formal and may well diverge from sentiment, it is also a good index to sentiment.

It is hard for homogeneous and old nations to contemplate turning into nations of a different sort, marked by increasing heterogeneity of race, culture, language, religion. A Nation in a sense is an extension of a family, or a tribe. It is often thought of as such, and sentiments of kinship are appealed to in times of war or disaster. Not that the ties of humankind are limited by nation or ethnic groups, but clearly one feels more strongly for people of one's ethnic group and nation, as one feels more strongly for members of one's family. The family is defined by blood-relationship, and ethnicity by a putative blood-relationship. We have been embarrassed by these ties of "blood" (as we now know, more properly genes) because of the terrible consequences of an extreme attachment to those of one's group and hostility to those of another. But loyalty to country and kin is surely not in its nature a reprehensible sentiment. It helps guide us in the degree of attachment we should feel for others; and there are good moral grounds for asserting that our responsibility for those closer to us is greater than for those more distant. It is true that political rather than ethnic status is the basis generally on which we limit or grant rights and duties; but it is normally expected, in countries of homogeneous character, such as those of Western Europe, that almost all of those defined by law as citizens will have also been defined by history and relationship as members of the same group.

When political bounds and the ethnic bounds fail to coincide, we have in the past expected problems. Thus, the history of Europe in one respect has been, until recently, a history of efforts to make ethnic and political boundaries coincide. The solution to "irredentism"—movements to bring those of one's own ethnic group under a common rule—was considered by liberals in the past to be shifting state boundaries, not preaching a universalistic ignoring of all ethnic differences.

Ethnically-defined states were created after the cataclysm of World War I out of the débris of the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Empires; and that was considered sound and good. Boundaries were moved to arrange that Italians live under the political rule of an Italian state, unfortunately adding a good number of Austrians and Slavs to become "irredentist" in their turn. In the aftermath of World War II, action to make ethnicity and state boundaries coincide became even stronger, with the expulsion of great numbers of Germans (*Volksdeutsche*) from Poland and other countries. It seemed as if the vision of the nationalists of the 19th century, and of Woodrow Wilson, was coming to pass.

IT IS INTERESTING to reflect upon the period after World War II, in which old states were either ethnically homogeneous (as the states of Europe) or new countries made up of immigrants from many, but with one dominant and exclusive language and culture drawn from one colonising power, as was the case in the New World. Where there were other independent states in the world, such as Japan, they seemed to fit the European model.

Then two things happened; and the idea that Nation and State could or should coincide was blasted. Scores of new states became independent, emerging from the British and French and Belgian and Dutch and Portuguese colonial empires. Almost all were ethnically diverse, and possessed boundaries that had been drawn up with no regard for language, or culture, or ethnicity. As we learned more about the ancient empires trying to become modern states—China, India, Iran, Turkey—we discovered how ethnically diverse they were, and how difficult it was to keep all their parts together in harmony. And in Europe, which had become the model of the kinds of states the developing Third World was trying to build, the coincidence of state and ethnicity began to break down as the heritage of colonialism and economic need for immigrant workers opened the way to a radically new diversity created by immigration.

NOWHERE has this adjustment been easy. And early optimistic assumptions have had to be revised even in Western Europe.

Britain, despite its magnificent traditions of hospitality and equal rights before the law, must

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still deal with prejudice. It has not been so easy for Britain to turn into a multi-racial country. To be sure, it has been, of all West European countries, most open to granting full citizenship to immigrants of different race and culture, and in this respect it most closely resembles its offspring of the New World and Australia that have adapted—I would argue—most successfully to multi-ethnicity and multi-racialism. But it still faces the complex problems of internal prejudice and discrimination and the inevitable differentiation of "new immigrants" and the "new communities" they create socially and economically from the native population. Its most difficult problem is how to forge an immigration policy that does not explicitly differentiate by race; for Britain is not happy to see its population of West Indians and Indians and Pakistanis expand from its present modest percentage. This is the problem that the United States and Australia have faced in the past. Both in the post-War epoch gave up efforts to differentiate among immigrants by race. The racial distinctions were totally abandoned in the United States in 1965; and as a result of that, among the most rapidly growing immigrant ethnic communities in the United States are now Korean, Filipino, Indian, and Chinese, all of whom may expect, after the easy preliminary steps that are required to become citizens, to enjoy full US citizenship.

France and Germany, despite their careful efforts to limit full citizenship, and to exclude their North Africans and Turks from attaining it, now must confront the reality of large permanent settlements of non-Europeans, with second generations growing up to reach their teens—and the age of job-seeking and delinquency. In this respect, they join the second generation of the non-European communities of Britain, and despite the difference in legal status, one fears the reality in terms of social strain and conflict will be the same. Nor can the small states of Western Europe, now with substantial non-European communities, escape from these dilemmas. The ties of kinship still seem to make the problems of assimilating those of more closely tied ethnicities easier. One suspects Sweden will have less difficulty with its Finns than its Turks; and Switzerland—despite the fact that it has by far the largest foreign working community proportionately in Europe—will have less difficulties with its predominantly Italian foreign population than Germany with its Turks and Yugoslavs.

WHAT STANDS BEHIND this near universal difficulty? Certainly it is not simply the arrogance of Europeans, or West Europeans, or white Europeans. Indeed Europe and its offspring come off best in the post-War world in their management to date of problems of multi-ethnicity.

In Africa and Asia, we have had the reality of murderous ethnic wars in Nigeria and the Indian subcontinent, and in other countries the expulsion with great cruelty of communities dubbed "foreign." Within India, the demand for the exclusive right to Assam by Assamese—and this has been preceded by other movements claiming the right to jobs and higher education and residence for various "Sons of the Soil"—makes the modest restrictions on working and residence that affect foreigners in Western Europe seem almost benign. It was not possible for Indian census-takers to enter Assam; it is not possible for oil to leave it. It is not possible often for any non-Assamese with business in Assam to leave the blockaded airport. And the unbending demand of the protesters—that all "foreigners" (that is, principally Bengalis) be expelled from the state—is impossible for the central government to accept. Yet Assam is only the most extreme example of growing movements in India to reserve jobs, educational opportunities, and the right to purchase land for the "Sons of the Soil", the ethnic group dominant in a given state. In India, generations are required before an immigrant group can be accepted as assimilated to the native ethnic group, leaving aside the question of whether immigrants and their descendants find such assimilation desirable in a society in which caste, linguistic, and cultural differences, including details

Slav Intensity

Belgrade

A SENIOR Communist Party official said on Monday that 11 persons were killed during violent demonstrations by ethnic Albanians in the southern province of Kosovo. Stane Dolanc, a member of Yugoslavia's Communist party presidium, repeated the government's surprise at the intensity of the riots when questioned about the depth of Albanian nationalism in Kosovo.

Demonstrators had used children as shields while allegedly firing on police during one demonstration. "We were surprised that people could be so brutal," he said.

Demonstrations first broke out in Kosovo when students at Pristina University, Yugoslavia's third largest, began protesting over living conditions.

The protests took on political overtones when some protesters demanded Kosovo be made Yugoslavia's seventh republic. Others reportedly called for a union between Kosovo and Albania. Kosovo is in the Republic of Serbia, one of the six federated republics in Yugoslavia. There are also two autonomous regions.

Albanians comprise about 85% of the population of Kosovo, Yugoslavia's poorest and least developed area. Ethnic Albanians, many of whom are Moslems, are the object of considerable social prejudice throughout the rest of the country.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

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of dress and cuisine and script, are given great significance.[2]

In Africa it is not only Indians who have been expelled (as from Uganda). Blacks of different tribe and citizenship have been pushed from one country to another, as each—within its quite artificial boundaries created by European empires—tries to reserve jobs and privileges for those who are considered "native." The oil-rich states of the Middle East, hungry for manpower, import it—as did the United States, Canada, and Australia in their days of expansion; but they deny citizenship even to those of closest kin, making a mockery of any idea of an "Arab nation", let alone of the idea of a Muslim, or a Third World, "brotherhood." Tribe is dominant—or, if not tribe in any reality, the new tribes created by boundaries drawn across the sand by Western colonisers.

IN SUCH CASES, it is hard to make any sense of "racist" explanations, even if one is willing to include among racists non-white peoples. Social scientists tend to adopt a more sophisticated formulation. The conflict is over scarce goods everywhere—over jobs (and in particular good jobs); over access to housing and social services; over access to education. Depending on the relative position of native and migrant groups, these conflicts will centre on different goods. In Western Europe, it seems, the issue of conflict over Jobs is not so severe—the ethnic division of labour often means that natives and immigrants do not compete for the same jobs. The conflict over access to Education has not yet developed: the immigrants' children are not yet numerous enough, or accomplished enough, to arouse any anxiety over competition for higher education. One wonders whether there is even conflict over elementary education, though when the numbers of immigrant children become too large in a given school, there is a tendency for the native Europeans to depart. Is this because they see the quality of education decline, or because they simply do not want their children to interact with immigrant children? There *is* conflict over Social Services—not because immigrants compete for social services, but because they may consume too large a share. Grumbling becomes overt and serious when there is a sudden influx of impoverished immigrants—as in the case of the Ugandan Indians in England.

IT WOULD APPEAR at first blush that there is also conflict over Housing. But is there? In each country, the immigrants inhabit different housing and different quarters from the natives. In France, they are to be found in the new housing projects on the outskirts of Paris; in Germany they are concentrated in old housing in the central cities; in England they are to be found in older council housing, or buying up poorer housing, or renting it, and are more in competition with each other than with Britons, who have better access to the modern council-housing stock.

In developing countries—in India, Africa, the Middle East—one sees clearer conflicts: over jobs and access to higher education in India (which has led to reservations of public jobs and positions in colleges and universities for natives); over land for housing (in short supply). The conflict spreads into arguments over language. If English is used in government offices and higher education, all compete equally; if the native language replaces English, the migrants from other states are at a disadvantage. In Africa we also find conflicts over trading and job opportunities. In the Middle East, the huge returns from oil are reserved for the natives; and they are not willing to share their good fortune, even to build up the population of the state with other Arabs.

In the developing "Third World" the migrants generally take the higher positions. They are the more energetic traders, the harder workers, the better-educated who take clerkships, posts with foreign firms and governments; and their children have opportunities at home and in background that make them superior competitors in education. The native population has the political power, and protects itself not simply by insisting on the rights of "the Sons of the Soil", but by exaggerating the differences in culture that justify the exclusion of newcomers.

IN WESTERN EUROPE, on the other hand, most of the migrants take inferior positions. They do not compete for the better housing, or for subsidised housing (or only begin to do so after the native population is satisfied). The jobs they take are those the natives spurn. Their children are not yet ready to compete in school, and indeed present problems of educational backwardness rather than forwardness. Under these circumstances, why the conflict between old and new populations, natives and immigrants?

Social scientists are endlessly energetic in finding a hard material base to any conflict, and they have come forward to tell us that the cultural differences are really epiphenomenal. There is, they feel, "something else" at the "root" of the matter; and in this case it is not a less well endowed native population protecting itself against those who are better able to compete and may be dubbed "foreigners", but a better endowed native population exploiting

[2] For an excellent treatment of these conflicts created by migration in search of jobs in India—conflicts between citizens of India, rather than between Indians and foreigners, but no less severe for all that—see Myron Weiner, *Sons of the Soil: Migration and Ethnic Conflict in India* (Princeton University Press, 1978).

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less well endowed immigrants to preserve its superior position.

It is the scarcity, and the resulting conflict, this theory asserts, that accentuates the ethnic differences, which may be quite minor or hardly noticeable. But if a native group wants to reserve jobs, education, land, political power, then it will exaggerate the differences that divide it from the immigrants; and the immigrants, often in self-defence, will exaggerate their own distinctions. Both will ascribe the cause of their conflict to cultural differences, when it is basically an issue of who will be getting access to scarce goods. Ethnic differences are one way of defining a restricted group that has the right to a reserved share of these scarce goods.

> "In short [writes Myron Weiner, describing the situation in India], nativist movements convert cultural differences into cultural conflicts. Cultural conflicts should be viewed as the effects, not the cause of nativism."

DOES THIS OBTAIN IN EUROPE? When one reviews the situation in Western Europe, I do not think it does.

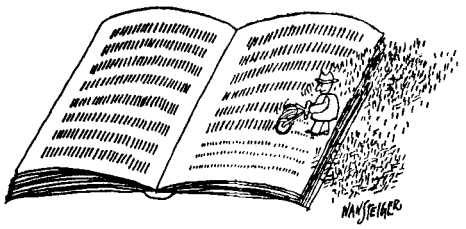
The areas of conflict over interests are hard to define or find, when there are such different paths and experiences for work, education, and housing for natives and immigrants; and the two rarely come into direct competition. But the absence of these direct conflicts does not prevent the rise and popularity among social scientists of "interest-conflict theories" to explain the strained relations between Natives and Immigrants.

The most popular theory asserts that the newcomers are victims of an "Internal Colonialism", and are now exploited by the advanced colonial powers in the metropolitan homeland, as they were when they inhabited the distant colonies. The chief exponent of the theory of internal colonialism is Michael Hechter, who has written a subtle and sophisticated book on the relations between Englishmen and the periphery of Scots, Welshmen, and Irish.[3] He has developed a theory which is easily applicable to the current situation of natives and immigrant workers in England, or any West European country. His aim is to explain regional conflicts within the countries of Western Europe; but the theory works as well to explain conflicts between any ethnically discernible group divided by different jobs, education, and residence. For we want to explain not only Welsh and Scottish nationalism, but the conflict between Immigrant communities and Native populations. Hechter writes:

"The spatially uneven wave of modernization

[3] Michael Hechter, *Internal Colonialism: The Celtic Fringe in British National Development, 1536–1966* (University of California Press, 1974).

"Race Relations Industry": Profits & Losses



London

MR ALEXANDER LYON, *Labour MP for York, said yesterday that the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) had been given the biggest powers in the Western world to combat racial discrimination but had not used them. He was questioning Mr David Lane, the commission's chairman, and five other senior CRE officers. The CRE was accused of not paying enough attention to its law enforcement role.*

"What have you done with these powers? Out of 224 staff you have 53 in the Equal Opportunities division, of whom only four are legally trained.

"In four years you have announced 45 strategic reviews out of which you have completed 10 and those are the least important ones."

Mr Lyon said it would have an immense effect on race relations if the CRE could produce an important document showing that British Leyland or Massey Ferguson was discriminating in relation to language testing. It would also have a ripple effect.

Mr Lane totally rejected the criticisms. He quoted the results, just collected, of an Opinion Research Centre survey which found that 61% of people had heard of the CRE, of whom 40% said it was doing a good job. Of the 61%, 38% did not know what they thought and 22% said it was not doing a good job.

George Gardiner, Conservative MP for Reigate, complained about some of the projects which the CRE funded. "What benefit to race relations is £600 to the Burdett Toy Library?" Mr Gardiner questioned £500 to the "Dominican Joy Spreaders Cultural Club" and £950 to "Housewives in Dialogue".

"It looks as if the CRE is a soft touch for any karate club or theatre group whose members are Black or Coloured."

THE TIMES

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over state territory creates relatively advanced and less advanced groups. As a consequence of this initial fortuitous advantage, there is crystallization of the unequal distribution of resources and power between the two groups. The superordinate group, or core, seeks to stabilize and monopolize its advantages through policies aimed at the institutionalization of the existing stratification system. It attempts to regulate the allocation of social roles such that those roles commonly defined as having high prestige are reserved for its members. Conversely, individuals from the less advanced group are denied access to these roles. This stratification system, which may be termed a cultural division of labor, contributes to the development of distinctive ethnic identification in the two groups. Actors come to categorize themselves and others according to the range of roles each may be expected to play. They are aided in this categorization by the presence of visible signs, or cultural markers, which are seen to characterize both groups. At this stage, acculturation does not occur because it is not in the interests of the institutions within the core. . . ."

The presentation is somewhat abstruse and involuted, but the argument leads to one conclusion: Welshmen and Scotsmen in the past—and West Indians, Pakistanis, and Indians today—don't become Englishmen; North Africans don't become Frenchmen; Yugoslavs and Turks don't become Germans—because it is not in the interests of the natives that they should. Now clearly this is a rather limited explanation of the reasons for the resurgence of ethnic identities and the heightening of ethnic tensions and conflicts; and Professor Hechter might agree that, to some extent, this assimilation does not take place because the migrants from the core simply don't want to give up their identity. The "visible signs" or "cultural markers" of identity not only serve to mark them for inferior position to the natives of the advanced centre of these societies, but also serve as a means of mobilisation. On occasion, indeed, the people of the periphery develop some advantage over the centre—Scots because of the presence of offshore oil; Basques and Catalans because it is in their areas that Spanish industry has most effectively taken root. In these cases the "visible signs" and "cultural markers" serve to *defend* the interests of the peripheral groups, rather than to mark them off for "exploitation."

BUT IS THIS what the whole matter of ethnicity reduces itself to? For one great tradition in contemporary social analysis, I am afraid that is all. Incapable of dealing with culture or psychological factors except in the crudest fashions, Marxists and neo-Marxists (and many related traditions of social analysis) do see absolutely nothing else. The workers from the periphery are exploited, just as the workers of the centre are. But under conditions of imperialism and colonial expansion it is possible to exploit one's own native workers somewhat less because colonial workers are being exploited more. A conflict of interest is built up between workers in imperialist states and in the colonies, in which the former see their advantage in keeping the latter down. And then the markers of ethnic identity will play a role in setting the boundaries between "less exploited" and "more exploited."

This familiar explanation undoubtedly contains a measure of truth; it is what it does not contain that makes me uncomfortable and makes the approach over-simple. Are the present migrant workers of Europe in truth "exploited"? If they are, they are just about the least exploited workers in history; and it makes one wonder about the sheer usefulness of the term. They come voluntarily; they leave areas which offer few good jobs, and have no or low social benefits, and only limited education; and they come to countries where, as far as working conditions are concerned, they are put on the same level as native workers, in terms of wages-and-hours, social benefits, unemployment insurance, child allowances.

The language of "exploitation" is popular among Western social scientists. But it is hard to see how it applies to *die Gastarbeiter*, the guest-workers of Germany; or to the new immigrant communities of England; or even to the immigrant workers of France. It is true these workers take jobs native West Europeans do not want; but these are not by their nature inferior jobs; and in any case, they are the jobs that limited training, or education, or facility in the language of the country make necessary or inevitable. It is always a matter of wonder to the American visitor to Europe that these "inferior" jobs consist of driving a bus in London, cleaning the parks in Paris, working on construction in France, cleaning the streets in Germany, working on the assembly-lines of automobile plants. All of these jobs happen to be, in the United States, because of their good pay or long-term security, very desirable. Exploitation? Whatever meaning one gives the term it is hard to see how it applies to voluntary choices, made by people who have other choices—for example, to stay at home.

One can of course make a more elaborate analysis to shore up the "exploitation thesis"—e.g., that West Indians, Indians, Pakistanis, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Yugoslavs, and Turks must leave their homes because of the general exploitation of the more advanced countries, who either held them as colonies, or "exploited" them through unfair terms of trade, or the like. But it is

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hard for me to accept this unlikely and far-fetched analysis. One recalls that Portugal, Spain, and Turkey until recently had their own Empires; and if they are badly off it may be less because they are exploited by today's neo-colonialists than because they allowed their empires to drain and divert them. And one recalls, too, that Sweden and Switzerland, devoid of colonies or imperial adventures (for the last 200 years, in any case) have very large concentrations of foreign workers. Have they, too, been driven by "exploitation" into the arms of new exploiters?

BUT WHAT IS PERHAPS MOST DIFFICULT to accept in the theory of ethnicity as evoked and supported by conflicts-of-interest between more or less exploited workers is that there are such real and hard phenomena as cultural, religious, and linguistic interests—and these are interests taken seriously by people.

And on both sides. The Turkish workers want to maintain the religious upbringing of their children; the Indians and Pakistanis are concerned about retaining language and religion (and modesty for girls); and so it goes for each and every group.[4] In the event that the two cultures are very far apart, with migrants differing from those among whom they live in language, in religion, and also in race, then there is a strong feeling of threat. But even Portuguese and Spanish workers in France, who are Catholic in religion, and who do speak a related Romance language, find there is much that they value and would have to give up in order to become assimilated "Frenchmen." Even more unhappy, of course, are North Africans and Turks.

And on the indigenous side, is it only the sense of threat to established material interests that disturbs native Europeans? A near majority of Swiss were ready to vote for extreme measures to expel foreign workers, an expulsion that would undoubtedly have hurt the native Swiss economy rather than helped it. The German parent who sees his child in a classroom with increasing numbers of foreign children worries about how good an education he will really be getting. The Frenchman, no matter how liberal and enlightened, is concerned over how well his child will be learning French in a classroom dominated by foreigners.[5]

Nor is this all. European natives can see clouds on the horizon, clouds that have precious little to do with competition over concrete interests. What of the second generation? The immigrant parents want their children to learn ancestral languages and traditions; but progress in their new countries demands effective education in that country's language and customs. How can, how do, the schools manage both? And if they do not, and cannot, and if the children begin to drop out of school without school-leaving credentials, will not Europe in the 1980s be somewhat in the position of the United States in the 1950s, when the "social dynamite" of Black youth (growing up in Northern and Western American cities, and to new aspirations) created an explosive situation?

WHAT HAPPENED in the United States—and turned large parts of our American cities into wastelands of arson, drugs, and crime—must surely be of concern in Europe.

Alas, while the United States offers a terrible example, it has almost nothing to suggest as to means to avoid it. One must smile at the self-righteousness of some of our American analyses of this complex situation. Ray C. Rist, who has studied problems of school integration in the United States, has also studied the guest-workers of Germany, concentrating on educational issues. One would think our own multi-cultural and multi-ethnic country would have at least something to offer Germany, and Rist is quite convinced it does; but it is not at all clear what he is proposing. His argument is that Germany must accept the American model, or so I understand his argument:

> "Succinctly, it is the basic thesis of this book that Germany has become a multi-cultural society with an ever-growing number of persons

Swiss Restrictions

Geneva

THE SWISS ELECTORATE, voting in a weekend referendum, rejected a Left-wing proposal to abolish restrictions obliging 100,000 foreign seasonal workers to stay only nine months a year and to leave their families in their home countries.

The vote was 1,303,979 against the proposal, and only 252,323 in favour. About 40% of eligible voters went to the polls.

Parliament is preparing a law to reduce the present period of 36 months' work in four years which qualifies seasonal workers—mainly Spanish and Italian—to apply for 12-month residence permits and to bring their families.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

[4] Thorny constitutional issues often arise here, where Church and State separations (as in West Germany) preclude "religious education" in the public school system.

[5] See Mavis Gallant, "Paris: The Taste of a New Age", *Atlantic Monthly* (April 1981).

> " 'My daughter', says a solemn man at a dinner party, 'has to go to school with children of Spanish and Portuguese concierges. . . . My daughter has no contact with her own culture.'
>
> "He is left-leaning and would never object to his daughter's mingling with the foreign children. . . . [But] he is afraid that his daughter's prolonged contact with Spanish children will affect her French."

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who claim social and cultural identity-traits from their mother country as well as from Germany, the country of immigration. What have emerged are people who are Turkish-German, Yugoslav-German, Greek-German, and the like."[6]

There is nothing odd about Turkish-American, Yugoslav-American, Greek-American. We are, after all, a multi-ethnic country in which "American" has no distinctive and unique ethnic meaning any more; and thus any kind of American is as good as any other, as even President Ronald Reagan has assured us. But *Turkish-German, Yugoslav-German, Greek-German*? I suspect it will sound as odd in German as it sounds in English.

AND HOW DOES ONE ADAPT to this multi-ethnicity, particularly when one deals with that most difficult problem, the second generation? The first generation, after all, has come basically for self-improvement; it does not expect, in Europe, I would hazard, a full identity with the country of immigration, and is satisfied with the opportunity to work, to earn money (and send remittances home), with basic social benefits, and with elementary justice and protection, all of which Europe generally provides.

The second generation is a different matter. It expects more. But how to satisfy these expectations is no simple matter. Will an education identical to those given natives satisfy them? Not likely. Though some immigrant children, either because of class or culture, do as well as natives or better—Jews, Japanese, Chinese, and now Vietnamese in the United States, for example; the children of political refugees almost everywhere; perhaps the children of Indians in England—most immigrant children fall behind. Should it, then, be an education that emphasises the native language in the expectation (or hope) that these children are still only "temporary" settlers? Not too wise. Whatever their parents may think, they are probably not going back. Can it, then, be a civic training that combines both? But doesn't that load so much on the children that they will fail at both?

Catalans & Castilians

Barcelona

"EN CATALA, si us plau (In Catalan, please)." In 1934, a Catalan demographer named Vandellos, conscious of the low native birthrate, prophesied that, in a Catalonia where half the population was immigrant, Catalan culture would be destroyed. In 1981, this fear persists.

Recent studies have shown that only 52% of Catalonia's population are native speakers; 43% are Castilian speakers, of whom an estimated 80% understand and partially speak the tongue of their adopted land. More than 40% of all state teachers neither read nor write in Catalan which, according to the Statute of Autonomy, is the co-official language of the region. For many immigrants, Catalonia remains a foreign world speaking a foreign language, which they refuse to learn.

For Catalans, it is a touchy issue. Memories are bitter from the years of suppression, when condescending Spaniards would reply "*Hableme en Cristiano* (Speak to me in Christian)" when addressed in Catalan. Many feel that permanent residents should learn the language or leave. Their own children, they argue, have the constitutional right to learn the language denied them for so long.

Today, a majority of native Catalan speakers cannot read or write their language fluently.

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IF THESE ALTERNATIVES are unsatisfactory, what is not? This is Professor Rist's dilemma. He is censorious of *all* German efforts to deal with the education of immigrant children. Thus, he suggests four possible options: (*1*) define the children as "guests" who will return to their homeland, and educate them for that; (*2*) define them as "new Germans", and give them a fully German education; (*3*) define them as "hyphenated Germans" (the concept of "hyphenated American", in the form of "German-American", etc., is common in the USA), and seek some synthesis of the first two extremes. And then he has a last option (which seems to me not very different from the third):

> "There is a fourth policy option, one that seems untenable. This is to approach the education of the children as if two spirits and selves were within one body. Unfortunately that is precisely what seems to be the thrust of current German educational policy. The children are considered Germans for the period of German instruction and foreigners for the instruction of the mother tongue and life in the homeland."

Rist seems to believe there is a way of blending the two elements, that gives us neither option one, two, three, or four, that will avoid the danger too of overloading the students, and that gives the best chance of avoiding an under-educated, barely employable, discontented, and dangerous second generation. One must, in all fairness, point out that

[6] Ray C. Rist, *Guest-workers in Germany: The Prospects for Pluralism* (Praeger, 1978) p. xi.

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many Germans he quotes are equally critical of whatever Germans are trying to do in this difficult situation.

But it does seem hard on Bavaria, for example, which offers all possible options (German, foreign, or mixed education), that Rist should be strongly critical of all. One wonders what could ever be considered satisfactory? His model for Germany is the United States; not just as it exists, but as its most progressive exponents of a society that is meticulous in sharing out rights and benefits equally to all groups would hope for (and have in good measure achieved). And yet I note that when some Europeans do what is applauded for the United States, Rist is still censorious. Thus, he writes of one Bavarian programme:

> "To assume that taking no more than eight hours a week of German as a foreign language will prepare the student for moving into German-language classes and functioning on a par in content and curriculum with German age-mates is questionable, to say the least. More likely, it is a pedagogical disaster."

This struck me with particular force because I had just visited bilingual programmes for the children of Spanish-speaking parents in New York City, programmes mandated under a US court order at the demand of representatives of the Puerto Rican community—and these programmes also require no more than eight hours a week of English. Is this, too, a mandate for disaster? I think so. But I wonder whether Rist would think so, when these are after all the programmes that have emerged from what, as far as we can tell, are the actual demands of the leaders of the Puerto Rican community in New York?

THE WHOLE ISSUE is certainly more complicated for Germany and for France than it is for the United States. Many of the immigrants will "go back"—or so they say. Should this be taken seriously? Or should they be released from the limbo that progressives decry? Should Europe begin to model itself on the United States, so that the status of Briton, Frenchman, or German is no longer an ethnic status, but only a formal political status? And even if Europe should adopt this course, can it fulfil it?

In another place, Professor Rist writes that, from the point of view of the schools, "there is little that can be done to make one a Bavarian if he/she is not already. . . ." One senses a criticism of the schools, and their too moderate ambition. But how *does* one make a Bavarian of a Turk or Yugoslav—when it is no simple matter even to make a Bavarian of a Swabian, a Rhinelander or a Prussian? The identities we deal with are multiple and complex, and if some are identified with the core of the nation—its culture, its history, its language and its dialects—then the problem of the status of immigrant groups is clearly far more than a matter of (as Hechter argues, and Rist suggests) maintaining an "exploited group" in a "lower status."

And so one is left with the dilemma. Should European countries change, and begin to model themselves on the United States, Canada, Australia, in dealing with multi-ethnicity and multi-racialism? (Note that the terms "New Canadian" and "New Australian" seem to be accepted with full assurance both by immigrants of any ethnic group or race and by natives.) Can they? It seems to be countries of Anglo-Saxon origin that are able to perform this extraordinary trick, and Britain seems to be closer to doing it than France or Germany. But even if Europe succeeds, does that solve its problems? If cultural distances are too great, prejudices too widespread, levels of training and education too diverse, do we not have "a recipe for disaster", whatever the schools try to do, whatever the laws dictate for equality and more than equality?

THIS IS THE CHILLING PROSPECT before Europe as it looks at the United States. Whatever our success in overcoming the legal presumption of ethnic superiority for one group, we have not been able to bring all groups to a level of approximate social and economic equality. European immigrant groups, even those from traditional peasant backgrounds who came without skills and education, now participate on an equal level in all aspects of American society. Older Asian groups (Chinese, Japanese) now do so; and the newer Asian groups (Indian, Korean, Vietnamese) seem to be following in the path of the old. Blacks do not. Puerto Ricans do not. Whatever the reasons—prejudice, discrimination, experience, expectation, resentment—Europe must fear that even if it succeeds in "assimilating" the children of immigrants of distant cultures to a common political status, it will be no simple matter to make them "equal" in other crucial respects.

Perhaps Europe can learn from the United States what we have not yet learned from our own experience and our own efforts. As for the rest of the world, in which multi-ethnic states, new and old, are struggling with the problem of cultural and economic conflict, it still has much to learn from the Western democratic commitment to fairness and equality which, with whatever difficulties, prevails within the liberal-constitutional framework of the developed First World.

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Alistair Elliot

John Elliot

(Auchendrain, January 29, 1844—Glendhu, September 1928)

In the second decade of the railway age,
months after Henry James was born,
the same year as Verlaine,
my father's father arrived,
shouting across Loch Broom
while Mendelssohn's violin concerto
was being first performed.

A Gaelic childhood still,
on the mainland, with one book in it;
the Good Book was enough,
though above the barricades
the German Lazarus
worked upon more and more.
Oh grandfather, Scottish child. . . .

As Germany was unified,
you earned your living on hills,
addict of peace and quiet
in Argyll, as Paris starved,
Verlaine eloped with his friend,
shot him and went to prison,
and taught in Lincolnshire.

In the year of *Bonheur* you married:
the line of sons began.
Verlaine wrote the poems I know so well,
the Lumières showed that train pull in,
Verlaine died, and Victoria died;
my father began to breathe
when you were fifty-seven.

Your daughter-in-law was born
with *The Ambassadors*, the first plane . . .
The Great War somehow began.
You and your orphaned wife from Nedd
paid two sons down; two more
fought at Gallipoli and in France;
my father helped with the Glencoul hay.

Henry James became British and died;
the war-to-end-wars came to an end;
my father went back to school,
and left the glens forever.
You watched him turn into a doctor
while Hitler was sentenced to rewrite *Mein Kampf*
and Rutherford transmuted matter.

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Still never losing your temper,
you grew old in the long beard,
and died, before my parents met.
Years later, my father recognised your armbone
held out in the grave
at his mother's funeral:
I'd have seen you—if I'd gone.

Gavin Ewart

Beryl's Second Poem (and Trevor's Second)

A man on the television was saying
how there was always a great sense of occasion
at Lansdowne Road.

He was announcing the line-up.
He informed everybody that this was somebody's first English Cap.
He suggested that conditions were perfect.
He predicted a close thing, he speculated on the outcome.

He remarked that someone was about to start the game.
He came out with some statements about ragged play.
He made known his doubts about the Irish Pack.
He declared that the wind was extremely puzzling.
He mentioned the importance of good possession.
He revealed his opinion of shortening the line-out.

He proposed that the whole of the West Country would be pleased about a replacement.
He expatiated on the difficulties of a loose-head prop playing as a tight-head prop.
He insinuated that the change might benefit the Irish scrummaging.
He inferred that the Irish had their tails up.
He stated that the whole of Ireland was rampant and full of inventiveness.

He certified the merit of a little chip ahead.
He expressed admiration of a piece of running.
He implied that one of the players had got a knock.
He averred that a Captain was telling them to cool it.
He reported that the Referee was not a very big fellow.

He claimed that a player had sold a beautiful dummy.
He gave it as his opinion that a dropped goal was possible.
He alleged that the age of one player was 24.
He proclaimed that someone was the most capped Irishman of all time.
He intimated that something must surely be the chance of a lifetime.

He testified that we had seen the try of the Championship.
He imagined that there would be joy all over England.
He predicted a certain amount of celebration in Lancashire.

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Claire Sterling

Italian Terrorists

Life and Death in a Violent Generation

WHEN I LAST SAW Carlo Fioroni, late in 1978, he was alone in his steel cage in a Milan courtroom, on trial for the kidnapping and murder of his best friend. His co-defendants, all ex-convicts, all to be found guilty, were in a separate cage and shunned him. In prison later, where he was serving his 27-year sentence, his former revolutionary comrades shunned him too. Kept under special guard, he took his fresh air alone and ate alone, his meals prepared by a police inspector for him alone. The fact that he was still alive seemed surprising even so. There probably wasn't a man in Italy whose death was so earnestly desired by the terrorist underground.

Fioroni not only knew, he embodied the secrets of a subterranean high command whose brilliant planning brought Italy very nearly to full-scale guerrilla war in less than a decade. He was in it from the start: in the mother cell whose proliferating offspring were responsible, by the decade's end, for a terrorist attack somewhere in the country once every three hours and four minutes. Not only did he know and embody these secrets, he talked.

His confession from prison, late in 1979, stripped away ten years of sanctimonious deceit. It revealed an artfully concealed alliance of terrorist killers and the virtuous intellectual gurus providing them with thick protective cover. It disclosed the squalid partnership of both with the criminal underworld: deals for kidnapping and armed robbery, splitting the take fifty-fifty; hired professional assassins from the Mafia and the French Foreign Legion; gangster killings to shut the mouths of witnesses. It traced an unbroken line from the beginning to the end of the 1970s, starting with a search for primitive arms and funds, ending with a fortune on deposit in Swiss banks and an arsenal extending to Soviet weapons like the *SAM-7* Strela missile—the heat-seeking missile guided infallibly by an infra-red eye to disintegrate a plane in flight.

The picture Fioroni provided was the first to come from the interior of a modern Armed Party anywhere, and Italy's Armed Party represented the highest state of the art among them. Nowhere else had a handful of students from the 1968 generation worked so diligently and long or got so close to turning a transient mutiny into a civil war of long duration. No others had made such adroit use of their country's every fault and merit: its political dilapidation and generous democratic impulses; its haunting memories of fascism and rich vein of radical-left traditions; the widening gulf between its governing class and its people—the *pays politique* and the *pays réel*. There was no question here of manipulating ethnic or religious passions for cover, as in Spain or Ireland. This was straightforward strategic planning for extended Communist guerrilla warfare, well advanced when Fioroni spoke out.

His confession confirmed what a few harassed Italian magistrates had been telling an incredulous public for months. Behind the seemingly spontaneous growth of terrorism in Italy was an elaborately contrived apparatus, operating at two levels and penetrating deep into Italian society. A political arm for mass insurrectional propaganda worked out in the open, through a sprawl of apparently formless "Autonomous Collectives" on the far but legitimate Left. A secretly interlocked military arm worked underground, through an acronymic wilderness of large and small terrorist bands *Br* (Red Brigades), *Pl* (Front Line), *NAP* (Armed Proletarian Nucleus), *RP* (Proletarian Patrols), *PFR*, *UCC*, *FCC*, and innumerable others. Presiding at the top were widely admired academic luminaries and popular stars of the great 1968 upheaval. They called it all "The Organisation."

There is no mistaking where the idea came from. The original model was invented in Czarist Russia a century ago. A Moscow revolutionary named Nicholas Ishutin thought it up in January 1866. Its

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open political arm did the pedestrian work of insurrectional agitation and propaganda (in schools, libraries, provincial intellectual retreats, social clubs). Its secret arm was devoted to assassination, armed robbery, blackmail, and so on, introducing terrorists and common criminals both to the radical Russian scene for the first time. Ishutin called his outfit "The Organisation" too. The name he gave its secret terrorist arm was "Hell." [1]

Ishutin died in Siberia, hopelessly insane, a dim figure in the folklore of the Bolshevik Revolution that took another five decades to mature. He did, however, help to get the Revolution started in Russia; and that is evidently what "The Organisation" had in mind for Italy, with what it called "the civil war of long duration."

CARLO FIORONI was there when it began. A language teacher in a northern Italian high school, he was 26 when he was drawn into the tumultuous student happenings of 1968. Even now, he looks young and self-effacing enough to be called *Il Professorino* (the Little Professor). Short, meagre in frame, slope-shouldered and stooped, he has the pinched face of a precocious child and the inner pallor of a self-scourging penitent. The crime he is serving time for was an act of insanity, in his words. "*We were wrong about everything, everything! Come back before it's too late!*" he appealed from the courtroom, to former comrades who evidently missed his point.

Like so many others, Fioroni started out in radical politics with *Potere Operaio* (Workers' Power), known as POTOP. A self-defined "revolutionary Communist organisation" at the outermost rim of legality, POTOP was the furthest left of all the formations to the left of the Italian Communist Party, and it was a magnet for a rebellious student generation demanding Everything, Now. At its peak in 1969, it had about 5,000 members. Only one in five held the "red card" of an activist, and probably no more than one of those five—200 in all—had the makings of an intrepid Bolshevik conspirator. If not exactly representative of a whole generation, they were just what the millionaire Italian publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli was looking for. The mother cell of Italian terrorism grew out of their revolutionary ardour and his money and connections.

"Giangi" Feltrinelli was the only man in Italy rich and sympathetic enough to underwrite POTOP's mountainous debts. On the closest of terms with its leaders, he could also borrow from its ranks to help shape his own underground GAP, Italy's first left-wing armed terrorist band. In 1971, when The Organisation was just taking secret form within POTOP, Carlo Fioroni was seconded to Feltrinelli. "Do your best; he can be useful" were Fioroni's instructions.[2]

The *Professorino*'s first brush with the law came just a few months later, when he was caught with false identity papers provided by his millionaire patron. He had a letter in his pocket at the time, addressed to "Osvaldo", Feltrinelli's still unknown game-name. Had the police grasped the letter's import, they might have deflected the national calamity that Italian terrorism has become. But they filed it and forgot it for the next eight years, and turned Fioroni loose.

THE LETTER was a complete giveaway of The Organisation's extravagant military plans. Feltrinelli, as "Osvaldo", had written to an unknown "Saetta" in the autumn of 1971, proposing a joint high command in the north for an underground Army of National Liberation. "Saetta" was in fact Franco Piperno, one of POTOP's most forceful and fiery national leaders at the time, who had asked the *Professorino* to deliver his answer by hand. His letter (dated 10 November 1971) confirmed an agreement in principle "on the broad lines of a programme arranged on two levels, which I consider serious and above all, urgent." He proposed a "dialectic relationship" between POTOP and Feltrinelli's armed terrorists in the underground GAP, leading toward "an operative unity of command in Milan." His own people must not be utilised simply as "technicians", he specified, lest they should merely "be asked to become killers, and not revolutionary leaders." He closed with a tribute to "Osvaldo", as "one of the few revolutionaries who have taken the right road . . . the sole, correct course toward revolution."[3] (Feltrinelli was killed soon afterwards, trying to plant a bomb in Milan; he took his secrets to the grave. The identity of "Saetta", and the text of his letter, remained a mystery until Fioroni spoke out in 1979.)

[1] Adam B. Ulam, *In the Name of the People* (1874), pp. 154–58.

[2] Fioroni's lengthy interrogation by the Italian magistracy was published in *Lotta Continua* (8 January 1980).

[3] The text of "Saetta's" reply, signed "Elio" (Piperno's other game-name), was published in *La Repubblica* (6 January 1980).

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RELEASED BY THE POLICE that first time—January 1972—Fioroni was picked up and released again a few weeks later, after the worst street riots to hit Milan since the days of Mussolini's Fascist *squadristi* half-a-century before. Feltrinelli was in the heart of the mob, throwing cobblestones at the windows of the *Corriere della Sera*, magisterial voice of the Establishment. Fioroni was rounded up when police raided the Feltrinelli "safe house" where—amid a profusion of Molotov cocktails, explosives, custom-made steel clubs, and walkie-talkies—the plans had been made to coordinate the riots.

Feltrinelli's mutilated body was found barely seventy-two hours later, after the bomb he was setting had blown up in his hands, and the *Professorino* was back in custody once more. This time he was sure he would land in jail, since he had personally insured the Volkswagen Camper abandoned at the scene. Instead an avuncular magistrate let him go. "They tell me at police headquarters that you are a flaming revolutionary, but don't worry", the magistrate said (with a benevolence outstanding even in those years of Italy's resolute self-deception). "Your story holds water, so you can go. You won't run away, will you?" The *Professorino* went underground that night.

THREE YEARS PASSED before Fioroni surfaced. In May 1975 the Swiss police caught him recycling $100,000 of hot money. His co-worker Petra Krause had been arrested in Zurich in March. She claimed afterwards that it was Fioroni who borrowed her car for the ten-million-dollar arson attack on the ITT plant in Milan, and Fioroni confirmed it. The bills found on the *Professorino* at the time of his arrest were part of a ransom running to nearly ten times as much. They had been paid out earlier that May by a wealthy Milanese family—for an abducted son who never came back.

The victim was Carlo Saronio, a promising young engineer who was the *Professorino*'s closest friend. It was Saronio who hid the fugitive in his family's exclusive home after Feltrinelli died, who gave him $1,000 and got him across the Swiss border to safety, who later sent a sympathetic priest to escort him back to Milan. Then, in mid-April 1975, the twenty-six-year-old engineer went out to dinner, and vanished.

CARLO FIORONI'S ARREST a few weeks later led to the round-up of half-a-dozen others in the kidnap ring. They were all thugs with chromatic criminal careers. One belonged to the notorious Vallanzasca Band, adept at every kind of felony and closely identified with Black Fascist terrorists. Another, known as *Cicciobello* (Pretty Fat Boy), was repeatedly in and out of jail. "How come I kicked in a million lire [around $1,500] for a speedboat after the snatch? Because I go out to steal, not to slave in a factory—spending a million lire doesn't bother me", he told the court. Even the "politicised" crook who headed the ring, Carlo Casirati, admitted that he had taken off for Venezuela with the $200,000 of ransom money he was asked to launder, after throwing a glorious farewell party. "Fioroni asked me—me, Your Honour, an escaped convict!—to get the money changed", he exclaimed to the judge.

Casirati, who didn't feel up to such a big job alone, had brought in a true expert named Giustino de Vuono. A Mafia boss and professional contract killer, de Vuono had the unusual distinction of having been thrown out of the French Foreign Legion for excessive violence. Dreaded even by his fellow gangsters for his callous cruelty, he was accused later of having helped the Red Brigades kill Aldo Moro. (The police haven't caught him yet, as I write, but they did turn up his signed receipt for a $60,000 pay-off after the Saronio kidnapping. It was found in a Red Brigades hideout.)[4]

THE STORY pieced together at the trial was that Saronio was kidnapped upon leaving his dinner party and was suffocated by an accidental overdose of chloroform. The gang then buried him in a suburban patch of wasteland, and demanded an eight-million-dollar ransom. They settled for a down payment of $800,000. Police found his skeleton four years after its burial, when Casirati consented in prison to give them a crude map. A tin of white pepper had been placed near the skull to put dogs off the scent.

In court, Carlo Fioroni took the blame for everything. "As a Communist, I accuse myself of organising the abduction", he told the judge. He did it to raise money "for the effective logistic defence of the Armed Movement", he said. This was exotic stuff for the Italian public at the time. Even as late as the autumn of 1978, when Fioroni was testifying, the ordinary Italian had not the foggiest notion of the Armed Movement and its money-raising customs. The only Armed Move-

[4] The receipt, made out to Carlo Fioroni, was found in 1975 (*Corriere della Sera*, 13 May 1978). De Vuono had just finished serving three years for theft when he undertook the Saronio kidnapping.

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ment they knew about consisted of groups like the openly terrorist Red Brigades; they assumed that was what Fioroni meant. But he hinted at something incomparably more labyrinthine.

"When I say 'The Armed Movement', I mean the *entire Armed Area*", he wrote in an imaginary letter to his murdered friend Saronio (which he passed on to the press). "Because 'They'—even 'They', the Red Brigades—lean on the Party when they need this and that, or a place to rest when their nerves are shot."[5]

Which Party? What Armed Area? The *Professorino* didn't say. But he implied that the dead victim had known all about it. In fact, he suggested that Saronio had collaborated in getting himself kidnapped, not consciously but "objectively." He described the two of them, in that grotesque letter, sitting in a sunny garden of the Saronio family's country villa, talking the whole thing over. "We'd discussed it.... You wouldn't have had the courage to break the umbilical cord [extort a fortune from his own parents, that is]. But you would have contributed objectively to an operation you weren't prepared for subjectively.... One day I would have told you the truth, and you would have understood."

Beyond that, Fioroni would say nothing in court about the "atrocious enigma" of Saronio's death. Yet he clearly longed to say more. No punishment could be worse than the heavy guilt he carried for "having betrayed a friend I loved" (as he said to the judge). He spoke of the "collective delirium" that made the betrayal possible, the pervasive "fascination for clandestinity and the armed struggle" when the crime took place in 1975.

> "We lived in a dimension in which the most demented pronouncements could be taken for doctrine, common criminals could be accepted as a revolutionary force, a fight for our fellow men could become a fight against our fellow men...."

He hoped somebody out there was listening.

THOUGH NOT on speaking terms with the *Professorino*, who had turned them in, the thugs on trial confirmed his veiled allusions. A neo-Fascist confessed that "the ultra-Left politicals" who had sponsored the kidnapping had also invited him to lift a few Renaissance paintings worth a million dollars. Casirati, "the honest thief", swore he had been present at a "political meeting" where Saronio was selected as a money-raising target. Indeed, said Casirati, he had belonged to Fioroni's own group for more than a year before the snatch, assigned to convert more crooks for just such work. It was no miserable little *gruppetto*, either, but a great big *gruppone*. If the court really wanted to get at the truth, "other people would be sitting here among the accused whose names would raise the roof!... Then you wouldn't have to believe that paranoiac, frustrated liar of a Fioroni", added the honest thief, who had been confined to a mental institution three times.[6]

The other people's names did not remain hidden much longer. The roof was going up already when the *Professorino* made his extraordinary confession.

THE TRUTH ABOUT Saronio came rushing out with everything else, unveiling a conspiratorial underworld of Dostoevskian sweep.

The rich young engineer Saronio had been a militant Communist too, in the *Professorino*'s own secret group near the topmost level of The Organisation. Several of The Organisation's attractive and congenial leaders had invited him to dinner on the appointed night, sending him out into the hands of his abductors.[7] When the matter of raising money came up, Saronio himself had suggested two still richer kidnap candidates who lived right next door. To his superiors in The Organisation, however, their own well-heeled comrade seemed a safer bet. They never told him so; and if they hoped he would get around to understanding it subjectively, their arrangements ruled that out objectively. In the deal they made to get him kidnapped, the professional bandits were going to collect nine-tenths of the expected eight-million-dollar ransom. Once Saronio had seen the villainous faces of his captors—*Cicciobello*, say or Foreign-Legionnaire de Vuono—they would never have let him go alive, not with over $7 million at stake.

Shortly after Saronio disappeared, another militant young Communist, Alceste Campanile, was shot through the back of the head—a classic revolutionary execution. The radical Left promptly

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[5] In Fioroni's letter of 24 October 1978. I have a copy.

[6] *Paese-Sera* (Rome), 10 October 1978; *La Repubblica*, 9 October 1978.

[7] Fioroni's interrogation was confirmed by a major witness, Mauro Borromeo, arrested on the strength of his testimony. Borromeo (the administrative director of Milan's Catholic University) said that he had been at dinner with other leaders of The Organisation—and Saronio—on the night of the kidnapping (*La Stampa*, 30 December 1979; *Corriere della Sera*, 23 December 1979).

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blamed his death on the fascist Right. But his father fought desperately to prove that Alceste was murdered by "Red Fascists", by his own comrades, because he knew too much about the Saronio case. As it turned out, Alceste had in fact seen some of the ransom notes and, guessing the rest, had been silenced.[8]

Deaths like these, chillingly reminiscent of the Mafia, were not uncommon. Yet another militant Communist had been found decapitated on a railroad track; a girl from the same movement had been shot through the heart in an empty field near Rome; a young man in the group had been taken for a ride by his comrades in Milan. All were accepted as "suicides", by a public altogether unaware of the shadowy Organisation behind them.

The anguish of this knowledge was almost certainly what made Carlo Fioroni talk at last. He felt morally obliged to expose "those who are no longer 'misguided comrades' but political delinquents."

HIS CONFESSION made him the Joe Valachi of Italy's revolutionary underground. He supplied names (150 for a start), places, dates, many soon verified and others only too plausible as the pieces fell into place. Public shock was all the greater because so much of what he said had been known all along. Key figures in The Organisation had been arrested and released time and again. Tell-tale evidence gathered in hundreds of trials and interrogations lay around everywhere in official archives. The Organisation had announced its intentions at every step of the way, in publications on sale in any left-wing bookshop.

> "Widespread public disbelief, a perverse cultural habit of showing more comprehension for the violent than for the victims of violence, the fear of using a punitive judiciary to strike at the citizen's inviolable rights and the fundamental values of democratic life—all this made for a weak and uncertain response [wrote Judge Achille Gallucci, directing the court's investigation in Rome]. The blueprint for subversion grew under everyone's eyes, feeding . . . on the tolerance of the system it was undermining."[9]

THE RED BRIGADES were just the tip of the iceberg. They had dominated the headlines for years, with their quartets of spruce and smiling young men and women firing their Skorpions and Kalashnikovs into the knees, hearts, faces, heads, and backs of lawyers, judges, journalists, politicians, factory managers, shop foremen, and policemen, all but the last unarmed. But it is no trick nowadays to kill a man and melt away, once you get the knack of it.

What matters is the before-and-after: money, weapons, drill, documents, reconnaissance, deep security, safe havens at home and abroad, popular tolerance, political collusion. No terrorist underground can survive long without a massive flanking movement to help with this. The West German terrorists couldn't last out the decade for lack of one. The Italians had a whole "Second Society" to count on.

They called it the Autonomous Area. It was big enough to take care of them all—the Red Brigades, the equally murderous Front Line, the Armed Proletarian Nucleus, the 200 fly-by-night armed bands changing names weekly to convey the impression of an inexorably advancing guerrilla army.

Nothing like it could exist anywhere else, not only because Italy has been relentlessly misgoverned for 30 years—so have a lot of other countries—but because no other country has anything comparable to the political territory vacated by the West's largest Communist Party. The Party had been growing steadily since World War II, when, after 20 years of fascism, Italy had gone on to 30 years of democratic but sclerotic governments, falling once a year with depressing regularity. The country's swift post-War transformation from a predominantly agricultural to a highly industrialised society had created raw social scars, enormous economic deformities, and Western Europe's most radical working class.

Though the Communist Party was largely responsible for radicalising the workers, it could not lead them to revolution; Stalin had put a stop to that at Yalta. Inevitably, Party leaders moved instead towards government partnership, a propo-

[8] Following Fioroni's confession, Marco Boato (the famous former national student leader of 1968) appealed to his old comrades in *Lotta Continua* (29 December 1979) "to remove all shadow of doubt" about Alceste Campanile's death. This, he said, would be a political response to "the terrifying weakness produced by terrorism in all ranks of the Left." Boato spoke in this context of "a horrendous crime made to pass as the outcome of militancy and a revolutionary theory." The Campanile case, never solved, was re-opened by the courts only to be closed again for lack of evidence.

[9] In Judge Gallucci's rejection of an appeal for provisional liberty, for Professor Antonio Negri and other "Autonomy" leaders under arrest, 7 July 1979, reported in *Autonomy on Trial*, published by Negri's 7 April Defence College, p. 278.

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sition known since 1973 as the "Historic Compromise." The policy was alluring to the middle class—34% of the electorate voted Communist in 1976—but the Party's rank-and-file was not at ease. An estimated one out of every three Party members had never renounced violent Marxist revolution in their hearts. They were called "the Afghans" in 1980, for their pigheaded endorsement of the Russians' invasion of Afghanistan, condemned by their own Party leaders. In effect, that made their Party open-ended towards the left.

FOR MARXISTS already far out on the Left, the chances of "recuperating" this leviathan Communist force for revolution opened dazzling prospects. The Red Brigades frankly considered destruction of Italy's Christian Democratic régime as merely "an intermediate objective", a "necessary premise" for the Communist Party's "historic turn"—or return—to its classic revolutionary role. The real Enemy, for the Brigades, was not the Christian Democrats but Communist Party Secretary Enrico Berlinguer and his *"Berlingueriani"*, selling out the working class in their pursuit of ministerial portfolios.[10]

Every advance in the Party's purposeful march toward the government thus enlarged the empty space to its left, skilfully turned into a vast privileged sanctuary for Italy's terrorist forces.

THE SUBTLE BRAIN behind this operation, said Carlo Fioroni, was a celebrated political science professor in Padua. Antonio Negri ("Toni" to his thousands of reverent followers) had risen to Continental fame as the headman in a seemingly headless body of collectives calling themselves Organised Autonomy, Workers' Autonomy, Armed Autonomy, Armed Workers' Autonomy, or just Autonomy; he had already been in jail on some 27 charges having to do with armed subversion. His arrest on 7 April 1979, with twenty collaborators, had sent shock waves through the New Left of all Europe.

Accused of subversion along with him were some of the best known names in the generation of 1968: Franco Piperno ('Saetta'); Oreste Scalzone; Luciano Ferrari-Bravo. All had been revolutionary Marxists since their teens and leaders of the now extinct *Potere Operaio*, but none was known to have picked up a gun. Cultivated, ardent, implacably committed to the destruction of capitalism, they were all attractive and intelligent spokesmen of the New Left. Toni Negri—gaunt, electrically intense, almost stammering in his high nervous voice to keep up with the excited speed of his thoughts—was the one they all deferred to.

At the time of his arrest, Negri was an anti-institutional institution at the University of Padua and, in Paris, as guest lecturer at the Sorbonne. His many academic works, written in "a kind of impenetrable intellectual shorthand" (according to the British left-wing historian Eric Hobsbawm), were the height of fashion in Europe's radical circles. His book *Marx Beyond Marx*, his lectures on the *Grundrisse* of Karl Marx, his theories on Communism as "non-work and subjective-collective-proletarian planning to suppress exploitation" were treasured texts in his admiring circle. Where his friend and benefactor Giangi Feltrinelli had longed to be the Castro of Europe, Toni Negri plainly saw himself as its Lenin.

He made no secret of his belief in armed insurrection, the more violent the better.

> "Violence is the auroral, immediate, vigorous affirmation of the necessity for communism [he wrote in *Marx Beyond Marx*]. A live animal, ferocious with its enemies, savage in its considerations of itself and its passions—that's how we like to foresee the constitution of a communist dictatorship [he wrote in 1978, in his *Dominion and Sabotage*]."

He didn't deny himself the pleasure of saying he was a terrorist either, until his arrest. Privately, he made no bones about it. ("Maybe that is why I can

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[10] This is the primary clue to the Red Brigades' strategy in the Aldo Moro case.

With his unique influence over the Christian Democratic Party he headed, Moro was the only politician capable of carrying his ruling party into its first formal government partnership with the Italian Communist Party—by now the "Berlinguerian" Party—since 1948. After two months of exquisitely intricate negotiations early in 1978, the Christian Democrats did form a government with official Communist backing. It was to appear before Parliament for a vote of confidence on the very morning in March when Moro was abducted. He was on his way to the Chamber of Deputies for this debate when Red Brigade commandos ambushed his car on a busy Roman thoroughfare, gunned down his five bodyguards, and dragged him off in a van that swiftly melted into the traffic.

Despite a frantic nationwide manhunt, the Brigades' hideout was never found. Fifty-five days later, they left Moro's bullet-ridden body in the back of a stolen car, halfway between the headquarters of the Communist and Christian Democratic parties.

The message could hardly have been clearer. Moro, architect of the grand new Catholic-Communist alliance, had paid the price for thus diverting the Italian Communist Party from its classic revolutionary course. The Grand Alliance won its vote of confidence on that turbulent day in March but was unmistakably doomed—it barely lasted out the year.

In this historic sense, the Red Brigades' judicious choice of victim and timing certainly brought them a victory of epic proportions.

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be a terrorist", he wrote in a letter later confiscated.) Publicly, he would allude to it in more elliptical prose, with something like sexual excitement.

> "Nothing better reveals the enormous historic positivity of the workers' self-valorisation than this role of the sniper, the saboteur, the deviant, the criminal that I find myself living [he wrote in *Dominion and Sabotage*]. Whenever I pull on my *passamontagna* [a knitted face-mask worn by terrorists and mountain climbers], I feel the heat of the proletariat. Nor does the eventual risk offend me: it fills me with a feverish emotion, as if I were waiting for a lover. . . ."[11]

But these were just expressions of opinion, he asserted, surely no crime in one of the freest countries of the West. Was this renowned intellectual figure being prosecuted for his opinions? Was he merely a thinker and dreamer, or a doer? Carlo Fioroni, in at the birth of The Organisation, said he was both. If only in exquisitely textured, sometimes indecipherable, phrases, Toni Negri had often implied as much himself.

The case is still in court as I write, necessarily limiting conclusions of guilt or innocence. What follows here is material largely drawn from the documented charges made against him and a 350-page volume published by the April 7 Committee in his defence.

THE ORGANISATION was born in a back room in Rome on 26 September 1971. Out front, raucous delegates to a POTOP congress shouted their ritual imprecations against Capitalism and Imperialism. But *Potere Operaio*, whose membership had never exceeded half of 1% of the Italian student population, was at low ebb. Italy was still sinking under its social and political afflictions, worsening if anything since the 1968 student uprising. After two or three years of *contestazione*, more and more contesters were either opting for conventional left-wing parties or dropping out of politics. While POTOP's rowdy rank and file let off steam, therefore, cooler heads went behind closed doors to ponder the "Ishutin Solution."

Few delegates had ever heard of Ishutin and his Organisation, still fewer of his particular "Hell." No majority could have been mustered among them for the latter, even in POTOP. But the delegates were not told about "Hell" and its terrorist devils. They were simply asked to establish *Potere Operaio* as "the party of insurrection", mainly engaged in agitation and propaganda. Someday, came the word from the back room, it would go on to become "the Armed Party"—"as intrinsic a consequence as Jesus Christ to the Father, and the Holy Ghost to both", Toni Negri explained. Nevertheless, as Negri said, "the thematic of militarising the movement", though "absolutely fundamental to its credibility", would have to wait until the masses were ready.[12]

Ready or not, though, the masses were getting a shove. The inner circle around Toni Negri at the POTOP congress—Piperno, Scalzone, several others among those arrested eight years later, and Carlo Fioroni himself—had decided that "militarisation" had to start at once.

"Violence will be imposed upon us, and it's best that we start now to prepare our response", said one of the future defendants, Mario Dalmaviva.

"The problem of militarisation must be resolved here and now", said another (Emilio Vesce, future editor of the Red Brigades' *ControInformazione*).

"Expropriation is not enough, comrades. We pronounce ourselves for militarisation and the seizure of power", said Piperno.

"The themes of expropriation . . . and militarisation are absolutely conjoined", said Negri himself.

It was all recorded on tape.

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED at the POTOP congress is suggested in a Red Brigades' self-interview made a few weeks after the congress ended (confiscated in a safe house of theirs in 1979).

> "The transformation of the political vanguard into the *political-military* [italics added] vanguard has in fact begun. In practice, we can now realise the unity of revolutionary forces, the armed proletarian organisation."

Without a word to the congress's delegates, POTOP's inner circle had in fact set up a secret military arm. Franco Piperno, as "Saetta", wrote to Feltrinelli two months later confirming their agreement for a joint underground military command in the north. The first military commander of POTOP's "Illegal Works Department", as it was called, was Valerio Morucci, who went on to become Rome column commander for the Red Brigades. (He was arrested in 1979, carrying the Skorpion that killed

[11] Antonio Negri, *Dominio e Sabotaggio*, p. 65, 43.
[12] *L'Europeo*, 1 January 1980.

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Moro.) After changing names several times, the Illegal Works Department ended up as the deadly Front Line in 1976.[13]

Potere Operaio didn't last long. As the vision of "Hell" grew increasingly vivid, the better half of its remaining members backed away. It dissolved itself in 1973.

BY THEN The Organisation had a new political arm in the emerging Autonomous Collectives and a secret array of terrorist cadets. None of these fledgling terrorist bands came to much as yet, nor did the Red Brigades themselves. No Italian had even been knee-capped—and Italy's first political murder was a good year ahead. Evidently Italian workers were not ready for violent insurrection. As Negri put it, the Autonomists would have to supply "traction" for the masses.

Autonomy's Marxist programme of agitation and propaganda had been drafted secretly even before POTOP folded. It combined irreproachable workers' demands—housing, jobs, higher wages, lower household utility bills—with ravishingly reckless proposals for "zero work", absenteeism, industrial sabotage, "beating up political adversaries", "destabilising the schools", "aggravating street demonstrations" by sending in "public-order squads" armed with P.38s, and "proletarian expropriations" (as in supermarket hold-ups). The whole list, eventually carried out to the letter, was found by the police in 1972.[14] That was also filed-and-forgotten.

What with glamorous New Left thinkers, learned seminars, trendy international conferences, counter-culture bookshops, and a chain of private broadcasting stations, a programme like that could exert a lot of traction. Thousands of Italian radicals (perhaps as many as 200,000) were drawn into an Autonomous Area where they could practise "proletarian illegality"—just enough to intimidate the state but not enough to be criminalised and outlawed, so they thought.

ACTUALLY, THEY WERE getting criminalised step by step, coaxed along from innocent acceptance to guilty compliance as terrorist formations raised their sights.

What could be wrong, in 1971 or 1972, with a little arson here and a bomb or two there? Who could blame the fellows who went on to a swift kidnapping of a factory manager, draping a sign around his neck that read BITE AND RUN—PUNISH ONE, INSTRUCT A HUNDRED! . . . ? Was it so bad, then, to kidnap a company executive and publish his photograph with a pistol held to his head?

Before the masses knew it, they were in traction, as the same "radicals" went on to capture and interrogate "People's Prisoners", to kill an Establishment judge, to knee-cap an unaccommodating editor, to abduct and murder Italy's leading statesman, to "shoot into the heap" at miscellaneous targets, to martial assault in full drill, taking 110 hostages in an institute for managers, and machine-gunning ten in a row.

THIS LAST HAPPENED TO BE a Front Line operation, whereas the Red Brigades had handled the Moro affair. There was a difference in strategy. The élite, militarist Red Brigades operated independently of the masses, while Front Line's terrorism was supposed to derive from, and reflect, the proletarian will. Negri, speaking after his arrest of his "profound, ample, reasoned rejection of armed struggle in any form", nevertheless did distinguish between the two.

While strongly critical of the Red Brigades on occasion, he had never criticised Front Line. (When seven armed workers from Front Line were arrested, for instance, Workers' Autonomy defended them hotly as "comrades fallen into the enemy's hands."

> "What must be fought in the terrorists' position is certainly not the use of violence [Negri declared]. The aspect of terrorism to be fought is the programmatic will which does not establish an organic relation between the subjectivity of workers' power and the subjectivism of the use of violence."

This was his characteristic way of expressing it.[15]

FOR ALL THEIR DIFFERENCES, the Red Brigades' Renato Curcio and Autonomy's Toni Negri met secretly several times to discuss stages in the escalation of violence. Fioroni was present, and

[13] The details of Front Line's transformation can be traced through *Autonomy on Trial* and Fioroni's confession. Fioroni, in prison when Front Line emerged as such, told his interrogators that its communiqués alone made its origins clear to him (*La Repubblica*, 28 December 1979). Confirmation of its transformation by other witnesses at the time is too massive to report here.

[14] *Il Giornale Nuovo*, 10 July 1979; *Potere Operaio* 25 September 1971, 25 October 1971, November 1971 (no. 44), and December 1971 (no. 45).

[15] *Autonomy on Trial*, pp. 162, 269, 263.

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several other witnesses confirmed it.[16] The last meeting Fioroni knew about was in the summer of 1974, when the two leaders discussed an expected leap to armed insurrection by autumn. This was when Petra Krause and Sergio Spazzali obtained 42 devastating panzer-mines from the Swiss "take-out service" for their left-wing Italian comrades.

The outcomes of such talks were reported faithfully in the Red Brigades' *Contro-Informazione*, godfathered by Negri and by Autonomy's *Rosso*.[17]

The underlying strategy was mapped out in dozens of secret documents, hidden by Negri and his associates, confiscated in 1979. Many were written or annotated in Negri's own hand, defining his ultimate intention

> "to destroy democracy and build a dictatorship of the proletariat [by] articulating the programme of Autonomy towards an irreversible deepening and enormous extension of the civil war."[18]

The strategy was a huge success. In the congenial atmosphere of an Autonomous Area contiguous to the terrorists' own, a Red Brigades' or Front Line gunman could easily be presented as an honest if occasionally misguided revolutionary comrade. Autonomy's *Rosso* summed up "congenial" terrorist acts until 1977 as attacks on *carabinieri*, judges, and Christian Democratic or neo-Fascist MSI (Italian Social Movement) headquarters, popular expropriations, and beatings of university professors—all parts of the "coagulant of the movement's subjective energy", including the "heroic battle of avant-garde comrades in the Red Brigades." Killing off the captive Aldo Moro was misguided, on the other hand.

SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS OF THIS not only assured a title of legitimacy to the Italian terrorists, it established their claim to the Mafia rule of *omertà*: a conspiracy of silence. Practically all the nation's intellectuals and any number of upright citizens became the terrorists' involuntary accomplices. Civilised and socialist-minded people do not betray an honest comrade, however misguided.

The Organisation's secret military arm could thus shoot up in luxuriant hothouse growth. Carlo Fioroni—with Feltrinelli until the latter's death early in 1972, and then POTOP's underground military commander for the Italian north—could watch it all happening from the earliest days: the days when Feltrinelli didn't yet have a "safe house" to call his own, when his GAP gave the Red Brigades their first hundred pounds of dynamite, and POTOP's "Illegal Works Department" had to send Fioroni begging to Renato Curcio for a couple of guns. They were years of substantial but hardly spontaneous growth.

The Organisation's first momentous move was to hook into the international circuit. Feltrinelli, who knew everybody and could foot the bills, was just getting the circuit going on the Continent around 1971. His Zurich *centrale* was succeeded by POTOP's "International Office" there, which became a Secretariat for International Coordination. From its headquarters in the Eco-Libro Bookshop, the secretariat ran a Europe Project to promote the "Ishutin Solution" on a Continental scale: "to organise . . . both faces of armed violence, the violence of the masses on the one hand and . . . red terror on the other" (Negri's words). A branch line also ran to the Middle East, where 24 multinational terrorists were arrested in 1978 trying to break up the first Cairo round of Egyptian-Israeli peace talks.[19]

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[16] Among these was Mauro Borromeo, who confirmed that a meeting had taken place between Negri and Curcio in the summer of 1974, in his own country house in Bellagio (*La Stampa*, 30 December 1979).

[17] *ControlInformazione* was identified as the Red Brigades' house organ after a police raid on the Brigades' safe house in Robbiano di Mediglia in 1974. A document found there, dated November 1973, addressed to "the Comrades of *ControlInformazione*", spelled out the "terms of our collaboration" (the Red Brigades', that is), after the first ("Zero") issue. "Every member of the editorial staff must affirm an explicit commitment to political homogeneity" with the Red Brigades. The Brigades would assume the publication's financing, provided its policy "coincided exactly" with the Brigades' "armed strategy." "No other component of the democratic area [could] be inserted into the editorial staff" of the magazine. In short, *ControlInformazione* was financed and exclusively staffed and edited by Red Brigades members or others whose views "coincided exactly." (The document is cited by Examining Magistrate Bruno Caccia, preparing the first trial of the Red Brigades, in *La Criminalizzazione della Lotta di Classe*, p. 326.)

Professor Negri admitted under interrogation to having directed *ControlInformazione* for its "Zero" issue only. Later, he conceded his connections with the review for issues one and two. Judge Gallucci confronted him with evidence purporting to show his continuing collaboration for issues three, four, five, and six (*Autonomy on Trial*, pp. 141, 162, 266–67, 167).

[18] *Autonomy on Trial*, pp. 162, 141, 269, and 162.

[19] The arrests were made in Cairo on 26 April. One of the ring-leaders was Sergio Mantovani, a Swiss in close contact with the Eco-Libro bookshop's owner (Giorgio Bellini) who had put up Petra Krause occasionally during her Zurich stay. Mantovani's co-leader was a Palestinian named Mohammed Aref al-Moussa, previously expelled from Rome University (*Daily Telegraph*, 27 April 1978). Al-Moussa, who confessed in full to the Egyptian police, was murdered in Madrid a year later. The band's plot is cited in Attorney-General Guido Guasco's indictment in the Moro case, 13 December 1979.

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BY THE TIME the Italian courts caught up with all this, The Organisation was "in close and permanent contact" with the German Baader-Meinhof Gang, the IRA, the Spanish Basques' ETA, the French ultra-Left underground, all the Palestinian terrorist formations, and the exiled Tupamaros. All these and four or five other armed groups (including the "Black Panthers") had held their first summit in Florence, in October 1971. Toni Negri was the keynote speaker at this Feltrinelli-POTOP gathering in the Jesuits' Stensen Institute. Seamus Costello of the IRA took up the delegates' first day, discussing urban guerrilla tactics and sabotage. The next was spent on weapons supply and liaison arrangements. Recurrent summits, regularly denied by host-country governments, were held thereafter, from Beirut and Tripoli to Dublin and Belgrade.

The international circuit was not, or not merely, an expression of romantic revolutionary indulgence. It was an elementary necessity. For one thing, all of Europe's armed groups needed somewhere to hide in a hurry. The Italians kept open house for fugitives from all over the Continent, Germany especially, and the courtesy was returned (Feltrinelli did the same with his villa in Prague, as did Henri Curiel, who reserved two hideouts specially for the Italians in Paris). The Organisation maintained fully stocked logistic bases for Italians abroad in Switzerland, Germany, and France (where, by 1978, Toni Negri was thinking of setting up a "Hot Red Line" telephone service). The Palestinians could claim shelter from any of the Europeans in the circuit and vice versa.

The circuit was also indispensable for weapons, especially when everybody was starting from scratch. The Swiss anarchists' "take-out service" was invaluable in those early years, particularly once Petra Krause took it in hand. The *Professorino* himself was sent up to Zurich for some of the hot merchandise. The national commander of POTOP's Illegal Works Department, Valerio Morucci, went too. Roberto Mander, who helped to get the Swiss service going in 1971, became a frequent caller on behalf of his Autonomous Collective in Rome.[20] They all kept getting arrested, and released.

NOBODY SEEMED to be looking as The Organisation went about learning to use its weapons. Strangers came; Italians went. Feltrinelli brought in German instructors for his GAP training camps in the Piedmont mountains. Autonomy's secret armed bands brought in Palestinian-trained instructors for their own camps, scattered around the Italian north and southern Switzerland. Toni Negri sent a personal emissary to Lebanon to negotiate accommodations for his trainees in the Middle East, as Feltrinelli had done before him. A hundred Italians were trained in one or another Palestinian camp in the 1971–72 season, and about a thousand flocked to Lebanon in 1975 for the Battle of Tel-el-Zatar. A substantial number also trained in Czechoslovakia, though nobody could be sure of that until the decade was out.[21]

Throughout those critical ten years, Italian authorities had carefully overlooked nagging rumours about the transfer of Soviet expertise to an Italian terrorist nucleus. Two or three Red Brigades leaders were known to have spent time in Prague, as Feltrinelli had. But the aristocratic Red Brigades were particularly haughty in rejecting the notion that any foreigner could ever have had anything to teach them. Just once, long ago, Renato Curcio had mentioned carelessly (to a so-called People's Prisoner he was interrogating) that "some of us learned our guerrilla tactics abroad."

Just where they had gone abroad was eventually established by General Jan Sejna, for one. The former secretary-general of Czechoslovakia's Defence Ministry and military counsellor to the Communist Central Committee—he had defected to the United States in 1968—gave a first-hand account of Soviet training facilities in Czechoslovakia to an American writer in January 1980. Starting in 1964, he said, the KGB ran a school for terrorists in Karlovy Vary, while GRU provided more intensive paramilitary training at the Doupov parachutist camp near Prague. Trainees came from "all over Europe and the Third World." He provided his own handwritten list of twelve Italians who had attended,[22] apart from Feltrinelli

[20] A specific charge in the indictment of Morucci was his having taken delivery of one such Swiss consignment in Zurich, on 14 February 1974 (Guasco's indictment). Fioroni, who claimed to be procuring weapons for The Organisation on his trips to Switzerland in 1973, received at least one cheque for 500,000 lire (about $800 at the time) from Toni Negri, on 4 October 1973. Negri admitted this under interrogation (*Autonomy on Trial*, pp. 269–70). See Zurich court sentence, p. 52.

[21] Attorney-General Guasco's indictment, 13 December 1979; BBC-TV, *Panorama*, 3 December 1979.

[22] See *Il Giornale Nuovo*, 11 January 1980; 22 May 1980; and 18 September 1980.

I have a photocopy of General Sejna's list. Here it is, with whatever errors and omissions, as he wrote it: Fabrizio Pelli; Franco Troaino; Budio Bianchi; Luciano Ferrari; Ferruccio Gambino; Semino; Clemente; Briglia, Roberto; Spazzali; Viale; Cesare Capellino; Franceschini.

Renato Curcio, co-founder (with Franceschini) of the Red Brigades, was reported by *The New York Times*' Richard Burt to have been trained in Czechoslovakia as

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himself. Among the names were four of the Red Brigades' ten original founders, two widely known leaders in Autonomy, and one of the three top leaders of the 1968 national student uprising. In a later interview, General Sejna added that Toni Negri had attended a special leadership course in Czechoslovakia in 1966–67.

THAT ALONE should have got the Italian terrorist underground off to a good start. But there was more. In 1980, a repentant Red-Brigader of top rank also decided to talk. Arrested that spring, Patrizio Peci had been the Red Brigades' Turin column commander and a member of their strategic command. His sensational confession put even Carlo Fioroni's in the shade, providing information that would land 400 Italian terrorists behind bars, decimate the Red Brigades, and virtually wipe out Front Line.

Peci covered a lot of ground, in a confession running to four full-length, closely printed newspaper pages. One thing he said was that Red Brigaders had "continued to go to Czechoslovakia for training all through the 1970s." They had also received quantities of Czech weapons, pistols, machine guns, grenades, shipped from Prague by way of Hungary and Austria.[23]

That single blow might have been enough to send an ordinary Italian reeling. On top of it came still more spectacular disclosures of the whole Italian underground's entangling international alliances. By the late 1970s, Peci said:

> "All the arms reaching the Italians, of whatever make or provenance, save those taken from policemen and *carabinieri*, were coming from a single distribution centre stocked by Palestinian formations."[24]

He described two leisurely yachting trips made to the Middle East by the Red Brigades' Rome column commander, Mario Moretti, to shop for arms. Without even landing in Lebanon, Moretti took on large weapons consignments at sea, in the summers of 1977 and 1979. The first time, he brought back the Skorpion used to kill Moro six months afterward. Returning from the second trip, he off-loaded in Mestre, the industrial port of Venice, and parcelled out the weapons—grenades, explosives, heavy "Energa" anti-tank mines, machine guns, *SAM*-7 Strela missiles—to various terrorist formations in Italy and to the IRA, the Spanish Basques, and various German terrorist formations.

The arms, unmistakably coming from George Habash's PFLP, were just as unmistakably reaching not just The Organisation's secret military arm but its open political arm in Autonomy. Shortly after midnight, on 8 November 1979, one of Autonomy's noisiest leaders in Rome, Daniele Pifano, was caught travelling with two Strela missiles in the quiet Adriatic resort town of Ortona. The missiles, nailed tightly into a chest, were hidden in a Peugeot station-wagon driven by one of his two Roman companions. They claimed to have found the box "somewhere" along the *autostrada* and thought the Strelas were "telescopes."

It turned out, though, that one of them was carrying the phone number of the PFLP's agent in Italy: a Jordanian with a South Yemeni passport, Saleh Abu Anseh, who was also rushing toward the scene. The captain of the cargo ship *Sidon*, flying the Panamanian flag but a well-known Mediterranean gun-runner for the Palestinians, had happened to call the same PFLP agent from the port of Ortona that night. The *Sidon* pulled out of port at first light, and vanished. The Jordanian-South Yemeni Saleh Abu Anseh went to jail with Pifano and the others. The PFLP, outraged, wrote a formal letter to the Italian government and to the Chieti court that was trying Pifano, demanding everybody's immediate release on "moral grounds." They were, the letter said, just giving the Palestinians a helping hand.[25]

Pifano too claimed later that he had merely been helping his Palestinian comrades. A hundred "disgusting lies" had been invented about the

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well. Burt's article, evidently based on high-level American security sources, appeared in the *Times* on 26 April 1978. See also *Panorama*, 15 September 1980.

[23] *Il Giornale Nuovo*, 16 April 1980. This newspaper had clearly seen the text of Peci's interrogation, and carefully paraphrased it to avoid prosecution for violating judicial secrets. (A correspondent for Rome's *Il Messaggero*, who published the text as such—omitting all textual references to the Red Brigades' international ties—landed in jail that May.) It was common knowledge in Rome that the text of Peci's interrogation was circulating among Italy's newspaper offices. Reportedly, it was on sale for 2 million lire ($2,500) to anybody who could raise the money.

[24] *Corriere della Sera*, 16 April 1980; *La Repubblica*, 16 April 1980; *La Stampa*, 19 April 1980.

[25] Story of Pifano's capture: all Italian papers, 9 November 1979. Saleh Abu Anseh had been an agent of Habash's PFLP in Italy since 1975: all Italian papers, 9 November 1979; *Panorama*, 3 December 1979. PFLP's letter to the Italian government and the President of the Chieti court trying Pifano: all Italian papers, 11 January 1980. *Il Messaggero* of that date reported that the letter was delivered by hand, by the Radical Deputy Mauro Mellini.

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Strelas, he said. They were "exclusively defensive arms", used by popular liberation movements like the Vietnamese, the Angolans, the Eritreans, the Palestinians.[26]

THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT of all these revelations on the Italian public was shattering. On top of everything else came Fioroni's devastating disclosures of The Organisation's underworld connections.

The Organisation had pressing money problems even when Feltrinelli was alive. Rich as he was, the grand financier of the Italian revolution insisted that good revolutionaries had to pay their own way (as Stalin had in his youth, by robbing banks in Georgia). His own GAP set the example, with Italy's first terrorist kidnapping for money in 1971. In enlisting convicts and drug addicts for that job, he set a lasting precedent. "For the cause, anything goes!"[27]

The question, Negri reportedly confided to Fioroni, was how to set up an "informal" structure with "Mafia productivity" to bring the money in. How else, if not with the Mafia itself? a fifty-fifty split with crooks became standard practice. Increasingly versatile terrorists and convicts between them stole priceless paintings; held up banks; robbed factory pay-rolls at gunpoint; operated a Kidnapping Inc. service to abduct wealthy businessmen; and even kidnapped a champion race-horse. (The horse was getting too old to race, and his owners never paid the $300,000 ransom.)[28]

The Mafia's Calabria branch, the *'Ndrangheta*, practically bought into The Organisation. Home clan of Foreign Legionnaire de Vuono, the *'Ndrangheta* was on intimate terms with all concerned. It got its split from the Red Brigades' $2.5 million ransom (paid to redeem the millionaire shipbuilder Angelo Costa), which was intended to finance the Moro operation.[29] It had a lucrative deal going with Unity of Communist Combat (UCC), a terrorist unit specialising in armed robbery for all the other terrorist units. Together, the UCC and *'Ndrangheta* pulled off a picaresque raid on the sporting Club Mediterranée on the Calabrian coast, netting upward of $2 million in cash and jewels, and a bonus of 300 foreign passports.

TOWARD THE END of the 1970s, The Organisation's own Front Line and the *'Ndrangheta* were chummy enough to hold a joint chieftains' meeting for an overview, at the de luxe Calabrian summer resort of Tropea.[30] (They sent picture postcards.)

At the decade's close, The Organisation had reached the last stage but one. It was awash in financial liquidity. Its arsenals were crammed with the latest modern weapons. It had an impregnable fortress at Toni Negri's University of Padua, where professors unacceptable to Autonomy were beaten with bicycle chains, spat at, shot at, burned or bombed out, or at the least howled down. Elsewhere in the country, it had strong political fortifications in most big cities, manned by thousands of truculent Autonomists who had the Establishment where they wanted it.

THE EXPONENTIAL CURVE of violent civic disorder was rising steeply. "Zero work" and industrial sabotage were spreading through the big northern factories, especially at Fiat, where proletarian justice had taken the lives of three company executives and knee-capped nineteen others. The universities were splendidly destabilised. "Dispersed terrorism" was spreading to the provinces, running the nation-wide assassination score up to 116 in seven years. Despite setbacks—more than 500 ultra-Left terrorists were in jail before the big police crackdown, after which the figure doubled—there were 2,750 terrorist assaults in Italy in 1979, claimed by 215 "leftist" groups. The Red Brigades, Front Line, Organised

[26] Pifano's open letter to *Lotta Continua*, 2 May 1980. He did not mention the Strelas used by Joshua Nkomo's Rhodesian Patriotic Front to shoot down two Rhodesian passenger planes in flight, in 1978, killing all passengers. "If it was a missile, it was our chaps" were Nkomo's memorable words to a reporter on that occasion (*Washington Post*, 2 February 1979).

[27] *L'Espresso*, 4 March 1979.

[28] The horse was named Carnauba and in its day was considered to be the best three-year-old (*L'Unità*, 30 December 1979).

[29] *La Repubblica*, 11 December 1978. This was the first joint Mafia-Red Brigades snatch, on 12 January 1977, just over a year before Moro himself was kidnapped.

[30] Casirati, the "honest crook" who also told all about The Organisation after Fioroni did, complained that The Organisation's criminal connections with the underworld were hurting honest crooks like himself. First of all, they were being hounded in jail because of suspected connections with the "politicals." Secondly, they were cheated by the "politicals" themselves, who promised them "a Utopian mirage of a society without prisons" (*Corriere della Sera*, 29 January 1980).

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Proletarian Communists, Armed Proletarian Squads, and other usual fly-by-nights were still going strong; Workers' Autonomy bands were beginning to boast openly of having joined them.

From 1977 on, The Organisation's open political arm began noticeably to merge with its submerged, "occult" one. Autonomous bands went underground, joining one of the fly-by-nights or Front Line.[31] The Red Brigades' growing estrangement from the Autonomous masses did not prevent their operative collaboration with Front Line (and vice versa). The two bands were exchanging information, weapons, hide-outs, strategic plans, and personnel, as revealed in dozens of repentant terrorists' confessions by 1980.

It was just about time to bring up The Organisation's submerged base, join its political and military branches, come out in the open with the Armed Party, and get on with the irreversible civil war.

Then Toni Negri and twenty other leaders of Autonomy were arrested. Scorching documents were published. Yet another twenty Autonomists were arrested. Key witnesses broke a ten-year law of silence. Fioroni was only the first, followed by others of high and low rank, in the openly terrorist Red Brigades and Front Line, and the still legitimate ranks of Autonomy. Thirty-three members of Autonomy in Padua went on trial, not for the crime of "ideas" but on 70 specific charges of armed violence, theft, arson, planned incitement to mob riot. Three made full confessions; the others received sentences of up to seven years. For the first time a band of Autonomists was condemned by a court not only on precise criminal counts but for organised subversion.

Italian terrorism did not thereupon come to a magical end, but its involuntary accomplices were pulled up short. Like the mythical bird of ancient legend, they began to fly backward to see where they had been.

THEY HAD BEEN CLOSE to destroying Italian democracy.

"I had the impression that the moment of final confrontation was near", said the Padua judge, Guido Calogero, who gathered the evidence leading to the Autonomy arrests. "Towards the end, Organised Workers' Autonomy abandoned its open mass struggle. Public demonstrations diminished noticeably, while violent nocturnal assaults mounted: shootings, Molotov cocktails, fires, 'Nights of Flame.' New recruits were showing up more frequently in actions both of the Red Brigades and Front Line . . . an evident symptom of accelerated military practice. It seemed to me that we were facing one of the last possibilities for the democratic state to react against the terrorist offensives, that a tragic moment was approaching for the community—insurrection and civil war."

It would not have been for an ennobling proletarian cause. There was no chance in Italy of a genuinely popular uprising. Italian workers, though the most militant in Europe, were not ground under the heel of an autocratic Czar; the working class was not about to storm the Winter Palace. "The last of the socialist revolutionaries are mistaking Italy of the 1980s for Russia of 1917", wrote a group of Red Brigade defectors toward the last—whereupon they were threatened by the Brigades' imprisoned leaders with "a good dose of lead."[32]

At most, The Organisation could have hoped to reach a level of uncontainable guerrilla warfare, forcing the democratic government to behave like a police state. In Italy, as in Germany, Spain, Ireland, Turkey, and everywhere else since the Tupamaros set their first shining example in Uruguay, the ultra-Left terrorists were dead on course for a right-wing dictatorship.

They may manage it still. Any angry young Italian can get to be a terrorist these days if he wants to. He has plenty of bands to choose from now, up-to-date, well stocked, and running regular beginners' courses; and he still has plenty to be angry about. The one thing he may no longer have is assurance of continuing popular acceptance, and protection as a "misguided comrade."

Nothing counted as much as that, in the long frightening decade of terrorist ascendancy in Italy. The country's eternally immobile governing class was naturally a help, as was a Communist Party

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[31] In the Bergamo area of Lombardy alone, five members of Organised Autonomy were arrested on 24 April 1980, accused of 50 terrorist acts connected with both Front Line and the Red Brigades (*Corriere della Sera*, 25 April 1980).

[32] Valerio Morucci, who had started out as POTOP's first underground military commander and gone on to become the Red Brigades' Rome column commander, helping to catch and kill Aldo Moro, had broken with the Brigades' strategic high command after the Moro hit.

A lengthy criticism of the Brigades' Stalinist élitism was found in his hideout when he was arrested in August 1979. Oreste Scalzone, who had started out at the same high level in the POTOP mother cell, added his protest from prison that August, speaking of the Red Brigades as "an emanation of the Soviet KGB" (*La Repubblica*, 20 August 1979).

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that alternately preached "permanent conflictuality" in the factories and redemption through the historic compromise. But the secret of the terrorists' success lay in the decent, well-meaning citizens who formed a protective Second Society around them.

"LISTEN! First we'll start unrest!" says the satanic Peter Verkhovensky in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, written more than a century ago.

> "Do you know that, even now, we are terribly strong? We have people other than those who cut throats, set places on fire, go in for classical assassinations, and go around biting people. . . . I have them all at hand already. We have the teacher who makes the children entrusted to his care laugh at their God and at their families; we have the lawyer defending the well-educated murderer because he has reached a higher stage of development than his victims; the schoolboys who, to experience a strong sensation, kill a peasant, are also with us; the juries who acquit criminals are all working for us; the prosecutor torn by his anguished fear of not being liberal enough does us a service. Ah, we have so many high government officials with us, and so many literary figures who don't even know it themselves!"

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Three Gymnopédies

Lying here on your bed in the dark
I can hear a piano on the radio,
a clock on the floor, and in the silence
when the piano stops, the mice
making intimate music above.
We are tenants, our house the property
of the animal kingdom, the night
a corpuscle of wind and stars.
Their slipping light and some chords
console me on a narrow sheet.

Lying on your bed here in the dark
I can stretch across the sheet
as I never can with you. In sleep
we impede each other: our bodies shift
and bump: we dream of collisions,
of music firm as the damsons
that are growing ripe in the sun
by your window and wait to fall
or suffer eating by flies and the birds
who gave up music in spring.

Lying in the dark here on your bed
I can grasp the silence after music
before sleep in the shape of a damson
from the shadowy garden.
How long will it be fresh before
the sweet decay? Tonight the stars and wind
and mice will not console me
without you on the wrinkled sheet
here in the prime of my life. Nothing
can impede me, nothing give me joy.

Mark Abley

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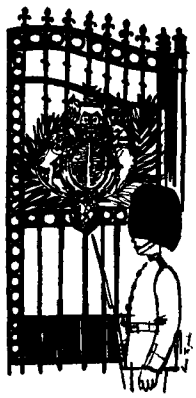
NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

In the Light of Common Day

By Edward Pearce



"WHERE IS IT NOW, the glory and the dream?" Wordsworth's question might be put in the matter-of-fact context of the European Economic Community, at least so far as the British are concerned.

We are in. We are not likely to leave. But the mood—among politicians let alone the public—is subtly altered from the "Fanfare for Europe" with which Mr Heath at some little public expense had us express our pleasure at being admitted to an organisation for which General de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer doubted our historic fitness.

We are in. We are not likely to leave, but our next General Election (1983 or '84) will be fought in very large part by way of competitive beastliness to Europeans. Nobody understands this more clearly than the former President of the European Commission. When it was suggested to Roy Jenkins that the dominant plank of the new Social Democratic Party should be "Europe", he is alleged to have said "*Euwope, Euwope*! You must be out of your mind! . . . ."

It is understood also by the Labour Party, whose leaders ran the conscious farce of "re-negotiations" in 1974–75, and then threw themselves into the management of the Referendum for the EEC cause. The Labour Party is now committed to disengagement. It is an anti-EEC party with a few uneasy believers still lingering. Its leader, Michael Foot, is an opponent; the deputy-leader, Denis Healey, is a long-standing agnostic. The solitary point which unites the moderate heir, Peter Shore, and the *putschist*, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, is a huge hostility to the Common Market.

It is understood by Mrs Thatcher, who thoroughly enjoys the role of ogress of Dublin and monster of Maastricht; nothing arms her better in domestic politics than the outrage of the French and the Germans. She regarded the ultimate Luxembourg settlement, reached through the skill of the guileful Italian chairman, Emilio Colombo, as quite inadequate; yet the French were sick with rage at it. And for better or worse the British took considerable pleasure in that fury.

For what has truly changed (for all that we belong to the EEC) is that the abased, heavy-breathing, tail-wagging loyalty which went with the Heath inner team's lovesick negotiations has changed to a cool appreciation of the price paid. Mrs Thatcher is still prepared to say, or was 18 months ago, "We are the Party of Europe." But she has discovered that the terms of the Budget were about to become what our trade unionists here like to call "unacceptable", and that there was a lot of return to be had from following the techniques of British trades unions when dealing with Giscard and Schmidt. By a measure of combined rudeness and outrage, stamping on their hands and demanding an apology, she got back more than the Press or the Foreign Office had dreamt to be possible. She became a sort of international Arthur Scargill—the President of the Yorkshire Miners who has semi-demonic status among British Conservatives, but who by his own combination of extortion and moralising (a bit of Jesus, a bit of Karl, an awful lot of Arthur) usually gets what he wants.

NO BRITISH POLITICIAN of any stamp can now talk in terms of the sort of future-shrugging irresponsibility with which Geoffrey Rippon, Heath's negotiator, now a soured backbencher, described a vital part of the Agricultural price negotiations—"Something to be settled over coffee and cognac. . ." Full payment of that particular bill was postponed for five years, suddenly uncoiling after a series of modest contributions into a peremptory demand for a billion plus. The British political parties fell over each other to refuse to pay. And while of course Mr Shore as Opposition spokesman was able to regard the settlement as weak, it was like no other piece of business we have ever done with the Common Market—deeply satisfying. It was not just that we got something back, we heard the bruised resentful talk of the French and Germans (nobody here has any ill will towards the smaller countries or towards Italy). And what were they saying? They were accusing us of "pursuing our narrow national interests." That is not likely to break British hearts. It merely suggests that the British may have got it right for once.

The prospect is that Britain intends to be difficult. The days of grateful acceptance of a system as loaded against us as anything dreamt up

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by a saloon card-sharp in Tombstone are over. There are not many sacramental Europeans left. In the past, the Tory Party was drilled by the sergeant's rattan into somnambulant Euro-unity (*tempo alla marcia*): now there is a substantial and intelligent Conservative pressure group, the European Reform Group, 40-strong in Parliament, seeking not exit but reform of the kind M. Giscard would regard as treason to the Community.

They and Mrs Thatcher, who despite certain ritualistic devotions does not think very differently, have an ally in the Labour Party and Mr Peter Shore who will be bidding with the same coin in the same auction. None of this change has come about through malice. The British may be a little introverted. But they meekly responded to the patronising "off-shore island" gibe used interminably during the Entry-into-Europe campaigns, and they are entirely capable of responding with admiration to the post-war achievements of European countries, notably West Germany, in running their economies as we would have wished to.

Their cavilling takes two forms. They find that the systems don't mix, and they are affronted by aspects of the EEC which do not inherently matter but which suggest neither glory nor dream—but the pork barrel, pork vat more nearly.

TO TAKE THE FIRST first, we have had since Peel and our escape from the Corn Laws a cheap food policy which has been the foundation of English political stability. Edward Heath, with extraordinary insensibility, used to talk disdainfully about "the price of butter" as if he had defined banality. In fact it is at the centre of any sensible politician's calculations. The man who is above butter is beyond argument. So we are hit with the price system which the German week-end peasant and the wealthy French plâteau farmer, subsidised as a hill-scratcher, find agreeable—a system which makes for the production of the unsaleable, for those refrigerated stores affably called butter mountains and wine lakes, which make us joke-price grocers to the Soviet Union.

Paying such prices is unfunny for the British urban dweller who finds himself back in a world from which the direct support-price as well as the reforms of Peel have been erased. To us it is old-time Corn-Law thinking, and a punch in the nose for the industrial worker and any other productive citizen. For the British, the outcome of Mr Rippon's after-dinner coffee chat was a quite insupportable dollop of *schlag*, a premium price delayed five years—the "Budget contribution", our payment for the privilege of paying higher food prices.

So when Mrs Thatcher turned and fought on this issue she had comprehensive support in the country and in the Commons. Indeed it took a Parsifal-like figure, a holy idiot in the person of the amiable Mr Russell Johnston (Liberal, Inverness) to suggest that the price was worth paying for "the sake of the Community." Candidly, we are not now amenable to arguments like that. When Mr Johnston intervenes, or Sir Anthony Meyer (Cons, Flint), another Old Believer, tells us that the Common Agricultural Policy is "the *sine qua non*" for some of our fellow-members, and that by implication we must gratefully submit, they are being very brave but they are as anachronistic as the Bishops of Mary Tudor who decreed penance for our disloyalty to the one true Church.

Membership of the EEC is one thing. Sacramental Europeanism is quite another.

SOMETHING ELSE is damaging the notion of Europe. There is too much money chasing too many politicians. The British are by tradition rather austere with their politicians. They can have a reasonably pleasant time but we don't intend them to make a fortune out of it. The calibre of a ministerial car is minutely watched, and no one who wanted to stay in office would flaunt a Rolls Royce.

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Parliamentary salaries are sat upon, and indeed by continental standards there may be a whiff of workhouse gruel about British political rewards. Accordingly, the near fortunes collected by retiring High Commissioners, the lordly salaries and breath-taking expenses available for the members of that Chamber of Echoes, the European Assembly, have been unhelpful to the image of the glory and the dream. It is seen here as the life of Von Riley. The glory and the dream clearly have a career structure. And the tales of Members of the European Parliament living on expenses which not even bent old Fleet Street would pay, and saving their salaries, brings out the never-to-be-underestimated strain of British puritanism.

It is sometimes argued that the topics at the centre of our differences with the Europeans involve too few people to be worth the candle of a row. *The Economist* got very lofty the other week on the topic of our not yet harmonised fishermen whom it dismissed as a mere .09% of the electorate who were getting above themselves. This is the fallacy of those for whom issues have got above gut-feelings. The fishermen of this country have influence beyond their numbers. They have suffered terrible reverses in the past through governmental concessions to Iceland where we had been supposed to have access to fishing grounds. They live a more dangerous life than any miner; they are entrepreneurs, usually on a small scale—owning one boat or a share in it and working hours unknown to any employee. Further, there are 30 constituencies with a fishing interest, most of them Conservative-held. If the Government were to surrender over coffee-and-cognac what is left of the livelihood of a battered but universally respected group of men, they would pay a heavy and deserved price involving the votes of rather more than .09% of the electorate. To be fair, they show some signs of understanding this.

Understanding of the unpopularity of limp compliance shows many signs of breaking through. It was not just a matter of Mrs Thatcher banging Giscard's head against the concrete. Mr Pym made a speech early in May which acknowledged that "it was only too clear from recent opinion-polls that the facts about our membership of the European Community have simply not got across to a large number of our citizens." He added that it was "clearly wrong that Britain should be one of only two countries making a net budget contribution and that two-thirds of that budget should go to an agricultural system geared to the storage and disposal of surpluses."

People like Mr Pym have not ceased to adhere to the EEC but they are aware of its political penalties. They understand that the otherwise badly demoralised Labour Party, whose recent showing in what should have been landslide conditions in the local government elections was grimly inadequate, does have one strong card: the unpopularity of the Market, and political leaders Left and Right, enthusiastic to play it.

The consequence is that the Tories have to prove themselves as unwilling to sacrifice our interests within the EEC as the French have been to give up theirs. For one of the curious consequences of "coming together" has been that we nations of Europe dislike each other a good deal more than we did when we were bound only by a defence pact. That pact, incidentally, has become weaker and more divided in recent years, not at all what the reinforcement of the Alliance school of Marketeers had argued. So there was mileage for M. Giscard (and for François Mitterrand) in damning Mrs Thatcher as there is when one pitches for the votes of Herr Ertl's urban cowkeepers.

So who is to doubt that it is rational for the British to move within the EEC from the old uncritical loyalty to the European institutions to a cool concern for British opinions and interests?

I have used the term "sacramental Europeans" to describe those like Mr Heath who, for love of the golden vision, would say to the British, "Give all that thou hast to the rich and follow me." What has replaced that philosophy is something much more sensible and ultimately better for the Common Market—our ancient Erastian doctrine which prevented the Established Church from being too great a burden—the doctrine of Occasional Conformity. Pop into church every so often and go through the motions, and no questions will be asked about your real worship at the dissenting chapel. That is good elastic-jointed English thinking which ought to appeal to a sensible man like Mr Pym. It may even have a degree of appeal to President Mitterrand.

For nationalism is not inherently an evil and not at all so when it consists of a people having a decent respect for themselves. The British have a perfect right to play a British card, and that politician who wishes to push the EEC beyond its useful functions into a sort of supra-nationalism—a higher state of affairs to which greater loyalties are owed, is going to bruise his fists and toes on a door which is bolted and barred.

MY OWN EXPECTATION is that there will be more quarrels about the Budget, about Fish, and about Agricultural Prices; that British governments of either complexion will think in terms of a loose free trade area and that in consequence we shall be enthusiastic sponsors of Spain, Portugal and Turkey, all of them poison to the hated Common Agricultural Policy, and that the happiest development will ultimately be a shift of gears by which an ever larger part of that subsidy falls on to a nationally financed, internal support-price system.

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Britain has heavy trade with EEC countries, but it is trade in overall deficit. Accordingly, however much we may be threatened with excommunication, the Pope himself would find that he was running a distinctly Anglican community with rules which are meant to be wisely adjusted. Flexibility is our great gift to the Community, and given its members' favourable balance of trade with us, they have a rational, low motive (we never really trust high ones) for coming round to an unacknowledged but *de facto* Greater EFTA, a European Free Trade Area. That is the point at which we can talk realistic business and where a balance of interests can be traded off.

"The glory and the dream" were not, after all, substantial. There is a great deal to be said instead for Wordsworth's other image—"the light of common day."

The Case of Dr Weizmann's Passport

New Evidence—By JOHN BARNES

"FOR LACK of a nail . . . the war was lost." As in war, so in diplomacy. Trivial incidents may not often affect the fate of nations. But sometimes they do. Men make history and personalities alter cases. How much did the animosity between Edward VII and the Kaiser contribute to the outbreak of the First World War, or at least make it harder to avert? Would the frost of the Cold War have descended quite so sharply if the Kremlin's request for a massive dollar loan had not languished unprocessed in the desk-drawer of a Washington official until the next occupant cleared out his office?

Legends can be as harmful as facts, if widely enough believed. The tale of Dr Chaim Weizmann's passport is a case in point. It is often asserted that, when Dr Weizmann became President of Israel in 1948, the British Government, as a spiteful gesture, deprived him of British nationality and demanded the return of his British passport. Thus the late R. H. S. Crossman published the statement that "Weizmann burst into tears when Bevin made him return his passport in 1949" (*New Statesman*, 4 December 1970). But even Crossman's memory seems to have been faulty; perhaps he was not keeping a diary in 1949. He himself, speaking of Weizmann in the House of Commons (26 January 1949), had said:

> "When he left this country to become President, he decided to return his passport to the Home Secretary. He wrote a dignified and long letter of thanks for his forty-two years in England, during which time he had contributed in no little way to the assistance of this country. He did not receive even an official acknowledgement."

This earlier version is nearer to the truth, but still inadequate.

Weizmann was elected President of Israel on 17 May 1948, while he was still in the United States, where he had been largely instrumental in securing immediate American recognition of the new state. He left shortly afterwards for Europe, where he had intended to stop in England. But, as he wrote in his autobiography, *Trial and Error* (1949);

> "I now felt that I was no longer free to do so. Arab armies were attacking Israel by land and from the air; the spearhead of this aggression was the Arab Legion of Transjordan, equipped by British resources, financed by the British Treasury, trained and commanded by British officers. . . . I had always believed that an anti-Zionist policy was utterly alien to British tradition, but now an atmosphere had been created in which the ideals of the State of Israel and the policies of Great Britain, under Mr Bevin's direction, were brought into bloody conflict. I had no place in England at such a time. . . ."

So he went by way of France to Switzerland, and it was from Geneva that he wrote on 28 September to the Home Secretary, Chuter Ede.

His letter was quite short. In it he wrote that he was

> "on the verge of departing for Israel, and I am sure that it will be appreciated that it is appropriate that I should arrive in Israel as a citizen of the country. I am, therefore, taking steps to acquire Israeli citizenship immediately, and assume that as a consequence I will

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automatically be relieved of British citizenship, which it has been my privilege and honour to enjoy for the past forty years. In these circumstances, I return herewith the British passports of Mrs Weizmann and myself, with expressions of the deepest appreciation of all that I was able to do and to become during the time I lived and worked in England. It is still my earnest hope that in my new capacity I shall be able to work for the re-establishment of the traditional friendly relations between Great Britain and Israel."

DR WEIZMANN reached Israel on 30 September 1948, and soon afterwards made the initiative which he had taken publicly known. The Home Office meanwhile referred his letter to the Foreign Office, where a flood of largely legalistic minutes was let loose.

The essence of the theme was that he had been naturalised in 1910 and there were no grounds for revoking his naturalisation. That being so, the only way in which he would automatically forfeit British nationality, or even be able to renounce it, would be if he was or became a citizen of a foreign country. Although he had been born in Russia, he had never become a Soviet citizen; so that would not offer a solution. Israeli nationality was the crux. But the British Government had not recognised Israel, so that for the purpose of the British Nationality Act (1948) Israel could not be regarded as a "foreign country." Legally, therefore, Dr Weizmann was stuck with his British nationality.

The Foreign Office, however, at official level sensibly decided that it would be absurd to tell him this, and still more ridiculous publicly to appear to insist that the President of Israel was a British citizen. Formally, moreover, the British Government did not recognise that any such person as a President of Israel existed! Israel was still "the Jewish republic" to some of the officials directly involved. Therefore, it seemed best to the Department concerned not to enter into controversy with Weizmann and to send no reply. The Home Office were so advised on 15 October. This decision was approved by the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Orme Sargent (Bevin himself was not consulted).

The Home Office accepted the advice; and there matters lay until Richard Crossman's speech in Parliament on 26 January 1949. From internal evidence it looks as if the Prime Minister must have asked the Foreign Secretary what had happened. The Permanent Under-Secretary explained to Bevin that he had been responsible but that, on reflection, he now thought he had made a mistake and that "a polite and non-committal reply" should have been sent. Bevin undertook to tell the Prime Minister but thought the legal position should now be re-examined, in respect of Weizmann and other "dual nationals", since the British Government had meanwhile accorded Israel *de facto* recognition. The Minister of State, Hector McNeil, went further and hoped that "the earliest opportunity will be seized to send an explanatory and apologetic note to Weizmann. . . ."

THIS STARTED another run of minutes, from which it emerged that Israelis could now be considered nationals of a foreign country and that Weizmann *could* therefore renounce his British nationality.

Legally, he should produce evidence of his Israeli nationality, sign the prescribed form of renunciation, and pay a registration fee of 10/-. But the Foreign Office officials took the reasonable view that, in Weizmann's case (and especially as he seemed to have been upset by the absence of a reply), these formalities could be waived, and his original letter could be regarded as equivalent to a declaration of renunciation. This advice was accepted by Ernest Bevin and conveyed to the Home Office, with a draft letter to Weizmann for the Home Secretary's signature to that effect.

But the Home Office, in their wisdom, decided that there might be legal complications: Weizmann's renunciation might be held invalid if challenged in court and if no formal declaration could be shown. Otherwise they accepted the Foreign Office draft, of which the last paragraph read:

> "Thank you for your warm words of appreciation for the past and of hope for the future. May I say how much we all look forward to happy relations between our two countries."

ON 25 MARCH 1949, instructions were sent to the Consul-General at Haifa to deliver the Home Secretary's letter to Dr Weizmann and to obtain his signature to a prescribed form of renunciation, witnessing it but not demanding a fee.

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The instructions concluded: "I wish particularly to emphasise that you should handle this matter in as tactful, courteous and friendly manner as possible." It was not until 1 July that the Consul-General reported that he had acted on his instructions, that Dr Weizmann had understood the need for a legal renunciation in his own interests, and that "the atmosphere during the visit was of the most cordial."

One could comment tritely better-late-than-never and all's-well-that-ends-well—except that matters did not end there. It was later discovered that Dr Weizmann's renunciation did not cover his wife's position and Mrs Weizmann had also to be asked to complete a form, which she did on 3 January 1950. But at least an *amende honorable* was made before he died to a distinguished man who had with much happiness made his home in England and served it well, not least in the First World War.

WHETHER, as Richard Crossman would have it, Weizmann at any stage in these proceedings burst into tears cannot now be confirmed or denied. But when there were, and indeed still are, so many real causes for misunderstanding between Britain and Israel, it is unnecessary to add to these the fiction that the British Government, of their own malicious volition, took action to deprive Chaim Weizmann of his British nationality and passport.

It must be doubtful whether this incident had any substantial effect on relations between the two countries. By that time Chaim Weizmann was little more than a figurehead and effective power in Israel lay in other hands. As far as Dr Weizmann was concerned, the damage had already been done. In his 1958 Herbert Samuel Lecture (recently reprinted in *Personal Impressions*), Sir Isaiah Berlin has vividly recorded Weizmann's state of mind at this time:

> "The British Government—in particular the Labour Government—had wounded him as no one else ever could; least of all the Jews. He did not ask, and did not expect, gratitude from his own people. The fate of Moses seemed to him natural and perhaps deserved. . . . It was otherwise with England. . . . The collapse of the Anglo-Zionist connection was not only intertwined for him with his own personal failure to retain real power in the movement that was his life; it also seemed to support the claims of those who said that against Britain only violence paid. . . . But there was something far more at stake than even that. He could not bear the thought that the state that he had so desired to establish, and which he desired to place under the protection of Great Britain, would now perhaps never acquire those moral and political attributes which he had so long and steadfastly admired as peculiarly English and which, he now gloomily began to wonder, were disappearing everywhere—even from this island where he had spent his happiest years. . . ."

That was Weizmann's personal tragedy. But what of "the state . . . which he desired to place under the protection of Great Britain"?

Britain could not for long in the post-War world have offered Israel effective protection against all external and internal threats. But if successive British Governments had not seemed to Weizmann to be eroding the Balfour Declaration (which had been the supreme achievement of his middle years), if above all at the end Ernest Bevin had not seemed to him to be imbued with a personal animosity against Israel, Zionism, and Weizmann himself, then the first President of the new state might have bestirred himself, even in his old age and weakness, to help forge a more constructive and lasting relationship between the two governments and peoples. That relationship might not have amounted to Israeli membership of the Commonwealth (as so many advocated at the time, and perhaps that option was never really open), but the course of events in the Middle East over the past thirty years might have been very different.

European Diary

Sartre, a Year Later

By François Bondy

Zurich

PERHAPS Sartre was a better prophet than even he pretended: he has been dead a year now, but some thirty-five years earlier, just as he was beginning his post-War fame in 1945, he said: **"C'est terrible . . . tout vivant un monument!** (How awful to be a living monument . . . .)" Another remark came to mind as I looked at the hundreds of articles which were published to mark his death and now its first anniversary: in an interview with *Le Nouvel Observateur* in 1975 he revealed: "I admire nobody, and I don't like it when people admire me.

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We are not here to be admired. . . . " But a moment later he qualified this to say: "*Admirer*, this is a feeling which is based on the sense of being inferior to the admired one. *Estimer*, this is an authentic attitude which one can have to another. . . . "

Something less than admiration or esteem accompanied the official feelings, expressed unmemorably at the time by President Giscard d'Estaing and Prime Minister Raymond Barre; but *Le Figaro*, in which paper Sartre had once published his dispatches from America, wanted to give vent to the Right's ideological feelings in no uncertain way and went so far as to offer a rather tasteless (and untranslatable) venereal pun: *Un chantre mou*. . . . So it was that on this occasion, even those critics of his zig-zag intellectual course, with its political reversals and moral contradictions, felt a certain solidarity with the man and his life. There is a special low level in French polemics which contrives only to honour its victims.

Still, this can only be expected when figures of the intellectual élite spin away from the esoteric world and become Cult Figures. Sartre's name became a credential and his signature a label as he rushed valiantly to assume a "publisher's" responsibility for papers or magazines which might otherwise have been repressed. All this, and the petitions he signed and the international "courts of inquiry" he blessed, is almost forgotten and is no longer weighed in the balance when currently Sartre is given the "estimate" he expected, the "judgment of posterity." The anger and resentment appears to be gone from even the sharpest criticism which I find nowadays quite free from yesterday's hateful pettiness. What is notable is the cool distance which time can give, for a year is indeed a long time in the posthumous history of a "total intellectual."

I HAVE JUST been reading two new books published here which have put Sartre back into the French discussion, and they are worth noting. Olivier Todd, before he became a columnist for the rather right-of-centre *L'Express*, was a regular writer for the left-wing *Le Nouvel Observateur* and was closely connected with Sartre's monthly review, *Les Temps Modernes*. His volume of memoirs, *Un fils rebelle* (Grasset), is at once a view of Sartre in those years and a self-portrait. In an almost literal way Todd is attempting to bring Sartre back to life and he quotes him to this effect: "I am used to armed attacks. One assaults me, robs me of purse and honour, and runs away. I rise and come back again. The bullet or the knife have left no marks. . . . "

These words are from the year 1956, and it was a time when much in Sartre changed, withered, revived. In the spring Sartre had revealed himself as a late-Stalinist and defended against all critics the record of the French Communist Party and the Soviet Union. His attitude towards the Bolshevik leadership can only be called admiration. Moscow's course was wise and sound, indubitably progressive and in tune with history. He travelled in Russia and in his reports he seemed to come across an intellectual and cultural freedom which existed nowhere else in the world. Then in the autumn came the events in Budapest, and after the Hungarian Revolution a surprised and shocked Sartre confessed that he now could feel only a total rejection of the Soviet system. Nevertheless he composed himself enough to remark that much of the fault was due to Nikita Khrushchev's error: namely, making public the whole record of Stalin's crimes, which the people (given their economic backwardness) were not yet mature enough to comprehend and master.

The years between 1953 and 1956 were embattled ones, and as he himself admitted certain inner disasters were camouflaged by a public aggressiveness. No matter; little harm could come to a philosopher of such fame and distinction, enjoying a curious protection of both invincibility and power which, indeed, Sartre (in his autobiography *Les Mots*) strictly rejected for literary intellectuals, but which he nevertheless exploited to advantage.

ALTHOUGH THE POLITICAL CRITIQUE is not new, Olivier Todd documents Sartre's career from the writing-tables of the Café Flore to the battle-fields of Viet Nam with many striking personal details. It is not an account without ambiguities, perhaps inevitably so, for the author is at once a confidant, a critic, and a chronicler pleased with the cultural importance of the whole moving subject. Here is a snapshot of a harassed and angry Sartre, dismissing out of hand all the critical reviewers, but admitting that he had not read a word of them, had only "heard about them from friends. . . . "

More of the man can also be found in the pages of Bernard Frank's *Solde* (Flammarion), a lively book with many colourful sketches and anecdotes, all related with much humour and no vanity. It has been less of a success than Todd's book possibly because the author is taken less seriously, since Frank as a companion of Françoise Sagan and the "frivolous" Saint-Germain des Prés set is all too lightly dismissed for his charm and wit. Here, in contrast, is the "respectlessness" which Sartre himself preached and which does the subject good. I found many details unforgettable: Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir on a bicycle-tour to search for a *Maquis* and returning to Paris empty-handed; Sartre meeting André Malraux, talking through a long and delicious meal, while Simone waits quietly, patiently in a nearby café. Nothing is

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meanly told, and the points all relevant: "One wonders whether Sartre ever asked himself how it was that his cutting conclusions always conveniently connected themselves with a special inquiry commission as in a short-circuit. . . ." It used to be said that when Sartre raised his flag over a building, one could be sure that it would soon be blown to bits.

Frank is interesting too on that great torso of Sartre's *Flaubert* study, now taken to be such a standard classic in many parts of the Continent (Germany, for example) but not in France or the Anglo-Saxon world. He is properly sceptical and wonders why Sartre thought his thousand pages of Flaubert were such an illumination of contemporary literary dilemmas. Once again, Sartre sets us all at some dramatic crossroads where we can only expect the worst. In any case Sartre never finished the work, and it remains a kind of cliff-hanger of literary criticism, leaving us in eternal suspense as to whether *Madame Bovary* was to be an authentic masterpiece, or indeed whether it would, in the next thousand pages, ever have got written at all. . . .

Let me note too the memoirs of a priest which were recently published, for they report on the days which he shared in the same German *Stalag* when Sartre wrote a "mystery play" at Christmas for the benefit of the camp inmates. Thereafter the friendship between the theologian and the atheist remained untroubled.

As for the Sartrean relationship to the arts, there is a special number of the review *Obliques* which deals with the sculptor Giacometti, the German "Kafkaesque" painter Wols (who died in Paris in 1951 and had illustrated works by Sartre, Artaud et al.), and many others whose talents he recognised early on. Here also is the unfinished Tintoretto, fragment, of which only an excerpt had been published in *Les Temps Modernes*. The earlier special issue of *Obliques* had printed for the first time pages from Sartre's *Ethics*; and the expectation is strong that we will be getting many surprising items in the collection of posthumous writings.

ALL IN ALL, my impression is that the French attitude towards Sartre has become, with distance, easier, more complex, subtler: even aloof. I note that in Vincent Descombes' recent history of French philosophy, *The Self and the Other: 1933–1978*, Sartre is only given some seven pages (and in an Appendix!), and that not a word is given to *L'Etre et le Néant*; on the other hand, his old friend and colleague, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, who later went his own philosophical (and political) way, is awarded a whole chapter. This is, I am told, not untypical, for the influence of Merleau-Ponty is showing itself far stronger in France, and elsewhere. The non-philosophers, strongly drawn to Sartre as

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GEORGE ORWELL: A LIFE
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J. M. Coetzee
WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS
James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize
Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize for Fiction
CNA Literary Award

Ted Harriott
KEEP ON RUNNING
David Higham Prize

John Fuller
THE ILLUSIONISTS
Southern Arts Literature Prize

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a writer, persist in seeing in the old star an incomparable man of thought. To be sure, a reputation's changes of fortune constantly move up, down, and around; and these views will also be revised. A great spirit has more than one afterlife.

The current turn of the wheel is for Sartreans rather unfavourable. We are too close to have new perspectives and yet too distant to be affected in the old overwhelming way. I recall that a year after the death of Albert Camus an article appeared in the newspaper which he had helped to establish (Robert Kanters in *Combat*) with the headline: CAMUS S'ÉLOIGNE. He may have been "moving away" then, but these days he is being read as never before.

If the tone of last year's obituaries is nowhere to be found today, one can always say that Sartre never strove for an unquestioning esteem. Only in the German intellectual reviews is he still getting an uncritical reception for his views and judgments, and even his scattered views on *Madame Bovary* have been collected to give testimony, or shed light, or whatever. In any event I find the French relationship to Sartre decidedly more appropriate than the one I encounter in Germany, the critical spirit more independent, the commentaries more detached.

AS FOR THE Anglo-Americans, let me add a last word, for this is something which the French characteristically ignore and the systematic Germans overlook: for in recent years, I am convinced, the most interesting and important studies of Sartre have been appearing in English. In this respect it is we Continentals who have proved ourselves to be "insular." Among many I mention only two: the recent American study of *Heidegger and Sartre* by Joseph P. Fell (Columbia University Press, 1979), and the older, much neglected little book by the English novelist and former Oxford philosophy don, Iris Murdoch, which strikes me as still being superior to the French and German monographs on the subject.[1]

There is a special kind of attention being paid here, at once critical and creative, which goes quite beyond the bounds of anecdotal memoirs and the confines of admiration (or esteem) and debunking. To follow too closely Sartre's by-ways in literary circles is to miss the philosophical dimension of the thinker who was fixated on Hegel, Husserl, Heidegger. Strange that this cross-Rhine cultural connection should be more illuminated by the "Anglo-Saxons" than by the French and Germans themselves. In any case, it does seem to me that "thinking about Sartre" without the contributions of the Anglo-Americans remains, like those characters in *Huis Clos*, narrowly confined in "closed rooms."

[1] I should also mention here Peter Caws' excellent study *Sartre* (Routledge, 1979).

Should You Look at Buildings?

Aesthetes & Sociologists—By JAN MORRIS

Venice

AMONG THE ARTS, I suppose, architecture can most justifiably be judged by the layman. We need not look at pictures; at a pinch we can ignore the sound of music; we are certainly not obliged to read books; but when it comes to buildings we have no choice. What is more, of all artistic practitioners, in our time it has been the architects who have most disgracefully betrayed us. Preposterously vulnerable to fashion or theory, shamefully derivative, in half-a-century they have blighted most of our cities, messed up the lives of millions of people, arrogantly ignored the public taste and loaded us all with junk and ugliness. If I were an architect these days I would be ashamed to admit it on my passport.

So it is with no sense of impertinence that I write about two very different architectural works. If I ever did feel myself disqualified to judge the merit of a building, today's crew of constructional charlatans long ago reassured me: and since professional architectural critics are all too often as modish and gullible as the architects themselves, I have no compunction in judging *them*, either. As it happens, anyway, both these books are very good books: their chief interest as a subject of review lies not in their own taste or comment, but in their opposing approaches to the subject of architecture itself.

The first, Deborah Howard's handsome survey of Venetian city building, is architectural writing of the old kind, scholarly, thorough, aesthetical.[1] Dr Howard begins her examination at the very beginning, with the foundation of Venice among the mud-banks of its lagoon, and ends it in the 1960s, with a mercifully unexecuted project for a civic hospital

[1] *The Architectural History of Venice*. By DEBORAH HOWARD. Batsford. £15.00

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drawn up by Le Corbusier, that false prophet of municipal radiance. In between she diligently depicts and discusses all other styles of Venetian architecture: Byzantine, Gothic, Early Renaissance, "Roman" Renaissance, Baroque, Palladian and Neo-classic, which are so readily identifiable to people like Ruskin and Dr Howard, but very often indistinguishable to people like me.

Wherever I go I buy those neat little architectural guides produced nearly everywhere in the English-speaking world by local conservationists or architectural chapters—*101 Buildings To See in Cedar Rapids*, or *Wagga-Wagga Builds!*. For one thing they are nice shiny things themselves, and for another they really do help to pass the long afternoon waiting for the airport bus. Unfortunately Venice seems to me the one city on earth impervious to such treatment, and the more I study architectural books about it, even books as excellent as this, the less rewarding I find them.

For the essential truth about Venice is its grand and emotional unity. More than any other city ever built, it is a single *objet d'art*. It has been divinely arranged, to my mind, and fitted together down the centuries with a sort of inevitable ease. Le Corbusier himself recognised this organic functionalism when he declared it a model for contemporary town-planners, but of course it was not really planned at all, but grew into structural fulfilment piecemeal, century by century, as history, religion and economics decreed it.

Architectural books tell us that the Piazza San Marco is really a group of many buildings, of many different ages—the Byzantine Basilica, the 15th-century clock-tower, the 16th-century *Procuratie Vecchie*, the 17th-century *Procuratie Nuove*, the 19th-century *Ala Napoleonica* and Patriarchal Palace, the Gothic Doge's Palace around the corner, and the early 20th-century campanile above it all. But I am sitting in the Piazza as I write this notice, and it does not feel like that at all: it feels like one great luminous and luxurious construction, all in balance, all of an age, and to take it apart, period by period, style by style, seems to me to atrophy the majestic impact of the scene.

Similarly the Grand Canal, that great river of Venice, lined as it is like a miraculous dockland with huge square lumps of masonry—spanned by the Rialto bridge as by some humped geological formation—joined ever and again by canyon-like canals between the palaces—this ancient declivity among the mudflats seems to me much better accepted just as it is, as a slowly unfolded landscape rather than a procession of architectural displays. (Besides, be honest, is it not true that looked at too carefully half its great palaces are really *extremely* ugly?)

Never mind, Dr Howard's book will give much pleasure to those who like this kind of thing, and will give me much pleasure too, I do not doubt,

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when I reread it one grey winter day far away from Venice: and in the meantime, well, what about pottering over to the Dogana for half an hour, to prop ourselves against the lamp-post there, absorb the skyline in a rather more general way, and watch the ships go by?

AT AN OPPOSITE EXTREME stands *Buildings and Society*,[2] described as a collection of essays on "the social development of the built environment." If Dr Howard's book is all aesthetic values, Dr King's compendium is all sociological analysis. The look of a building hardly counts to this school of architectural criticism: function is all, and implications of class or culture are dissected as minutely as ever Dr Howard details her architraves and pendentives.

I came to this work sideways, so to speak, by way of another of Dr King's books, *Colonial Urban Development*, which was published a year or two ago. It was a study of British architecture in India, couched in such intense sociological or even anthropological terms that at first I thought it perfectly ridiculous. It greatly grew on me, however. I found myself considering the British imperial experience in altogether new ways, and I ended up an enthusiastic convert to Dr King's particular brand of constructivism, which examines every plank of a building, unscrews every bolt, looks under every slate, to find each facet of its purpose and meaning.

Buildings and Society employs the same techniques, but covers a much wider range of architecture. Where Dr Howard thinks in terms of Baroque or Neo-classic, Dr King and his collaborators group their subjects into more startling categories: Victorian lunatic asylums, for instance, American apartment-houses, temples in South India, vacation homes, 19th-century pubs. We inspect these buildings not as buildings exactly, certainly not as works of art—architects often go unnamed—but as responses to history. Dr Howard is concerned to isolate and describe, Dr King to synthesise and explain.

Fascinating glimpses of alien cultures emerge from these essays. We learn about the zymotic theory of disease, the 19th-century belief in air-generated ailments which led to the construction of "pavilion" hospitals, violently cross-ventilated. We learn that the small partitioned booths characteristic of late Victorian London pubs were designed to reassure those ashamed to be seen drinking in public. We trace the connection between management consultancy and "office landscaping" in Germany. We are offered, by Dr King himself, the Ages of Man in "life-span units": antenatal ward, infant clinic, nursery class, junior school, juvenile court, coffee bar, adult college, retirement resort, over-sixties club, old person's bungalow.

"Old person's bungalow" sounds a dread fate indeed, but then if there is a weakness to this kind of architectural writing it is the weakness of absolute detachment. Though these essayists are concerned, far more than Dr Howard and her kind, with the social implications of architecture, the very nature of the technique makes for impersonality. "*Low-status clerks in a high-status environment*", says the caption to a photograph of the Ninfolax offices at Nordhorn in 1963: and sure enough, there the low-status clerks sit at their consultancy-approved desks, hard at work for ever among the potted plants essential to Office Landscaping, as necessary a part of the theorist's demonstration as sprocket, eave, or finial.

The last essay in the collection, on vernacular architecture and the cultural determinants of form, is by one of the high priests of Man-Environment Studies, Amos Rapoport, and is the kind of writing that gives sociology its bad name. It aims, it says, towards a "valid man-environment theory", and artistically speaking must be one of the worst essays ever written, given a comical spark only by its Beachcomber-like allusions (congruities between the habits of Tagua Indians and Australian bush-turkeys, building arrangements of the M'Buti pygmies, the works of those well-known zoological scholars Tiger, L. and Fox, R. or the eminent culturists Kroeber and Kluckhohn).

Do not be put off by this preposterous piece. Most of Dr King's book is anything but absurd, and in its careful examination of relationships between ideas and buildings, manners and techniques, really does make one think about architecture in a different way—less delightedly perhaps, like reading Shakespeare after a dose of Dover Wilson, but more keenly too.

SOME MIGHT SAY that architecture is degraded by the sociological approach, which so assiduously avoids all judgments, and treats a building less as a creation than as material for a college computer somewhere. But then others might think that the traditional approach, Dr Howard's approach, with its unremitting examination of date, artistic influence, style and proportion, equally demeans the purpose of the building art.

For myself, though I get pleasure from both kinds, and never can resist *An Architectural Saunter Through Kitchener, Ont.*, still I rather think that the less carefully you look at buildings, the better you see them—like those distant stars which, invisible through the telescope if you stare directly at them, sparkle magically there when you catch them only in the corner of your eye.

[2] *Buildings and Society*. Edited by ANTHONY D. KING. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £25.00.

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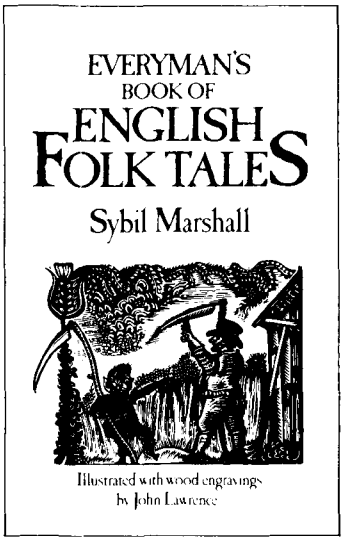

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Literature & Criticism

The Combination of Opposites

John Donne: A New Look:—By HELEN GARDNER

MY PLEASURE in the poetry of John Donne goes back well over 60 years, for one Christmas, when I was eight or nine, my godmother gave me a large book of poetry for children, handsomely printed in large type on good paper, with coloured plates that delighted my infant eyes. One specially pleased me. It showed a serious, rosy-faced little boy, rigged out in cope and mitre, a crozier in his hand, standing in a green wood surrounded by birds of every kind. On the facing page there was a stanza that I came to know by heart. It began:

> *Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,*
> *All the air is thy diocese,*
> *And all the chirping choristers*
> *And other birds are thy parishioners. . . .*

Even at that early age I relished the joke about the "husband Cock" meeting "his wife, which brings her feather-bed." I was not, I need hardly say, in the least interested in who had written this delightful stanza. When, some years later, at school, I began to read 17th-century poetry, beginning with H. J. Massingham's splendid *Golden Treasury of Seventeenth-Century English Verse*, published in 1919,[1] I was unaware that I had already met a poet who became then, and who remains for me still, "the first poet in the world for some things."

At school I read only the Songs and Sonnets and the Divine Poems, and for the prose there was only Logan Pearsall Smith's anthology of passages from Donne's Sermons. On this basis, when I sat for entrance to Oxford in 1926, I tackled a question on Donne and was later told that this answer, along with one on Milton, had won me a scholarship. At Oxford, in our old-fashioned way, I remained, as at school, uncorrupted by criticism except for Johnson's classic discussion of the "race of metaphysical poets." I was unaware that Eliot had "dislodged Milton" in favour of Donne, and now famous phrases such as "unified sensibility" and "the direct sensuous apprehension of thought" were not known to me. I read Eliot's poetry, with a mixture of bafflement and fascination, but did not know his criticism.

I do not remember hearing any lectures on Donne while I was at Oxford, and it was with my contemporaries and not with my teachers that I explored his poetry. My copy was the edition of Donne's poems in the Muses' Library, edited by E. K. Chambers, with an introduction by Saintsbury. My guide was Grierson's two-volume edition of 1912, too expensive for me to buy, but available for consultation in libraries. But in 1929 there appeared John Hayward's Nonesuch edition of the complete poetry and selected prose, which I asked for and received as a present on my twenty-first birthday in that year.

This elegantly produced volume with its superb and wide-ranging selection from Donne's prose was reprinted again and again. Its appearance and wide popularity—it seemed to be on the shelves of every house, flat or bed-sittingroom I went into in the '30s—signalised the high-water mark of a process that began with Lamb and Coleridge and grew throughout the 19th century by which admiration for Donne's wit—defined by Coleridge as "Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it"—was balanced by response to his "warmth of soul and generous feeling" and, even more, to his capacity to give expression to passion. "To read Donne", said Coleridge, "you must measure the *time*, and discover the time of each word by the sense of passion." It was on this note that Saintsbury ended his prefatory essay on

[1] My much-loved copy was one of the books I acquired by winning a substantial prize for Chemistry on the results of London matriculation in 1924. Its annotations contain brief comments on Donne's peculiar excellencies.

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Donne, in which, while owning that Donne was not everybody's poet, and denying him "the praise of the highest poetical art", he concluded:

> "'*Nos passions*', says Bossuet, '*ont quelque chose d'infini.*' To express infinity no doubt is a contradiction in terms. But no poet has gone nearer to the hinting and adumbration of this infinite quality of passion, and of the relapses and reactions from passion."

When I ask myself what it was that so attracted me to Donne as a schoolgirl and an undergraduate, I have in honesty to own that there was an element of intellectual pride in reading a "difficult" poet, the same thing that was an element in my love for Browning. Reading Donne gave me the same kind of intellectual pleasure that I found in construing, working to get at the sense. I was, without knowing it, a child of my time here and was reacting against too much Georgian poetry in anthologies such as *Poems of To-Day*, and getting ready for Eliot and Pound.

Much more important was the wonderful memorability and musicality, the haunting rightness of lines and phrases, either as Donne launches into a poem, or as he arrives at a temporary or final conclusion to a line of thought: moments of "brave clearness." These expressions of grief, or resentment, or of confident faith—Donne's extravagances, his "brave translunary things"—are not couched in an extravagant vocabulary, a poetic diction. On the contrary, they are couched in the idiom of a "naked thinking heart that makes no show." Their power comes from the rhythm of the line, the subtle use of variable stress, and of pause. It is a poetry that cries out to be read aloud. Lastly, and perhaps most of all, it is a poetry that, while intensely personal and concerned with the irregular movements of the heart and the quick startings of the mind, is also intensely alive to the world of men and the activities of men in this world. This reconciliation of contraries, or union of opposites, was the theme of Rupert Brooke's essays on Donne, in which he anticipated Eliot's conception of a "unified sensibility" without making Eliot's attempt to rewrite literary history.

HERBERT GRIERSON'S EDITION of 1912 occasioned Brooke's essays, just as his anthology in 1921 was the occasion of Eliot's essay on "The Metaphysical Poets", and Grierson is the founder-father of the scholarly study of Donne: the first to attempt to establish the text of the poems and their canon, and, by his commentary, to "elucidate Donne's thought by reference to his other works and (but this I have been able to do only very partially) to his scholastic and other sources." Grierson's long, finely phrased, and highly influential prefatory essay on "The Poetry of Donne" was written in reaction against the treatment of Donne in Courthope's *History of English Poetry* "as a phenomenon of curious interest for the student of the history of thought and literary fashion." In opposition, Grierson wrote as "a lover of literature", one who "studies history that he may discount it . . . that he may clear and intensify his sense of what alone has permanent value, the poet's individuality and the art with which it is expressed." Although Grierson is mainly thought of as presenting Donne's "philosophy of love", his essay ranges extremely widely and touches on almost all the topics that have engaged scholars in the 70 years since he wrote. It remains fresh, generous, and sensitive in its response to the poetry of Donne and to "the extraordinary interest of his mind and character."

Grierson was well aware that he had opened up a rich mine and was always generous in his recognition of later workers in various seams. One thing his edition made clear was the need to use Donne to understand Donne: that the poet and the prose writer illuminated each other. The pioneer here was Evelyn Simpson with her study of the prose works in 1924. Grierson and she planned an edition of the *Paradoxes and Problems*, which she abandoned to work on the Californian edition of the *Sermons*, in collaboration with G. R. Potter. His death, after the appearance of the first two volumes, left her to complete the enterprise alone. She had, meanwhile, edited the *Essays in Divinity*. The *Paradoxes and Problems* we have had to wait for until this decade. We are still without editions of *Biathanatos* and *Pseudo-Martyr*, and—the most serious gap—an edition of Donne's letters. There have been a good many semi-popular lives of Donne; but the first fully authoritative biography did not appear until 1970, when Milgate put aside his work on the completion of the Oxford edition of the poems to prepare for the press R. C. Bald's magisterial *John Donne: A Life*. If Grierson perhaps overstressed "Donne as Love's philosopher", the balance was redressed by Pierre Legouis's brief study of *Donne the Craftsman* (1926), and another continental scholar, Mario Praz, opened up the fruitful study of Donne's relations with European poets. Around the middle of the century interest focused rather more on Donne as a religious poet and on his sermons than on his love-poetry.

The enthusiasm for Donne that marked the '20s and '30s in England, and was taken up by the "New Critics" in America, provoked a reaction, expressed almost simultaneously in England by J. V. Crofts, who, in a brilliant, dashing essay made a wholesale onslaught on Donne's coxcombry, his "cult of ugliness", overweening egoism, and "intellectual whim-whams" which ended with a remarkable tribute to Donne's power and "intensity of feeling", and by C. S. Lewis, who described the

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exaltation of Donne as "the mere frenzy of anti-romanticism." The reaction was not so strong in America, but it can be felt in Douglas Bush, reacting against the devaluation of Milton by some of the more extravagant of Donne's admirers. Of recent years there has been some abatement of interest in Donne, possibly because of the daunting weight of material now available. There is thus every reason to welcome a general study such as the title of John Carey's book appears to promise,[2] although lovers of Donne may feel some alarm, if they have read John Carey on Milton, Dickens and Thackeray, at the prospect of seeing Donne similarly anatomised.

I WOULD NOT NORMALLY REVIEW a book whose author speaks warmly and generously in a prefatory note about me, and who is a personal friend. But it is now well over 20 years since John Carey worked with me for his doctoral thesis and I don't think that since then we have ever discussed Donne. Let me say to begin with that he has with great industry read through the whole mass of Donne's prose and must have accumulated a massive card-index of what he describes as "bits of Donne" for our inspection. They are used to "trace the reappearance of words and images" throughout Donne's works as "a method of mapping his imagination." This method produced some delightful results in Carey's earlier studies, such as the entertaining chapter on "Buttons" in his book on Thackeray. Amusing as this was, it hardly gave us any very profound insight into Thackeray as a human being or as an artist. With Donne the "bits" presented concern moral, political, and spiritual issues of the greatest importance, and touch on highly controversial historical issues. Their selection is governed by the "life-myth" outlined in the chapters entitled "Apostasy" and "Ambition", to which a third item, "Egotism", is added as we go on.

"The first thing to remember about Donne", we are told, "is that he was a Catholic: the second that he betrayed his Faith." Donne's triple concerns were summed up by him in a letter written in 1627:

> "My Tenets are always for the preservation of the Religion I was born in, and the peace of the State, and the rectifying of the Conscience."

The words are quoted in a long essay by Dominic Baker-Smith on "John Donne's 'Critique of True Religion'" in A. J. Smith's *John Donne: Essays in Celebration* (1972).[3] He explains Donne as meaning that "a man is a Christian before he is a member of any particular Church." He goes on, commenting on the third Satire:

> "but every Christian in so far as he has a social being is involved in some Church. When Donne ceased to be a Papist and became an Anglican it is unlikely that he thought of it as a 'conversion': it was simply a purer realisation of his Christian conviction."

Only some rudimentary acquaintance with English and European history is required to see that Carey's treatment of the Elizabethan persecution of Catholics is a striking example of *suppressio veri*. Nobody can be anything but horrified at the practice of judicial torture or at the terrible punishment of hanging, drawing, and quartering inflicted for treason. The first was employed all over Europe, and it is questionable whether the second was so much more terrible than being burned alive for heresy. No reference is made to the Papal Bull of 1570, excommunicating Elizabeth and releasing her subjects from their allegiance, nor is any reason given for the "new anti-Catholic legislation in 1585." In spite of the fates of William the Silent, or Henry III and Henry IV of France, the notion that plots against the life of Elizabeth were serious is waved aside. There is no mention of the European situation, the terrible religious wars that ravaged France, and above all the fatal alliance of the Papacy with Spain. It is allowed that the numbers of Catholics executed in the last eighteen years of Elizabeth's reign were "by the standards of twentieth-century atrocities quite small." It was extremely small by the standards of her own age. More than twice as many perished in the fires of Smithfield in the last three-and-a-half years of her sister's.[4] A. G. Dickens, in his book *The English Reformation*, says justly of the seminary priests and Jesuits who came as missionaries to England that "seen as individuals" they were "true heroes and martyrs, yet the fact remains that they were sent by superiors and rulers with every intention of using their work as a basis for the forcible imposition of a foreign Catholic monarch upon England."

AS FOR "AMBITION", Carey himself provides the comment I would make on his constant expressions of disgust at Donne's currying favour with the great and wealthy. "It is easier", he acknowledges, "to entertain such reflections if we have never had to depend for our livelihood on the whims of the great." Having wrecked his career by a love-match

[2] *John Donne: Life, Mind and Art*. By JOHN CAREY. Faber and Faber, £9.50.

[3] I refer to this very learned essay, rather than to any of my own discussions of Donne's religious development, because the author is a Catholic as well as a scholar.

[4] I do not suspect Carey of omitting to notice the sufferings of the Marian martyrs on the ground put forward by the contemporary pamphleteers, who argued that they were "pseudo-martyrs" since they "came from the lowest classes of society" and were ignorant and ill-educated. See T. H. Clancy, S. J., *Papist Pamphleteers* (Chicago, 1964), p. 132.

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(described at one point as "his ambitious marriage"), and having no capital and no profession, Donne had no other means of gaining employment except the favour of the great, and for much of his life was dependent on their bounty for the sustenance of his wife and family. As for "Egotism"—his "powerfully self-absorbed mind"—it is one of Donne's greatest attractions, and one of the things that made him seem so "modern", that, like other writers of the late Renaissance, he so persistently explored his own mind and heart. It is also one of the strengths of his sermons that he so often speaks to his congregation not as a superior being but as a sinner, sharing with them temptations of the mind and heart. But Donne could never have said "The world I study is myself" *tout court*. He is acutely aware of the world around him and he has insatiable intellectual curiosity.

THE "METHOD" CAREY ADOPTS to show "the structure of Donne's imagination" deforms his mind and his art. It fragments poems and prose works by picking out "bits" irrespective of their context. Most readers of his book will not have readily available the ten-volume edition of the *Sermons* to look up the passages from which plums have been picked out. If they could, they would, I think, often be surprised at the inferences drawn from what is one clause in a long sentence, or a side-point made to illustrate an argument. But anyone can judge the method by the handling of "Going to Bed", "The Sun Rising" and "The Anniversary", which are studied in the chapter on "The Art of Ambition." I have only space to make a few points. The woman being spoken to in the first poem, described as "Donne's submissive girl-victim" (although she is addressed as "Madam", and on the following page we are told that her chiming watch is "a precious bauble . . . which only court ladies or rich citizens' wives could hope to possess"), is commanded to

> *Unpin that spangled breast-plate which you wear*
> *That the eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.*

We are told that Donne here remarks that women "wear precious stones to catch businessmen and other sordid types." The opening of "The Sun Rising"—"Busy old fool, unruly Sun"—"reminds us of the 'busy fools' " in the Elegy, and "we remember how ardently Donne wanted, in actual fact, to be 'busy'. . . . The poem's first word has jealousy and resentment in it, as well as contempt." Alas, both the fools distracted from peering down a cleavage by a jewelled stomacher, and the Sun, poking his nose in where he has no right, are "busy" in the sense that Polonius was "too busy" when he hid behind the arras to overhear a private conversation.

AS CAREY'S OWN persistent moralising shows, men are not only imaginations. They make poems out of more than images. Little attempt is made to deal with rhythms, movements, and changes in thought and feeling in Donne's poems. Conclusions such as "No winter shall abate the spring's increase", or

> *Love is a growing or full constant light;*
> *And his first minute, after noon is night,*

far from "dissolving the poem" present a discovery made through the poem that the analogy with which it is at first content is only partly true, for love between human beings does not belong wholly to the realm of nature. For all his kinship with plants and birds and beasts, there is something in man that "owes no homage to the Sun."

Carey's own imagination takes odd liberties. When, later in his book, he returns to "Going to Bed", the poem is said to show "Donne's lust for power" taking the form of a "wish to insult, humiliate, and punish" the woman, who has now become "one wretched, half-naked girl"; it also shows his "sadism." Why does he want to imagine the woman addressed in this way? She might just as well be characterised as an experienced sexual tease, if there were any point in indulging in these superfluous inventions. And what evidence is there in the poem of sadism, except in a vulgar, journalistic sense? It is only one example of a recurrent use of denigratory language, as when the "girl" addressed in the song "Sweetest Love" is referred to as "blubbering."

At times Carey appears super-sensitive, when he shudders at Donne's "callous" joke about his "oppressed shoes" being "dumb and speechless", a joke we find in the "gentle Shakespeare" and other Elizabethans, or is shocked by Donne's "blasphemies." At other times I find a painful insensitiveness, as in the comment on the close of "The Anniversary": "the vision of the sexagenarian lovers in the last line doesn't, when dwelt on, carry much comfort." Perhaps if he is ever fortunate enough to attend celebrations of golden or diamond weddings of couples who have loved "nobly" through the vicissitudes of life, he will not feel that love is absurd in persons with grey hairs or rheumatic joints. And I cannot understand how he could bring himself to indulge in the sentence about "toddlers" and "strapping strangers" on page 224.

THESE THINGS are all the odder for the contrast between them and many other passages which are beautifully sensitive, perceptive, and finely written. Even in the middle of the onslaught on "Going to Bed" there is a fine paragraph on

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Donne's use of "a delicate and suggestive image." In fact, as I read, the book seemed written by two different people, and it is a pleasure to turn to speak of the John Carey who published a brilliant essay on "Donne and Coins" last year, which I wish could have been reprinted in this book.

The chapter on "Bodies" and the following chapter on "Change" show Carey at his best. I would particularly single out the delight he communicates to the reader in his response to Donne's long poem "Metempsychosis, or The Progress of the Soul."[5] Had he written like this throughout, it would have been "vain to blame and useless to praise him." Nobody I know of has so illuminated Donne's fascination with organic life, or noticed the contradictory ways he observes bodies: as an anatomist of solid structures and as a physiologist sensitive to their "organic sensibility." The chapter works towards a fine close:

> "The shallowness of mere vision is what his poems struggle to supervene. Whether he is writing about the human body, or animals, or plants, or inanimate objects, his effort is to engage us on other, and deeper levels than the visual; to sensitise us, rather than to please our eyes; and to enhance our awareness both of organic life and of the solid intransigent materials in which it inheres."

The study of "Change" extends Donne's Heraclitean sense that "all things flow—his love of verbs of flowing, melting, overflowing, drowning—into his feelings for the instability of human feelings and human individuality. Here, at last, the virtues of Donne's poems, their "mobility" and "unfixedness"—the fact that they "open themselves to other ideas and experiences than the ones they start with, so we get the impression that they are being worked on as we read them"—are displayed.

Omitting the chapter on "Death", I will pass to the long, interesting chapter on "The Crisis of Reason", which deals with Donne's fundamental scepticism. Carey does not make the, to me, obvious connection here with Donne's rejection, when he came to maturity, of the claims of the Roman Church. He sees the choice between Rome and Protestantism in the crudest terms and seems quite unaware of the wide variety that the term Protestantism covers, and of the importance of the basic distinction between things essential to salvation and "things indifferent", or *adiaphora*. This distinction is the ground of Jewel's *Apology*, of Hooker's philosophic defence of the Church of England against extreme Protestants, and, later, of Chillingworth's *The Religion of Protestants*. The line runs from Erasmus through Hooker and Grotius and is represented in the decade of Donne's death by the circle around Falkland at Great Tew.[6]

IN THE FINAL CHAPTER, "Imagined Corners", the essence of Donne is found in his liking for "imagining opposites which combined, while remaining opposites." This reminds me of a lecture given to the British Academy by Barbara Everett,[7] which gives me what I miss in John Carey's book with its stress on imagination, conceived too narrowly in terms of detail: a response to Donne's power to imagine feeling and to his "accent of truth."

"The movement of feeling", she says, "is subject to an opposing current: there are few statements which do not find the implied pressure of counter-statements." She gives as one brief example "The Anniversary", and says that its "monumental quality lies in its affirmativeness; but its power to move derives from that truthful detachment that places Donne always outside the event, able to see a thing in its frailty as well as in its strength." She adds: "It does not seem to me helpful to see this mixture of commitment and withdrawal as symptoms of some personal neurosis." Here I concur with her.

She begins with what is an incontestable statement: that Donne was "born and bred a Londoner" and that London by the time that he was born had become a metropolis, one of the world's greatest cities. This is a less ambitious starting point than "Apostasy" and "Ambition", and from it she proceeds, in the short compass of a lecture, to say many subtle things about Donne's response to his environment, his engagement with the City and the Court, the effects upon his art of the exciting and dangerous milieu in which he grew up and spent his life, and of the various senses in which he is "a metropolitan poet." Quoting the line "Else a great Prince in prison lies", Carey comments: "In our day, the notion of an incarcerated head of state does not induce any great awe." Barbara Everett speaks of it as "a magnificent image", reminds us that there are princes in prison in Sidney, Shakespeare and Calderon, but says that "the one

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[5] Carey is not so singular as he suggests in admiring this poem. Although he uses Milgate's text, he seems not to have read his introduction to his edition of the Satires, which praises the poem's wit and verve and calls the reader's attention to much the same passages as Carey has room to treat at greater length. Reading it would have saved him from the error of thinking that the poem was to end with the soul in the body of Queen Elizabeth.

[6] The matter is fully dealt with by Baker-Smith, who relates moderate Protestantism to opposition among Catholics to post-Tridentine rigour and places Donne in a European context. See also Hugh Trevor-Roper's lecture *Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon* (1975) on the circle at Great Tew and its dependence on the "constructive scepticism" of Grotius. Falkland, Hyde, and other members of the Great Tew circle were among the elegists on Donne at his death.

[7] Barbara Everett, "Donne: A London Poet", *Proceedings of the British Academy*, vol. 58.

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most important to Donne here can be met in his own *Biathanatos*, where he writes of 'the search and discovery of truth, who else being the greatest Prince in the world, should have no progresse, but be straightned in a wretched corner'."

For all the liveliness and incidental brilliance of John Carey's book I find it lacking in historical imagination and imaginative sympathy with its subject. Its tone is too confident in its reduction of the complexity of the poet who wrote "doubt wisely"; and, for all his uncritical acceptance of Walton, he misses Walton's most telling comment on Donne's personality:

> "The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind."

I have never been struck by Donne's "chronic glumness", any more than I have ever thought of his scepticism as anything but the other side of his search for truth.

The Benefits of Wilderness

Structuralist Criticism—By GAY CLIFFORD

Un système est un espèce de damnation qui nous pousse à une abjuration perpétuelle; il en faut toujours inventer un autre, et cette fatigue est un cruel châtiment.

BAUDELAIRE (1855)

Les méthodes "analogiques" (la critique universitaire, par exemple) sont discrédités. Pourquoi? Parce que l'analogie implique un effet de Nature: elle constitue le "naturel" en source de vérité; et ce qui ajoute à la malédiction de l'analogie, c'est qu'elle est irrépressible . . . l'humanité semble condamnée à l'Analogie . . . . [Comment y échapper?] Par deux excès contraires . . . deux ironies, *qui mettent l'Analogie en dérision, soit en feignant un respect spectaculairement* plat *(c'est la Copie . . .) soit en déformant regulièrement—selon des règles—l'objet mimé (c'est l'Anamorphose).*

BARTHES (1975)

OUR PECULIAR RELATION to systems and system-making goes back at least as far as the early 19th century. Baudelaire is more prescient than his contemporaries only in that he sees the need to construct order not merely as a damnation, but also as a tribute to our spiritual and inventive capacities. We are impelled perpetually to recant our cultural pieties, we must invent alternatives, if we are to remain our socially and individually creative selves. His comments occur in the context of an article on the *Exposition Universelle*, an event which he uses as an opportunity to make some shrewd observations on the tension between the social and economic circumstances in which our inventiveness is usually displayed, and the power of invention to disrupt the taxonomies which social pressure imposes.

Barthes' aphorisms on the "demon of analogy" are in the *Ecrivains de Toujours* series: *Barthes*, by Roland Barthes. His language is as residually theological as Baudelaire's—"the curse of analogy", "humanity condemned"—and has the same sense of powerful desire forcing us to escape from systems and methods which are not objectively imperative, but psychologically so. It has become a cliché of modern literature and literary criticism to resort to the figure of the labyrinth and the prison: Robbe-Grillet's *Dans le Labyrinthe*, Fredric Jameson's *The Prison-House of Language*, George Poulet's cautionary reminder that the Cartesian *cogito ergo sum* is within the spool of Ariadne's thread, and therefore "unrolls from the threshold of the labyrinth"—all these tell of an anxiety about language and how it uses us. Barthes, a man whose critical brilliance was perfectly consummated when his death took a form anticipated by the supreme novelist of irony, Stendhal ("Is it bad form to die in the street? No, unless one has done it on purpose.") was not afraid of those prisons. And nor is Jacques Derrida. Both have the extreme courage to state themselves—which is of course a thoroughly post-Romantic courage—while assiduously ironising all the premises on which their statements are made. It is not surprising that, whether from fear and trembling or from admiration, so much of the best literary criticism one reads today is inspired or influenced by these two writers.

ALL OF THE CRITICS and academics whose books are yoked by violence together in this review have a

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sense of Saussure and of Freud as presences behind what we do when we talk about books: or, as is more the practice today, when we talk about writing, reading and living with language. David Lodge's wonderfully funny novel, *Changing Places*, has in its dedication and in one of its characters a wry acknowledgement of the presence of Professor Stanley Fish. Professor Fish deserves the admiration of academic colleagues in having managed to get a university at which he was taking up an appointment to pay several thousand dollars for the transportation of his two Porsches in separate pantechnicons. This may be a *canard*, but is at least consistent with the engaging looniness of his resolutely dramatic personal style.

Fish's new book, *Is There a Text in this Class?*,[1] hasn't the theoretical authority of Lodge's earlier *The Modes of Modern Writing* or the sober reflectiveness of his latest book, but it shows (allowing for a certain flash that must be demanded in a university system where one's class-enrolment figures *are* important) that he too is prepared to live with the text rather than the book. Lodge and Fish are professors professing in very different ways; yet aside from that arbitrary connection via a work of fiction they both reveal an energy of mind that is not afraid to inhabit a post-Saussurean world in which the arbitrariness of the sign is continuously acknowledged. And with that they can both accommodate to the psychic world after Freud: whether they are reading Hardy or Milton (in both cases admirably) they recognise the imagination's urge to make patterns out of its anxieties, jealousies, and desires.

ONE OF THE THINGS that is so impressive about contemporary criticism is that it is theoretical in ways that constantly query that old basis of theory: the category. Even Geoffrey Strickland's title, *Structuralism or Criticism?*,[2] has that mark of interrogation at its close—the implication must be that the two terms *may not* be oppositional alternatives. And when he discusses F. R. Leavis, a very English critic whom it would be just stupid to dismiss, whatever one's theoretical allegiances, he is forced to admit that Leavis was often weakest when being categorical: "critic", "reader", "the reading demanded by poetry is of a different kind from that demanded by philosophy."

Why? Why should we take it as given that the writing of Keats involves us with language in a way that is "of a different kind" from the writing of Nietzsche or Rousseau? The only justification (or explanation) of such a determined reliance on differential categorisation of literate activity is belief in classification: that the words of a lyric are in a different class from the words of a novel or the words of a psychoanalytic case-history or the words of a philosophical treatise. When Valéry ended *La Pythie* apostrophising language, he was, as so often in his poetry, saluting the imminent and immanent deity of 20th-century intellect:

> *Honneur des Hommes, Saint LANGAGE,*
> *Discours prophétique et paré,*
> *Belles chaînes en qui s'engage*
> *Le dieu dans la chair égaré,*
> *Illumination, largesse!*

Now, to take language as one's field of action and activity must carry certain risks: it involves abandoning the comfort of the category, the authority of authors, any reliance on established rôles as critics, pedagogues, or whatever. It entails a constant alertness to what you are doing as you read and write and speak about your reading or writing. And that alertness constantly calls the self, the I, in question, and that is merely the *beginning* of danger, for as Lévi-Strauss says, "*qui dit homme dit langage, et qui dit langage dit société.*"

John Preston's elegant essay on "The community of the novel: *Silas Marner*", in *Comparative Criticism*,[3] has as its sub-text an assertion that character, reader, author and critic are all involved in slightly alarming but ultimately exhilarating changing of places through the medium of language. "A complex and rare kind of knowing"—is not the complexity and rarity (here derived from a comparatively staid-seeming text) exactly dependent on our capacity to *doubt* whether we engage with language as fixed selves in front of fixed objects?

Linguisticians have always been aware of problems of identity, and oddly enough their awareness, however technical in its origins and methods and forms of expression, has been more disturbing philosophically and psychically than the language of identity used by neo-Freudians or metaphysicians. The *locus classicus* of the linguistic statement is in Emile Benvéniste's *Problèmes de Linguistique générale:*

> "**Je** *ne peut être défini qu'en termes de 'locution', non en termes d'objets, comme l'est un signe nominal.* **Je** *signifie 'la personne qui énonce la présente instance de discours contenant* **je'**. *Instance unique par définition, et valable seulement dans son unicité.*"

This passage is quoted by many of the writers and critics mentioned here, even where they are not

[1] *Is There a Text in this Class? The Authority of Interpretative Communities.* By STANLEY FISH, Harvard University Press, $17.50, £10.50.

[2] *Structuralism or Criticism? Thoughts on How We Read.* By GEOFFREY STRICKLAND. Cambridge University Press, £17.50.

[3] *Comparative Criticism: A Yearbook.* Vol. II. Edited by E. S. SHAFFER. Cambridge University Press, £17.50.

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concerned with autobiography, that notoriously difficult literary mode. And this recurrence is not, I think, an accident: critics are now aware (as in their most common *alter ego*, the teacher, they *must* be aware) that when they risk talking or writing about literature they are putting themselves on the line.

To write about books involves a kind of social metempsychosis—one must now be aware that one is writing in a continuum from speaking to writing to analysis to reading to self-revelation. We all in some sense have to operate ironically under the umbrella of Rousseau's *Confessions*, and that means not describing our reading as if we were completed social beings with a fixed identity, but expressing—and all too unnervingly—our personal anxieties and desires. If we "enunciate the present moment" and allow that it is a kind of enunciation that's to be evaluated only by its uniqueness, it has to be that our speech (or discourse) displays our sense of the historical point at which we speak and the demands we have made of the past and the desires we have of the future.

SUSAN SONTAG ONCE ASKED, with uncharacteristic wistfulness, why we couldn't have an erotics of reading rather than a hermeneutics. I suspect that she knew the answer to the question, even while it was posed: that is, that *techniques* of interpretation depend upon taxonomy, institutions, the strict separation of intellectual disciplines, the assertion of distinctive and mutually exclusive identity for historical periods. All of these are incompatible with the anarchic operation of the erotic imagination, which may in fetishistic ways resort to fictions of power, but which usually violates categories with splendid insouciance.

Professor Frank Lentricchia, in *After the New Criticism*,[4] speaks ruefully of Barthes' erotic zeal, and while one could well deplore the zeal, the notion of reading as connected with a reader's power to take and make pleasure in things is surely what constitutes the fecundity of Barthes' use of *jouissance* in *The Pleasure of the Text*, or his subversion of academic critical canons in the sexy ironies of *A Lover's Discourse*. And Lentricchia is convincingly astute in his account of the way that Anglo-Saxon (and especially American) critics tried valiantly to discredit or recuperate Barthes, and Derrida: they were made anxious by the constant sense of transgression in the way the two wrote and spoke. The transgressing was institutional, in that it kept violating secure notions of classification—a key term in reading Derrida is

[4] *After the New Criticism*. By FRANK LENTRICCHIA. The Athlone Press, £14.50.

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différance, a linguistic play on difference, being different, and deferring.

We are only able to discuss the particular value of any work or passage in a work by seeing it as different from other poems or novels or passages; but this involves both a deferential stance to accepted canons, and a deferring of the moment at which we could or might want to say anything absolute and definitive about the meaning of what we're reading. Yet the response to the work of Derrida (a response which seems to accelerate in fume and froth and rancour) has beneath it not only institutional anxiety, but also a profound psychological one: What am I doing when I teach literature? Why do I talk about it the way I do? Who is the I who's doing the talking, when it's stripped of its comforting authority of "profession", "institution", "intellectual discipline"?

In *Of Grammatology*, Derrida has a section in which he discusses the "dangerous supplement" which the young Rousseau confesses to have practised. The supplementation of erotic energy in masturbation is, in *Les Confessions*, in *Emile*, in the *Manuscrit de Paris*, always seen as vice, perversion, "unspeakable" compulsion—although his Thérèse can be presented as a successor, substitute and *supplément* to dear Mamma. The continuance of habitual transgression is thus connected—intimately—with a remembrance of necessarily uncompleted infantile desire. Derrida's implication is that the acts of writing and speaking spring from the basis of the self in childhood, in the recollection without tranquillity of a time when Self and Other weren't fully differentiated, and when erotic impulse hadn't yet been socialised at the expense of sensuality.

Julia Kristeva[5] is a critic who also implies psychoanalytic models but without always being constrained by them—in her discussions of Bellini's and Giotto's painting, of Céline's writing and comments about himself in interview, she moves beyond the Freudian and Lacanian models which depend so heftily on reduction to a male principle, and on reductivism in general. (I do very much regret that her writing translates so ill into English—no discredit to the translators, who have to transpose the metaphysical and metaphorical conceptual puns possible in French abstraction into the more ponderous medium of English empiricism). She also suggests eloquently the ways in which various forms of utterance, painterly or literary, are continually unfinished strivings for completion—or at least a reaching for the possibility of the idea of completion. Not completion as an infinite formal regression, but a perpetual desire to supplement the energy of our desires by calling in question the forms we have to practise and produce. To reach for a metaphor, it's as though our social contract of marriage with language might be continually and continuously supplemented with the free play of self-love.

Geoffrey Hartman once observed that the first generation of Romantics tended to spell Art with a capital I; and that their self-assertion sometimes had the blare of a "romantic megaphone." That sonority is perhaps to do with a slightly self-congratulatory awareness that one is shocking the bourgeoisie while enlisting in it, enraging Papa while making a career like his—or one that he will be forced to recognise as having its own authority. Both "Practical Criticism" (the adjective has always seemed to me inapposite) and the "New Criticism" had a comparable asseveration of purity of method and intention combined with a sense of rocking the academic and critical boat. We are after all writers and readers in a post-Romantic era. But what seems to me engaging (in both the English and the French sense) in our best criticism now is that it precisely does not attempt to shock, or to assert authority by substituting a new kind of authority.

IT IS REALLY VERY DIFFICULT to understand why some English critics and academics get into such an assertive sweat battling with the demons of structuralism and post-structuralism, when one observes critics as different in their imaginative and cultural aims and origins as Geoffrey Hartman and David Lodge sensibly and coolly going about their critical business living with its legacy. Professor Lodge suggests that his new book, *Working with Structuralism*,[6] could have been called *Living with Structuralism*, and I wish it was so titled—though there's a sort of professional savvy in suggesting to an English audience that the more recent forms of hermeneutics are only forms: a new technology of critical tool that one can work with without necessarily doing anything as extreme as living with them.

I think Professor Lodge is not quite on the right track when he says that the modern period might reflect the sense of "a special historic destiny, perhaps to abolish history itself." The importance, and risk, of Derrida's procedures, and some of those which suggest psychoanalytic models[7] rather than linguistic ones,[8] is that they deny the possibility of older forms of historicism while

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[5] *Desire in Language: A Semiotic Approach to Literature and Art*. By JULIA KRISTEVA. Basil Blackwell, £8.95.

[6] *Working with Structuralism: Essays and Reviews on Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Literature*. By DAVID LODGE. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £10.95.

[7] *The Literary Use of the Psychoanalytic Process*. By MEREDITH ANNE SKURA. Yale University Press, $28.00, £12.60.

[8] *The Material Word: Some Theories of Language and Its Limits*. By DAVID SILVERMAN and BRIAN TORODE. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £9.50, paper £5.95.

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requiring of readers an imperative sense of history as a transient. Always in the process of arriving, the only way we can make sense (in criticism, in writing, in *language*) from history is to accept that everything we say about ourselves is a kind of interruption, a frame from a reel of film made by a director and a camera-man subject to all the contradictions of the industry in which they produce, as well as to their own internal contradictions and hiatus. Deferred desire, dislocated meaning, a history only of moments: these aren't just the signs of neurotic criticism which indulges the critic's *angst*.

While we need to remember that "critic" is a supreme term of insult in *Waiting for Godot*, we also have to be aware that anthropologists, historians, and novelists are all up to the same thing. If mythic structure—and myth is the imaginative form in which cultural and psychological contradiction most quickly usurp "explanation"—has become the mode for the anthropologist, the notion of *longue durée* does the same for the historian, for it disallows versions of meaning which depend on the teleology of reigns, diplomacy, policy, or ineluctable economic necessity. Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie and Claude Lévi-Strauss are brothers under the skin; and novelists (whatever critical innocence they pretend to) are so too. David Lodge quotes Conrad on Henry James:

> "Perhaps the only true desire of mankind is to be set at rest. One is never set at rest by Mr Henry James's novels. You remain with the sense of life going on. It is eminently satisfying, but it is not final."

Having quoted, he refers to the "endings" of *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Ambassadors*—"We shall never be again as we were", and " 'Then there we are!' said Strether." This abrupt termination in the middle of direct speech questions the author's right to terminate anything, and also the characters' ability to define what is happening to them—and even to use tenses with any determination. One could observe the same sort of process, or *procès-verbal*, in writers like Gabriel Garcia Márquez and Carlos Fuentes and Joseph Heller.

Zeno's paradox of the arrow provides the figure for history and temporality as experienced by our cannier contemporary writers and thinkers; once again, Valéry gets it down, in *Le Cimetière Marin*:

> *Zénon! Cruel Zénon! Zénon d'Elée!*
> *M'as-tu percé de cette flèche ailée*
> *Qui vibre, vole, et qui ne vole pas!*

We can't trace the arrow's flight unless we allow for the presence of the past and the future; we can't

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describe it at any one moment, unless we deny the knowledge of motion. To turn the intransitive verb to a transitive, we have to *steal* our sense of what that arrow is doing from hypothetical knowledge of the past and the future. A consequence of this for literary interpretation is that we find it difficult to speak of books or poems as if they possessed absolute value as objects which we can describe and evaluate accurately, for that would imply that we and they are fixed in a non-contradictory moment. Professor Lentricchia puts this another way: "interpretation can't be passive mimesis; it is the substitution, rather, by a kind of hermeneutical violence, of one chain of signifiers for another."

One of the ways in which that "hermeneutical violence" or Barthes' ironies of excess, copy and anamorphosis have come to change our literary landscape is in the emphasis on works regarded in the past as vulgar or at best minor—the Gothic, the sensational, the best-seller. Fifteen years ago, if one told a colleague that *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* and popular films would be part of a university course, it was probable that some alarm or polite scepticism would be expressed. Not so now.[9] If it has become the function of a good critic to speak as sociologist, anthropologist, philosopher, friend, and autobiographer, it has also become necessary to be able to speak of and to works that transgress and subvert established (and institutionalised) categories of excellence, of period, of writerly authority. The text which risks—and indeed frequently commits—bathos and self-contradiction is the one which it may be politically and intellectually most fertile to discuss.

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ROSEMARY JACKSON'S prolific *Fantasy: The Literature of Subversion*[10] suffers from the constraints of form imposed by a series format (our modes of production are always economically determined, after all). Her imagination and critical stringency combine in readings of Hoffmann, and George Eliot, and James Hogg that make one wish for more space, more elaboration. Tzvetan Todorov in his book on the fantastic presented it in essentially formalist ways; Dr Jackson goes further, and suggests the epistemological and ontological function of a kind of literature which has drawn some condescension—and before we accede to that, we ought to remember Thomas Mann's respect for Poe's "William Wilson": our canons may have caused us to disregard this kind of writing, but we shouldn't forget that every great writer of the past 200 years has paid attention to it. And earlier writers, come to that—what of the way conflicts operate in Chaucer's dream-poems? What of the terrifying collation of death, violence and sexual ambiguity in *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* and *Pericles*? Fantasy is not escape; it is, as Dr Jackson says in discussing Mikhail Bakhtin, a testing of truth in the most painful way—by accepting contrariety and contradiction and by allowing desire its freedom to disregard taboo.

MUCH OF THE reflex hostility which structuralist and post-structuralist reading and writing meets is to do with insecurity. Most academics and *littérateurs* and scholars—in the Anglo-Saxon world, at any rate—were trained in universities at a time when crossing disciplines was almost as scandalous as cross-dressing. They rightly are proud of the literary skills acquired in those institutions; but to be proud, to value, to admire, shouldn't entail dismissiveness and sneer—usually, alas, in the form of the cheap accusation of "jargon" or "political bias"—toward anything which is written with a greater sense of intellectual freedom, or a different and wider sense of what constitutes the legitimate field for a critic's activity.

[9] *The Living Dead: A Study of the Vampire in Romantic Literature*. By JAMES B. TWITCHELL. Duke University Press, $14.75, £8.10. *The Literature of Terror: A History of Gothic Fictions from 1765 to the Present Day*. By DAVID PUNTER. Longman, £12.00, paper £5.95.

[10] *Fantasy: The Literature of Subversion*. By ROSEMARY JACKSON. Methuen, £6.50, paper £2.95.

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Our institutions are under threat economically; pedagogy is an ambiguous skill; "literature" is a term called in question, and verbal literacy is being transformed by the pressures of film and television and computer technology. Yet to judge by these books, reading and writing and talking about writing and readership are vividly and creatively going on. Geoffrey Hartman in his *Criticism in the Wilderness*[11] quotes Matthew Arnold to explain his title—"That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness." Arnold's view of "the function of criticism at the present time" resorted to theological terms, but theology is misapplied if it's assumed to provide certainty. The wilderness may be full of savage men and women and frightening long perspectives, but our energy and respect for it may allow us to escape the orderly tyrannies of undue dependence on culture. To collate the erotic and the intellectual yet again, we might go to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* and feed on the "kisses of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses." Nothing literal meant there, of course; only the metaphoric and anarchic.

[11] *Criticism in the Wilderness: The Study of Literature Today*. By GEOFFREY HARTMAN. Yale University Press, $25.20, £11.60.

Men, Women, & Styles

Shakespearean Criticism—By J. I. M. STEWART

SHAKESPEARE AND TRAGEDY[1] OPENS, perhaps for some to an effect of mild alarm, with the statement that "modern techniques of criticism should find a good field for exploitation in Shakespeare's plays: it is surprising that they have not so far been much used", Shakespeare's text being treated "as a purely verbal experience" and read "as a multiple code to be deciphered by a number of signifying keys." But it so happens that "oddly enough something very like these conscious tenets of structuralism and semiotics have long been unconscious assumptions where Shakespearean criticism is concerned: Shakespeare critics have talked about him in this way without knowing it." This characteristically deft invoking of M. Jourdain hints that John Bayley's book has thus opened with a species of courtesy call. Professor Bayley may himself indeed be "working inside a code of significance" throughout his remarkable study. But of structuralism, semiotics, codes and keys very little is heard again.

The book is, I think, to be considered as about Shakespeare's characters, and as such is within the main stream of Shakespeare criticism. When Coleridge declared that Shakespeare's judgment is equal to his genius he meant quite simply (although the simple was not commonly his line) that Shakespeare always gets his people dead right. "Shakespeare wished to impress upon us the truth" of this, that, or another fact of human nature and the human situation, and he never failed of his endeavour. "His Heroes are Men" (although this in fact is Johnson) and when he created Hamlet he was creating at the same time someone uncommonly resembling, and as real as, Coleridge himself.

This persuasion regarding Shakespeare's profound reading in and exposition of character and motive in men and women alike was general among the Romantics, and may be taken as reaching its apotheosis in Andrew Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904). But since judicious censure of previous critics comes high among the pleasures of criticism, the characters in the plays, and particularly in the tragedies, have subsequently been declared over and over again to be, if not badly put together by the dramatist, at least ineptly or erroneously interpreted by successive commentators.

Levin Schücking, for example, maintained that such studies as Bradley's are wholly vain, since they treat as refined character-studies what are little more than the products of a still primitive and unsophisticated dramaturgy. E. E. Stoll, a much more formidable critic in a heavy way, accepted a good deal of this while at the same time judging the tragedies to be artistic achievements of the highest order. Shakespeare's heroes are not indeed valid "psychological" constructs, since they are men thrust without any sober likelihood into situations essentially alien to them. There is regularly a lack of discernible correspondence between the man and his deed, and this achieves an admirable effect of something Stoll calls "steep tragic contrast."

Within the broad spectrum of Shakespeare

[1] *Shakespeare and Tragedy*. By JOHN BAYLEY. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £9.75, paper £4.85.

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criticism Professor Bayley seems to me to be with Coleridge, and not least in creating the impression of a swiftly moving mind operating in the interest of a subtle and extended dialectic performance not readily susceptible of succinct summary. There is indeed more than a hint of Coleridgean elusiveness from time to time. The writer's mind is now here, now there with a challenging motility; like Ariel on Alonso's ship it can flame amazement. *Shakespeare and Tragedy* is in fact a book almost as difficult as it is rewarding, and it requires an alert and pausing concentration in the reading. By the time I had got to page 28 I was so aware of this that I spent minutes searching for the meaning of what is in fact an undetected printing-house disaster.

PROFESSOR BAYLEY's central contention, indeed, is not hard to distinguish. Shakespeare is at his most Shakespearean when his characters evince a consciousness of kinds of existence outside the preoccupations of the fable in which they find themselves. "By its action Shakespearean tragedy vividly suggests other worlds in which its operation is irrelevant, has no place." Edgar's bringing the blinded Gloucester to the foot of Dover cliff is shown to us as a small but crucial instance of this.

> *Here's the place. Stand still. How fearful*
> *And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!*
> *The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air*
> *Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down*
> *Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade.*
> *Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.*
> *The fishermen that walk upon the beach*
> *Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark*
> *Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy*
> *Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge*
> *That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes*
> *Cannot be heard so high.*

We are being granted time off; "we are outside the drama; the drama is nowhere; we have no need to pay attention to it but only to the goings-on at the foot of Dover cliff." Here is "another world which our consciousness visits, aware that it cannot live there, or even remain there for more than a moment." And this apprehension, essentially angelic or transcendental, "seems the same kind of awareness that tantalises the consciousness of Lear and Macbeth, Hamlet and Othello. To be aware of it, and yet to be deprived of it, is for them the most absolute part of tragedy." It might be said of this that the tragic heroes, thus subject to at least momentary alienation from themselves, hold some affinity with Stoll's characters as being by nature superior to their stories. Macbeth, "trapped in different versions of himself", and Hamlet, "amazed by the story he finds himself in", are both at odds with their roles, and even intermittently inattentive to them.

In addition to the four major tragedies, Professor Bayley discusses the Roman plays, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Timon of Athens*. So the movement is rather rapid throughout, and the book might with advantage have been made a good deal longer. But as it is it ranks as an important achievement by any standard. Here is Shakespeare criticism of the order of Bradley's and Wilson Knight's.

IT DID NOT occur to Johnson to declare that Shakespeare's Heroines are Women, and it is about male characters that Professor Bayley has most to say. In *Women in Shakespeare*, a very different kind of book, Judith Cook presents a grand parade of leading ladies largely in terms of theatrical history.[2] In the mid-18th century Mrs Yates played Lady Macbeth in a huge hooped skirt; a little later Mrs Siddons (who wrote on the part at considerable length) went through much of the play like "an exultant savage", maintained during what has come to be called the sleep-walking scene a total immobility, but made her exit at the end of it like a whirlwind; a hundred years on, Ellen Terry conceived the fiendlike queen as "a small, slight woman of acute nervous sensibility"; and long after that again Judi Dench put up "a performance which cleared the board of acting awards."

Ms Cook is not a deep scholar (she takes it for granted that Lear's Fool is the poor Fool who is hanged) but she has conscientiously researched the historical part of her subject, interviewed a number of living actresses, and assembled 27 interesting illustrations. She frequently quotes amusingly from Mrs Jameson's pioneering *Shakespeare's Heroines* (1832), but does not quite do justice to the author, who (as Professor Bayley takes occasion to remark) was a highly intelligent woman.

TO MOVE FROM *Women in Shakespeare* to *Elizabethan Grotesque* is to exchange an amateur's warmth of interest in a diffused view of several centuries of theatrical history for the restraints and severities of professional scholarship.[3] On his first page Neil Rhodes tells us that his book "stems originally from an interest in Nashe and from the belief that his writing deserves rather more critical discussion than it has so far received." Throughout the 1590s Nashe was "*the* literary figure", his fame being justly due to his command of "a new and dazzling kind of speed in colloquial prose." This he achieved by importing

[2] *Women in Shakespeare*. By JUDITH COOK. Harrap, £8.50, paper £4.50.

[3] *Elizabethan Grotesque*. By NEIL RHODES. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £12.50.

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into English polemical and satirical writing that species of imagery (for it is only imagery, and not a literary kind, that is properly to be termed grotesque) which achieves through bizarre incongruities and unexpected juxtapositions the power of eliciting laughter and revulsion at once, so that confronted with it our sympathies are played upon in opposite directions simultaneously.

It is not to be supposed that Nashe here is an absolute innovator. A university man, he learnt from Rabelais and Aretino, as they in turn had perhaps learnt from that kind of Roman painting and sculpture which combined together portions of human and animal forms variously interwoven, or ensnared amid proliferating vegetation. When Rabelais describes Jupiter "*conturnant la teste comme un cinge qui avalle pillules*" he is pointing the way to an English comic prose of immense vitality and colour. We see Shakespeare first clearly appropriating Nashe's innovation in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and eventually achieving with it that brilliant coalescence of wit and "physicality" which makes the character of Falstaff his supreme comic creation.

Mr Rhodes' book is excellent in its kind, and will be recommended reading for a long time. But I feel it to be unnecessarily and injudiciously dismissive of Willard Farnham's *The Shakespearean Grotesque*. Mr Rhodes begins with Thomas Nashe; Professor Farnham with St Bernard of Clairvaux.

ANY COMPREHENSIVE INVESTIGATION of Shakespearean comedy must admit of Falstaff's bulking large in the argument. In *Comic Transformations in Shakespeare* Ruth Nevo's main concern is with the "Renaissance Roman and Renaissance romance materials" which play a significant part as mainsprings of Shakespeare's developing art in his ten early comedies.[4] But considered in this context Falstaff is already a complex creation. There exists "an ancient Greek insight concerning three comic manners . . . namely, the Bomolochos, the Eiron and the Alazon", and Falstaff if he is to be accounted for must be considered as combining the two latter; as being at once the Ironical Man and the Impostor.

This is not all, for the fat rogue has a medieval heritage as well, owning the festive wisdom of a Lord of Misrule, and instancing the full Rabelaisian vision of the body "not as a harmoniously proportionate form but all belly, as a prodigy of cavities, excrescences and protuberances." And, for good measure, there is something proleptically Freudian about him too. He is "a very Prince of Libido." Moreover all Shakespeare's fools (of

[4] *Comic Transformations in Shakespeare*. By RUTH NEVO. Methuen, £10.95, paper £4.95.

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whom he is but the grand exemplar) exhibit in one way or another this "complementarity of the quasi-Aristotelian triad." Is it not relevant to the cogency of the theory of the three comic manners that tripartite divisions of the soul are common, and that we are conscious of a correspondence between Eiron and Ego, Alazon and Superego, and Bomolochos and Id? I feel that there is here and there a touch of Holofernes about Professor Nevo's writing.

SHAKESPEARE'S POETIC STYLES[5] begins with a quotation from an essay by Yvor Winters. It is a single sentence twenty-three lines long, and it asserts that in 16th-century English poetry a native plain style (C. S. Lewis's "drab") is of more account and promise than is that of the Petrarchist movement (Lewis's "golden"). Much of John Baxter's book, as its subtitle indicates, is about the utility of one or the other of these styles, broadly regarded, to the varying purposes of the dramatist. But, still, with Winters prompting him, Mr Baxter goes on to consider a totally different problem: the fitness of *any* variety of dramatic form for the major purposes of literature. On this very large question Winters came to hold a decidedly stringent view, which Mr Baxter summarises thus:

> "Winters, using *Macbeth* as his example, challenged the very heart of drama. Since the dramatist must differentiate his characters from one another and differentiate the various stages of growth or decline in individual characters, and since he must do these things directly without the intervention of authorial comment, he will be forced at times to write badly or to express unworthy ideas or sentiments in order to depict characters inferior to himself in perception and expression. And such stretches of inferior writing are not merely an occupational hazard for the dramatist, but an unavoidable part of the medium. Dramatic form is inherently defective."

The assertion here, Mr Baxter says, "has not been answered satisfactorily", and he makes his own attempt to do so later in his book. It seems to me that somewhat similar problems arise in other forms of representative fiction. Is it injudicious in a novelist to adopt the form of a first-person narration undertaken by the protagonist, as Percy Lubbock avers in *The Craft of Fiction*? Do Thackeray and Meredith go wrong here in *Henry Esmond* and *Harry Richmond* respectively—or for that matter Henry James in the very special case of *The Ambassadors*, in which there is an impersonal narrator but the narrative is almost entirely of what passes through the principal character's head? Or would Shakespeare have improved *Macbeth* if he had written it as a fairly long poem like *Venus and Adonis* or *The Rape of Lucrece*? These are obviously somewhat scholastic questions.

THE GHOSTS OF HAMLET is another book in which two distinct enquiries would appear to be prosecuted.[6] The first is into how *Hamlet* struck Mallarmé, Claudel, Valéry, Laforgue, Eliot, Joyce, Lawrence, Kierkegaard, and Kafka. The second is how it is viewed by Martin Scofield himself.

It is certainly true that Shakespeare's prince (even more, perhaps, than his play) has entered deeper into the general European consciousness than has any other English imaginative creation. As material for the exercise of comparative criticism Mr Scofield has taken on, however, rather a mixed bag. Of Laforgue we learn that he made a pilgrimage to Elsinore on New Year's Day, 1886; that the first of his *Moralités Lègendaires* is an elaborate parody of *Hamlet* in a *fin-de-siècle* key; and that in various contexts the play keeps bobbing up in much of his verse.

From a more serious person, Kierkegaard, there comes matter of more serious account. From Kafka there comes in any direct fashion almost nothing at all; he merely asks himself in his diary "How could Fortinbras say that Hamlet had prov'd most royally?" On this slender (and by Kafka misunderstood or misquoted) peg Mr Scofield has to hang an essay showing that Hamlet is rather like Kafka or that Kafka was rather like Hamlet. And it is Kafka who turns up again at the close of Mr Scofield's own reading of the play, which has been governed, he says, by his

> "general idea that by being alive to the predominant concerns of modern writers we can gain insight into elements of Shakespeare's tragedy which are 'there', but of which we can be more fully conscious than were previous ages (just as there are doubtless aspects of the play which are less available to us)."

We should begin by reading Kafka, "the great religious artist of our own time." And then we should read as widely as we can. This is very good advice, and there needs no ghost come from the grave to give us it.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY AS POEM[7] takes us back to Mr Baxter's ground, but has more body as a

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[5] *Shakespeare's Poetic Styles: Verse into Drama.* By JOHN BAXTER. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £12.50.

[6] *The Ghosts of Hamlet: The Play and Modern Writers.* By MARTIN SCOFIELD. Cambridge University Press, £16.50.

[7] *The Shakespeare Play as Poem.* By S. VISWANATHAN. Cambridge University Press, £12.50.

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contribution to literary history; it is in fact a critical exposition of that abundant species of Shakespearean commentary which has turned away from character study to the primacy of theme, imagery and language as the main centre of interest in any effective discussion of the plays. The important names are those of G. Wilson Knight and L. C. Knights. S. Viswanathan, who is a thoroughly competent scholar and very industrious, finds Professor Knights to be the more impressive commentator.

Mr Viswanathan's footnotes, which are numerous and ample, are worth attending to. One of them directs the reader to Chapter 24 of *Nicholas Nickleby* where there is to be found a Mr Curdle, who had composed a treatise on the life of the deceased husband of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. Turned up, this proves to be good reading. Mr Curdle had thought to enquire whether this character "really had been a 'merry man' in his lifetime, or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. He had likewise proved, that by altering the received mode of punctuation, any one of Shakespeare's plays could be made quite different, and the sense completely changed." This last is something that some 20th-century editors gleefully found out for themselves.

S. SCHOENBAUM, the author of the best modern life of Shakespeare, has now presented as a companion work a volume reproducing and discussing over 160 documents in one way or another significant for Shakespeare studies.[8] The facsimiles are as near perfection as advanced photographic techniques can achieve, and the text with which they are integrated unites scrupulous scholarship with unflagging verve. The most important sections into which the material is marshalled are those concerning Shakespeare in London, Shakespeare in Stratford, Shakespeare's handwriting, and Shakespeare at the Stationers: 1593–1683. There is also a substantial section on Shakespeare iconography and a very amusing one on the main Shakespeare forgeries.

The earlier history of New Place as traced by Professor Schoenbaum abundantly documents the seamier side of English rural life. A certain William Bott, who took possession of the property in 1563, was briefly indicted by a son-in-law as

> "a man clearly void of all honesty, fidelity, or fear of God, and openly detected of divers great

[8] *William Shakespeare: Records and Images*. By S. SCHOENBAUM. Scolar Press, £38.00.

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> and notorious crimes, as, namely, felony, adultery, whoredom, falsehood, and forging, a procurer of the disinherison of divers gentlemen your Majesty's subjects, a common barretour, and stirrer of sedition among your Majesty's poor subjects."

Bott's machinations, Professor Schoenbaum declares with robust satisfaction, were "worthy of an Edmund", and he eventually perpetrated the murder by poison of his own daughter Isabella as a quick way out of difficulties created by sundry illegal practices. Surprisingly, Bott survived to die of natural causes. Shakespeare bought New Place from a subsequent owner, William Underhill, described as "a subtle, covetous, and crafty man", who, having rashly bequeathed "all his lands" to his first-born, Fulke, was promptly poisoned by the hopeful boy. Fulke, less fortunate than Bott, was hanged for his deed at Warwick while still a minor. All this unedifying behaviour, Professor Schoenbaum appears very reasonably to feel, must now and then have influenced the course of Shakespearean tragedy.

The Foundling & the Bastard

Theories of Fiction—By BERNARD BERGONZI

A QUOTATION from Sartre in John Fletcher's *Novel and Reader* insists on the inevitability of stories: "A man is always a story-teller; he lives surrounded by his own stories as well as those of others. Through them he sees everything that happens to him; and tries to live his life as if he were fictionalising it."

We tell, or write, the particular kind of story we call novels, then critics go on to tell their own stories about them. Marthe Robert's *Origins of the Novel*[1] and Derek Brewer's *Symbolic Stories* pursue a broadly psychoanalytic enquiry into the dual origins of literary story-telling, in history and in the psychic development of the individual. Both books are persuasive and full of interest, though Marthe Robert's is more stylish and authoritative. It reads well in Sacha Rabinovitch's translation and is very French in an attractively old-fashioned way, recalling those happier times when French intellectuals regarded clarity as a virtue and had not yet succumbed to Germanic intellectual influences and language. English readers may be uneasy at Marthe Robert's tendency to rapid and confident generalisation and the unempirical way she develops her arguments. Not that she argues in a void; she keeps her basic material in mind—texts by Cervantes, Defoe, Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert—but she makes a small amount of evidence go a long way, and is not worried about supporting every statement with a particular citation. At the same time she has conspicuous virtues, such as common sense and—another old-fashioned quality—an obvious love of literature. Her attachment to psychoanalysis is not at all fanatical, recalling Lionel Trilling rather than Lacan.

Marthe Robert sees the origins of fiction in what Freud calls the "family romance", the fantasies that children weave for themselves to compensate for the traumas of growing up. They begin to lose their parents' total attention, and at the same time are disturbed to realise that there are other parents in the world, who seem more desirable than their own. In fantasy, children try to give themselves glamorous origins, as in many fairy tales (the French title of Marthe Robert's book sums up her approach: *Roman des Origines et Origines du Roman*).

The first stage of the painful process of separation is represented by the archetype of the Foundling, who believes that his real parents—rich, powerful, beautiful—are elsewhere, and who tries to accommodate reality to his desires. Later the child realises that the world is as it is, and there are no fantasy parents; the second archetype, the Bastard, now supervenes. The Bastard knows that reality is inescapable and often painful, and he does whatever he can to seize and control and manipulate it. In literary terms these archetypes manifest themselves as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza respectively.

The Foundling writes fantasy, fable, romance, utopian fiction; the Bastard writes the realistic novel, an acquisitive, imperialistic form that wants to take in as much of the world as it can. In Marthe Robert's typology, the Bastard looks back to Edmund in *Lear* and forward to Rastignac and Julien Sorel, all unscrupulous manipulators. She sees the realistic novel as an open, non-generic

[1] *Origins of the Novel.* By MARTHE ROBERT. Translated by SACHA RABINOVITCH. Harvester Press, £18.95.

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form, as, a generation ago, did Ian Watt in *The Rise of the Novel*, a work with which hers can stand comparison. The typology is, of course, reductive, but it is genuinely helpful in applying a little order to the multifariousness of fictional forms, and she uses it with subtlety and discrimination. She emphasises that fantasy and realism are both valid literary modes, rooted in psychic experience, and that in many great novels they are interwoven. Some of her best critical discussion, for instance, is devoted to showing the co-existence of Foundling and Bastard in Flaubert.

The value of the Foundling-Bastard polarity is not merely taxonomic, since it provides a genotypical foundation for realism as a mode of perception, in the child's discovery that the world is indeed real, solid and unwelcoming but also manipulable. This idea counters the still prevalent post-structuralist assumption that realism is exploded and that literature can never be about anything but itself. By implication Marthe Robert supports the contention of J. P. Stern in *On Realism* that literary realism is a perennial mode of consciousness.

MME ROBERT has some brilliant pages on *Robinson Crusoe*, which she sees as one of the two archetypal novels of our culture, the other being *Don Quixote*. In Defoe's narrative Crusoe begins as a Foundling but becomes a Bastard. As the former he is what she calls an "Oedipal rebel", who dismisses his father by running away to sea and who finds a delightful and accommodating environment on his island, where he can regress to a pre-Oedipal stage. But in the long run he has to master his world by working, using tools, turning to handicraft and agriculture, encountering things and manipulating them to his own ends in the manner of the Bastard (and providing, too, a simulacrum of the realistic novelist at work).

Pat Rogers has written a whole book about *Robinson Crusoe* in the Unwin Critical Library,[2] which looks at all its aspects: sources, themes, literary background, style and structure, reception and critical history. It was by no means the first English novel, but as Professor Rogers says in his preface, its publication marked a move from the archaeology to the history of the novel. Thereafter it became one of the most famous books in the world, enacting a potent myth of resilience in solitude.

Although so concrete in its detail, *Robinson Crusoe* is a very open text—"writerly" in Roland Barthes' terms—providing a space in which every kind of interpretation can be attempted. Professor Rogers has indicated some of the principal approaches: via the novel's possible sources in history, travel books, journalism, earlier fiction; as a biographical allegory; an account of *homo economicus*; an exploration of puritan spiritual consciousness; a deliberate numerological structure. To which may now be added Marthe Robert's psychoanalytical interpretation. Professor Rogers has produced a work of economical and useful scholarship, and I am grateful to him for having prompted me to reread Defoe's great book.

DEREK BREWER'S STUDY has close affinities with Marthe Robert's. Both are concerned with the "family drama" and the way in which fiction acts out the problems of growing up and turning away from parents. *Symbolic Stories*[3], however, is more empirical and more polemical, though Dr Brewer resembles Marthe Robert in his obvious affection for the works he discusses. He acknowledges debts to anthropology and psychoanalysis, to Lévi-Strauss and Propp and Freud; his general approach recalls the transatlantic myth-criticism of the 1950s, particularly Northrop Frye; but he has more concern for the specificity of the texts he discusses than Frye. Like Marthe Robert, he sees the fairy tale as a transparent projection of family drama, though he does not arrive at her neat and comprehensive dichotomy between Foundling and Bastard. The majority of his examples are pre-novelistic, taken from folklore and medieval literature, and the polemical edge to his discussion comes in his preference for "symbolic stories", whose deeper meanings ultimately engage with psychic realities, to simply literal ones which do no more than present edifying surfaces.

Dr Brewer devises an enormous straw man or Aunt Sally, which for no very clear reason he calls "Neoclassicism"; it came in at the Renaissance and was exemplified, he says, in Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*. Then in the 18th century, it led to the novel, its characteristic literary product, and is still with us: "in this respect D. H. Lawrence is in intention as Neoclassical as Defoe or Fielding." This seems to me an odd, loose use of the word "Neoclassical"; I prefer to follow Ian Watt in seeing the 18th-century novel as in varying degrees revolting against neoclassical modes. Dr Brewer is entitled to his idiosyncratic terminology, though, and in the latter part of his book he engages in some effective myth-criticism of major 19th-century novels, uncovering the patterns of family drama. Discussing *Villette* he compares Lucy Snow's final emergence into identity and adulthood with that of Sir Gawain; this instant traversing of five centuries is bold, but it also indicates the unhistorical void in which Dr

[2] *Robinson Crusoe*. By PAT ROGERS. Allen and Unwin, £10.00.

[3] *Symbolic Stories: Traditional Narratives of the Family Drama in English Literature*. By DEREK BREWER. D. S. Brewer, £15.00; Rowman & Littlefield, $29.50.

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Brewer conducts his argument, like other myth-critics before him.

Symbolic Stories offers an unfamiliar view of a familiar argument. In the past twenty years or so the realistic novel has been dismissed as dead or dying or exhausted; the future of fiction, it is claimed, lies with what the American critic Robert Scholes has called "fabulation": fantasy, romance, science fiction, and similar non-realistic modes. Dr Brewer launches a comparable attack on realism, even though he calls it Neoclassicism, but does so from remote literary territory. He admires fairy tales and medieval romance, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and the late plays of Shakespeare. He writes at considerable length about *Cymbeline*, refuting Samuel Johnson's neoclassical gibe at the play's "unresisting imbecility" and praising it as a "penetrating analysis of the family drama as part of the human situation." Interestingly enough, Chaucer, compared with his contemporaries, has little to say about the family drama, and appears indeed as a poet already tinged with literalism and neoclassicism; this, no doubt, is why earlier critics praised him for his psychological realism and even called him the first English novelist. Dr Brewer has written elsewhere about Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, which suggests a link between his own anti-realism, rooted in the study of medieval literature, and that of latter-day fabulation, for whom Tolkien is a cult figure. *Symbolic Stories* is a learned, sensitive and richly humane study, which should help to remove medieval literature from the academic ghetto and relate it to later literature. But its central arguments did not touch me deeply, compared with the intellectual excitement generated by Marthe Robert's book. (There is one other, unwelcome thing they have in common: both lack an index.)

JOHN FLETCHER'S *Novel and Reader*[4] takes us back to familiar territory. It discusses a number of 19th- and 20th-century novelists, the majority of them French, and although it presents itself as a unified work it has rather the air of a collection of miscellaneous essays with the joints smoothed over. At least, it doesn't advance a continuous argument, but throws out stimulating, short-winded comments. There is an interesting discussion of the differences between 18th-century and post-modernist modes of self-reflectiveness in fiction, and a good account of *The Outsider*, which Professor Fletcher sees as Camus's only novel with a claim to greatness.

He begins this chapter, "Albert Camus's appeal, as a novelist, is largely to the emotions, not to the intellect—he is a stirring but not particularly profound writer." This is a good example of his bluff, no-nonsense style. I am tempted to adapt the final clause as a description of Professor Fletcher; "stirring" isn't quite the word, but he is undoubtedly vigorous and lively, and, indeed, not particularly profound. He writes in his preface, "Like most of my writing, this study has arisen out of the active teaching situation in which as a university professor I am constantly engaged." This is relevant to the impression that he makes as a critic; he presents the broad sweep, the quick simplification, the neat summary, that make for good undergraduate teaching and *haute vulgarisation* in general. If he is sometimes superficial there is something to be said for sticking to the surface of things, in contrast to the obscurity and false profundity of much academic criticism. But banality does tend to creep in, as when he justly remarks that the tension between seriousness and burlesque in Stendhal makes him the least complacent of the broadly humanistic novelists, and adds that this "helps account for his fully deserved reputation." Stendhal's reputation is fully deserved, no doubt about it, but he also deserves a crisper way of writing than that.

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THE TITLE OF *Novel and Reader* might suggest that Professor Fletcher is concerned with the current interest in the phenomenology of reading that stems from the work of Wolfgang Iser and other theorists. Iser is, in fact, mentioned in the acknowledgments, but his name does not occur again, and apart from some tentative observations about the distinction between "communication" and "communion" Fletcher does not pursue the question of how readers construct meaning. It is central in Horst Ruthrof's *The Reader's Construction of Narrative*.[5]

This is a book that ideally should have a longer review than I can give it here; and, for that matter,

[4] *Novel and Reader*. By JOHN FLETCHER. Marion Boyars, £8.95.

[5] *The Reader's Construction of Narrative*. By HORST RUTHROF. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £9.75.

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a different reviewer. Contemporary literary theory operates on an ill-demarcated area lying between criticism and philosophy; for most of the time, Mr Ruthrof is over the border in the region of philosophy proper, where I follow him with difficulty or not at all. He attempts to bring together several intellectual traditions: the phenomenology of Husserl, linguistics, structuralism—of which he is more critical than many recent theorists—and the speech-act analysis of Austin and Searle. Mr Ruthrof presents a fairly opaque surface, with charts and diagrams, and I suspect that a trained philosopher may decide that his arguments are thinner than they seem, with a tendency to be repetitive. I got the impression that Occam's razor was needed in places; at the same time I resisted my original impatient impulse to dismiss the book out of hand.

The basic questions it confronts are important. We no longer assume that "meaning" is something to be simply extracted from a text, as we might open up a parcel. It is constantly enacted and re-enacted in the space between text and reader. Extreme structuralists exaggerate this truth to the pitch of absurdity when they assert that every reader writes his own text, over and over again and always differently; they thereby collapse the necessary tension between what the historical author wrote and what the reader makes of his words. But Dr Brewer makes the essential point when he writes:

> "Even an exact repetition in art can never be precisely the same imaginative experience because we ourselves change. . . . We *bring* understanding to our experience, especially our experiences of art, before we can take it away."

In his phenomenological investigation of how we read, Mr Ruthrof takes this approach to great lengths, interestingly if often rebarbatively. He contrasts the kind of limited, uni-directional reading, in terms of propositions and surface meaning, that we apply to a scientific or legal text, with the reading demanded by a fictional narrative (or, indeed, by any literary text, or text read in a literary way):

> "By contrast, the fictional text invites both propositional reduction to an analytical meaning and concretising expansion by means of the reader's typified experience of other texts as well as of his everyday life."

Unlike the extreme structuralists, Mr Ruthrof does not regard "everyday life" as just another fiction, and has no hesitation about referring to it at intervals. The passage I have just quoted has challenging cultural and educational implications: to what extent can fictional narratives be "taught" to readers whose powers to re-enact them are

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limited because they have no experience of other texts and not very much of everyday life?

Mr Ruthrof's book is not all theory. He examines short passages of fiction, from Sterne to Robert Coover, showing how the narrative unfolds, moment by moment, and these examinations have the same interest as an action replay (and much the same relation to the whole game, or text). I remain intrigued by *The Reader's Construction of Narrative* since I am unable to decide whether Mr Ruthrof is saying old things in an unfamiliar way, or genuinely new things. If the latter, then someone else must take on the task of simplifying and summarising them so that they are intelligible to critics and teachers and readers and other occupants of everyday life.

JAMES M. MELLARD is an American academic critic whose book on the modernist novel in America[6] is a characteristic academic product, finely tooled to the precise requirements of the Modern Language Association, studded with up-to-date names and references; fictions, paradigms, crisis;[7] Thomas S. Kuhn, Wolfgang Iser, Fredric Jameson; Foucault, Derrida, Lacan. And many others. But not all these names do very much work: Mr Mellard's absurdly over-annotated book is like a mock-up of a piece of advanced technology rather than the real thing; the controls are not connected to anything. In particular, the names of the fashionable Frenchmen seem to have a mainly cosmetic function, helping to make the product, or its index, look good. In a more traditional image, I found myself wanting to rip away masses of quotations, citations, epigraphs, like someone pulling ivy from a wall, in order to get at the modestly interesting argument that Mr Mellard is advancing.

He takes from Alistair Fowler a three-part model of literary innovation and applies it to the development of modernism in American fiction, discussing at length a representative novel for each stage. They are, respectively: Naive Modernism, in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*; Critical Modernism, in Heller's *Catch 22*; Sophisticated Modernism, in Brautigan's *Trout Fishing in America*. These three exemplars fit his case very nicely, but then he has chosen them to; his approach is deductive, imposing a model, rather than inductively drawing it from the consideration of a lot of different literary evidence. This is a familiar problem in the methodology of criticism.

Mr Mellard is worth reading on these three novels, particularly on *The Sound and the Fury* which he sees as illustrating a shift from the generic to the modal novel: Faulkner's novel moves through successive modes from Benjy's stream of consciousness to Quentin's, then to Jason's first person narrative and finally to the concluding section of authorial omniscience. *Ulysses* had done something comparable a few years before. A way of defining the innovatory aspect of modernist fiction is as a deliberate disruption of generic decorum. Pursuing the paradigm to Heller and Brautigan, Mr Mellard shows the successive increase in self-consciousness, though without also making very clear the parallel decline in a sense of history and shared reality; and, indeed, in talent. It is a comment on the peculiar nature of literary-academic culture in America that so minuscule a talent as Brautigan can be taken so seriously.

Mr Mellard is at his most interesting when he ponders where the American novel can go, after Sophisticated Modernism (which others, using a different paradigm, call post-modernism; at one point Mr Mellard complains about "the enormous confusion of 'paradigms' operating in current theory and criticism of the novel", though without acknowledging that he has added his mite to it). The only possible answer is back, or rather forward, to a new and transformed realism. This

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JOHN MURRAY

[6] *The Exploded Form: The Modernist Novel in America*. By JAMES M. MELLARD. University of Illinois Press, £9.00, $15.00.

[7] Cf. my review, "Foregrounding and Such", ENCOUNTER, April 1974, where I noted the advent of these terms in critical discourse.

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looks like the way criticism and fictional practice will be going in the '80s, with Marthe Robert's Bastard returning to the attack.

IRVIN STOCK IS AN American academic of an older school than Mr Mellard, and *Fiction as Wisdom* seems to belong to a different age, and a different conceptual universe, from *The Exploded Form*.[8] It is quite startling to find a book published by an American university press in 1980 which begins with the sentence, "This is a book about my experiences with some marvellous novels." There is no formalism here, no clever stuff about deconstruction and paradigms, simply Mr Stock telling us what splendid novels have been written by Goethe, Dostoevsky, Gide, Mann, Hawthorne, George Eliot, Mark Rutherford, Mary McCarthy and Saul Bellow. His critical method doesn't go much beyond close plot summary combined with genial reflections.

He values wisdom above all else, and finds plenty of it in these authors. Wisdom is defined in Arnoldian terms as "intelligence and culture in the service of life", and certainly it is a quality which we could all do with more of, and should value when we find it in novels. But with Mr Stock it blurs into a Polonius-like sententiousness. This book is rather a curiosity and not altogether attractive in its plummy self-complacency, evident in the quotations on the jacket from Thomas Mann, Saul Bellow and Mary McCarthy, saying how well Mr Stock understands their work. His accounts of the living novelists, Bellow and McCarthy, read like extended blurbs rather than serious criticism.

MARY MCCARTHY herself, in the slim volume containing the Northcliffe Lectures that she delivered last year, is interested in how ideas work in the novel,[9] and she finds them sadly absent from most modern fiction. Her opening text is T. S. Eliot's remark that Henry James had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it. From this opening she ranges urbanely over 19th- and 20th-century fiction, distinguishing between the novel that discusses ideas, as in Peacock and Thomas Mann and Aldous Huxley; and the kind that enacts a dominant idea, in the way Napoleon is a controlling

[8] *Fiction as Wisdom: From Goethe to Bellow*. By IRVIN STOCK. Pennsylvania State University Press, £10.20, $16.95.

[9] *Ideas and The Novel*. By MARY MCCARTHY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.95.

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theme in novels by Stendhal and Balzac and Dostoevsky. (This last topic is more richly pursued by Marthe Robert.) Mary McCarthy throws off plenty of ideas herself and her lectures are witty and energetic. But her case is never very strong, and it tends to weaken as she develops it; increasingly, I felt unsure what she meant by an idea in fiction.

She claims that there were more ideas in 19th-century fiction than in 20th, and more in French than English. Looked at in a narrow perspective this can seem true; but as a reviewer has recently pointed out, ideas are common in Victorian fiction, but they tend to be religious rather than political ideas. Today, Mary McCarthy claims, "ideas are held not to belong to the novel." It does rather depend on how the ideas work. Reviewers and readers may object to fictions that have a palpable design on them, but as Mary McCarthy quickly goes on to admit, there are many exceptions to the supposed exclusion. She mentions American Jewish writers, such as Bellow, Malamud and Philip Roth, who have a special licence, as she puts it, to juggle ideas in full view of the public. She also mentions the late, much-lamented J. G. Farrell who was very much a novelist of ideas. She could have gone on to consider how feminist writers are producing novels that are governed almost to the point of obsession by certain governing ideas; like Marilyn French's *The Women's Room*, Fay Weldon's *Praxis*, or Zoe Fairbairns' *Benefits*.

Out of so many books on the theory and practice of fiction, what actual novels emerge as worth reading or rereading? *Robinson Crusoe* is prominent in Rogers and Robert; while a later classic embodiment of the family romance, *Scarlet and Black*, is praised by Robert, Fletcher and McCarthy. Among recent books, Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* gets two mentions (Stock and Mellard), and so does Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (Mellard and McCarthy). If there were no fiction there would be no theories of fiction.

Outsoaring the Hob-Nailed Boot

Modern & Post-Modern Poets—By ALAN JENKINS

AS EARLY AS 1919 T. S. Eliot declared that he was ready to "pronounce a fitting obituary" over himself—and over Pound, Hardy, Yeats and others. Sixty-odd years later, behind this sibylline utterance we might detect not a grin but a grimace. Hovering round the intended irony is a new, darker and possibly unforeseen one: Eliot's influence is now felt most strongly not in the practice but in the *study* of literature, through his critical preferences and procedures—as someone has said, he created the taste whereby his own poetry was enjoyed. But as far as that poetry is concerned, it's possible that when he attempted in another context to rescue Ben Jonson from the condition of a "frozen, unread classic" he may have written the very words most appropriate to his own case, and that of the other "men of 1914", *circa* 1980. Prematurely buried under the growing mountain of exegesis and commentary, the dead modernist masters cry out to be read, and read with something other than merely professional interest.

William H. Pritchard, though a professional himself, has heard the call; his "response" (a favourite word with him) is recorded in nine *Lives of the Modern Poets*[1]—he has added Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, W. C. Williams, Hart Crane, and, of all people, Edwin Arlington Robinson to Eliot's pantheon of "aged, middle-aged and ageing" poets. Both of Eliot's remarks are to be found in Pritchard's chapter "T. S. Eliot: Superior Amusement", but he has not entirely avoided being ensnared by the web they string across the critic's path. Skating blithely over the risk of annihilation he runs by inviting comparison with an earlier *Lives*, Pritchard takes his lead from Eliot's comments on Dr Johnson and promises a return, as he sees it, to "the purely literary values" that have been lost to criticism through its adulteration by philosophy, aesthetics, ethics, and, in our own time, psychology and sociology.

What he performs is slightly different: it is prepared for by a passing swipe at critics of a structuralist/deconstructionist persuasion who would apparently remove from their analyses of "texts" all attempts at discrimination, and deny the "commonsense" assumption that, as Pritchard puts it, "a poem has an identifiable author whose life is not the same as the words he has arranged on the page, but whose life these words somehow draw interest from and succeed in illuminating." Running strictly counter to his authority—the Eliot who

[1] *Lives of the Modern Poets*. By WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD. Faber & Faber, £8.50.

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held that a writer's work might throw light on his life, but the reverse, never—Pritchard proceeds to adulterate his literary values with a glance at biography and much character-revealing anecdote in the service of showing how the poems are "replete with presence, with personality." True enough; though not, somehow, of the kind Pritchard is after.

Surely no "reading" (another favourite) of Thomas Hardy is helped by hearing flatly that "the domestic shadow which passed over Hardy's head was the death of his wife in late November of 1912"? In the event, though Pritchard rates very highly indeed—as almost all English poets and critics this century have done, and rightly so—Hardy's "Poems of 1912–13", his actual readings are marked by occasional insensitivity to verbal detail and emotional complexities. To admire without reservation "At Castle Boterel" is to ignore the tired phrasing—"Time's unflinching rigour", "old love's domain"—that mars the poem; and to say that these poems "originated as much in loving memory as in guilt and bad conscience" shows little understanding of how loving memory, guilt, and bad conscience, sharpened by an acute sense of loss, form one painful, descending spiral.

His touch is surer with the later poems: "We are struck by the predominance of this toneless voice somewhere from underwater or from beyond the grave, speaking to nobody in particular . . . with complete, assured and impartial authority." We are indeed.

WITH YEATS, Pritchard is bluff and straightforward in outlining "the dimensions of the Yeats problem": a distaste for and resistance to the feeling of inflexibility, of "attitudes fully 'struck'" and dramatic postures or posturings made "loud and clear" by a voice, in Eliot's phrase again, "extreme in egoism." In looking at the language, at Yeats's late, masterful and defiant idiom, Pritchard is concerned not to be fooled, not to be drawn in and overpowered by "the magnanimities of sound" the poet dispenses. He draws attention to Yeats's passionate syntax, but fails on more than one occasion to understand how it works—that packed, sinuous syntax drawn over tightly regular stanzas, spoiled anyway for Pritchard by the intrusion of the bardic tone, the traces of the vatic in the voice. Reasonably enough, he prefers to the mode of "heroic self-dramatisation" those poems which may be "eloquent and ambitious" (when was Yeats not eloquent and ambitious?) but which combine "large vocal 'enchantings' with a more unresolved and open questioning, with enlarging explorations of the possibilities in an event."

No one would deny him this preference; but he should be aware, and make others aware, that it rests on a relatively young set of prejudices, closely associated with the liberal-humanist outlook, an attitude to life and to what poetry is "about" which Yeats by no means subscribed to. Still, it is in this chapter that Pritchard manages to say the worst against his man that can be said—by himself and by others before him—and by putting a possible case against a style he also manages to convey the best.

HE IS HARD PUT TO IT to make a case for Edwin Arlington Robinson, who is interesting chiefly because Robert Frost thought him *the* American poet to take seriously. With Frost, Pritchard is more at home in every way, emphasising his moments of "elevation", his disturbing or liberating mysteries in the midst of caricaturally ordinary New Hampshire matter, and qualifying the poet's insistence on his own originality in investing so highly in syntax, "the sound of sense" which he wanted to catch, irregularities of accent and all, "across the regular beat of the metre."

Hardy, sometimes, and Edward Thomas were after something similar; Thomas certainly regarded syntax as a personal, subtle, "abstract" music. Frost, seeing the possibility of charging regular forms with this "abstract vitality of speech", also caught, uncannily, the actual tones and rhythms of a particular, localised speaking voice; but for all the playfulness detectable in those tones, Pritchard's rubric of "Elevated Play" and his admiration for Frost's "skill" are hardly appropriate—since for Frost these things were like drawing breath. Understatement and sarcasm are everywhere in the poetry as in the prose, but Frost knew that "humour is the most engaging form of cowardice"; if he called poetry all "performance and prowess and feats of associations", he also knew that "something has to be kept back for pressure. . . . We shall be judged finally by the delicacy of our feeling where to stop short."

In no other modern poet except Eliot does the weight of the unsaid press so heavily on us. Frost's reticence is often an expression of grief, solitude, sombre or joyful, an exuberantly black vision of endurance and despair—this is no more true for knowing that his life was a long series of familial tragedies and disasters.

Pritchard's readings often contain an element of wisdom and even of penetration, but there is generally too much knowingness about, too much superior amusement, for us to feel that his prescriptive "responses" are very much more than classroom compromises, formulated with some straining for urbanity. He is at his best with those poets—William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane—whom he finds problematical (and, I suspect, uncongenial) and therefore worries away at. (A step-by-step, searching and, finally, illuminating

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account of Crane's "epic" can be found in Helge Normann Nilsen's *Hart Crane's Divided Vision: An Analysis of "The Bridge"*.[2])

HE HAS SOME VALUABLE THINGS to say, too, about Wallace Stevens, with his damned hooobla-hoobla-hoobla-how; here he takes up the position on Stevens' style (which is, briefly, that it never compresses, always elaborates and repeats) and "nonsense" adumbrated by R. P. Blackmur—the latter developed brilliantly by Hugh Kenner in *A Homemade World*: "... a species of nonsense verse fit to accommodate the most persistent of his lifelong pleasures, the adolescent's delight in queer words ...." Pritchard adds an important qualification; that Stevens was also exercised by "a great humanist truth": "that we are the measure of all things, and that we know how to measure because we know we will die." Many of Stevens' longer poems canvas not a great humanist truth, but something as much like whimsy as his tink-and-tank-and-tunk-a-tunk-tunks, or his silly formulations, "Castratos of moon-mash", "the grinding ric-rac." And as the tercets generate more tercets, and yet more, the homemade quality seems less to do with inventiveness than with (as J. V. Cunningham put it), "a homemade machine for the endless production of poems."

Yet the *Collected Poems* is studded with jewels, with small, improbable masterpieces intimating a whole vision in "meanings said/By repetition of half-meanings." Helen Vendler, in *Part of Nature, Part of Us*,[3] locates this something-more-than-surface-attractiveness in Stevens' "sublime"—"the elegiac sublime of ruins" and the "celebratory sublime of inception." As this suggests, she often has recourse to a rhapsodic prose which, leaving us some way below them, elevates Stevens and herself to a clear region where they commune in a kind of rapturous oneness of spirit, a pure shared understanding. Her intelligence and genuine sensitivity to Stevens' tone only emerge in a handful of observations more simply put: many of his poems "spring from catastrophic disappointment, bitter solitude, or personal sadness." Yes; and, further, the disappointment and sadness are sexual, however obliquely expressed (with Stevens this means very obliquely): the pull, the undertow of the poetry is just this, its persuading us that it is, in its queer way, about to spring on us a truth of personal feeling—as Vendler says, "the truth of desire and the truth of the failure of desire."

THERE IS LITTLE POINT in chasing corroborating evidence in Stevens' marital life; his mode was one of extreme indirectness, and had he wanted or been able to do, or felt that it might have been more interesting to do otherwise than he did, he would have done so. What he did was to create a body of words which articulate time and time again this aching sense of failure and remoteness equally from what is "real" and what is desired (Vendler in one long section on Stevens makes his work seem almost a lifetime's rewriting of Keats's ode "To Autumn"), thereby achieving "a queer assertion of humanity", as "The Rock" has it. Desire and disappointment are not interchangeable terms for imagination and reality, Stevens' well-documented themes, any more than imagination and reality in the poems are simple "givens." The true measure of all things is the language itself, Stevens's poetry, his eloquence, his rhetoric, his nonsense.

Vendler is far too ready to level out all the poems somewhere near the empyrean; Pritchard would usefully distinguish the highest and finest style from what is "trivial", "arch", "an all-too-fancy fancifulness." He also accepts Stevens's rationalising of it all: "I try to draw a definite line between poetry and business." Maybe; but despite this deadpan diffidence the two depended closely on each other. Vendler, reflecting on the early life, stresses friendlessness in New York, the long solitary walks, and the influence of Stevens *père*, who apparently "spent the greater part of his life at the office" (as Stevens *fils* was to do) and passed on to the boy a few home truths and immutable economic laws. Out of this inherited work ethic grew the orderly routine, the total security afforded by the office, which was both the condition of the poetry and the price it exacted (though no one but Stevens could have known what the cost actually amounted to in human terms; he did not complain, but it would not have been the thing to complain, in Hartford). Free from any external stimulus but the most slender, and distracted only by those things he chose to be distracted by, Stevens went on imagining—Europe, Java, Ceylon, or an ordinary evening in New Haven.

From another point of view Stevens is the bourgeois poet *par excellence*; the connoisseur's delight in the foreign and exotic appropriates a postcard world and substitutes it for the philistinism and squalor of small-town life; the aesthetic *frisson* is fuelled by the collector's passion, and acquisitiveness towards the unexperienced becomes a principle of sensibility. But as the prose and letters reveal, Stevens believed he was doing something different—he even saw some kind of system behind it—and for the most

[2] *Hart Crane's Divided Vision: An Analysis of "The Bridge"*. By HELGE NORMANN NILSEN. Universitetsforlaget (distributed by Global Book Resources, 109 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3ND), £10.50.

[3] *Part of Nature, Part of Us: Modern American Poets*. By HELEN VENDLER. Harvard University Press, £9.00, $15.00.

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part the poems allow us to take it on trust that he was: in his lofty solitude, aligning words, as remote as they could have been from "speech", whose sounds delighted him; an activity which came to imply a way of looking at the world.

STEVENS, AS THE STORY GOES, was the poet who stayed put; Eliot and Pound the ones who got away. Harry Levin, in his *Memories of the Moderns*, prefers his modern poets to be figures on the Cambridge ground most familiar to him, and gives us relaxed reminiscences of Auden, Delmore Schwartz, F. O. Matthiessen and others at Harvard; if he himself can occupy a conspicuous position on the scene, so much the better.

His chapter on the private life—as revealed in the journal letters—of Matthiessen is genuinely touching; otherwise he is content to be informative and anecdotal, and is much better on his other prose writers: Hemingway, Joyce, Mann, Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson. Nevertheless, the opening chapter of this book of reprinted reviews and lectures touches on the conditions and progress of the two men's "escape", into Europe and its culture. "If Pound had stayed at home", Eliot muses, "... he might have become ... a professor of comparative literature." Just as Professor Levin has, in fact; and he provides a leisurely panorama of comparative lit. as he believes Eliot and Pound to have seen it, from a position of Olympian serenity.

Some familiar notions are rehearsed, such as Eliot's reflection that Pound's life showed "a kind of resistance against growing into any environment", and the contrast with Eliot himself, growing so successfully into his many environments that he became indistinguishable from them, the invisible poet of Hugh Kenner's celebrated phrase. Pound is rebuked for his "*bouquiniste* erudition", while Eliot, whose contributions were "far more systematic", proceeds with dignity towards the place reserved for him at the end of the line of outstanding poet-critics: Dryden (Jonson always seems to be missing), the other Johnson, Coleridge, Arnold ... and then Tom, great Tom. Both men get plus-strokes for their striving towards "an ultimate criterion" (Eliot would never have hoped so much for *The Criterion* itself), a broad European standard by which literature might be judged, "intellectual maturity and historical consciousness." All this may be so; yet how often the obscure impulse surfaces to shut the book and cry "It wasn't like that!" At no point do we sense anything of what the names which Levin drops willy-nilly might have *meant*, to either Eliot or Pound.

[4] *Memories of the Moderns*. By HARRY LEVIN. Faber & Faber, £7.95.

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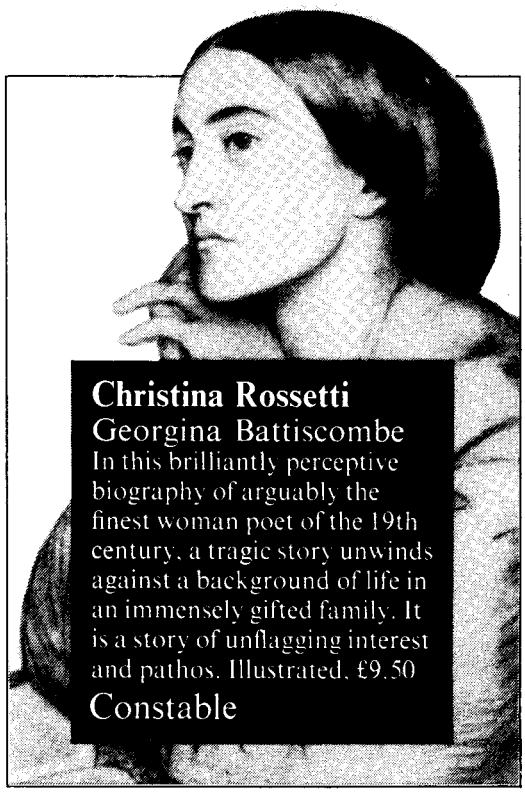
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More compelling, and in a sense far more appropriate, than this missed opportunity is an "Appendix", added by Levin "as an afterthought": a letter, written after Levin had read the manuscript of Matthiessen's *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*, "To F. O. Matthiessen (about T. S. Eliot)." It is a thoughtful and deeply-felt working out of the ways in which Eliot's work impinged on Levin in 1934; both a meditation and a statement of position, full of fighting words about the poetry (where Levin was as wrong as it's possible to be), the "background", and the critical writings. "Eliot's religion . . . is, in short, a literary conception": Eliot would have pointed out the confusion and misplaced emphasis, since, for him, everything "literary" implied a morality, "a criticism of life" (not to be confused with Leavis's), and a religious potentiality of some kind.

"Eliot's most ambitious literary creation is the world about which he writes"; again, in one sense this is true, since Eliot's, like Stevens's, is an inner world, his poetry the product of a ceaseless urge to introspection, and the most delicate witness imaginable *to* that urge. In the sense Levin intended, it is a suggestive but tricky half-truth, and Levin qualifies it thus: "Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he has created a kind of mirage by projecting his own private system on the world without . . . ." "The world without" cut very deeply into Eliot, but perhaps the world he inhabited most deeply of all was a world of phantasmagoria.

Levin, to be fair, is thinking of the prose, and one reply might be to invoke Walter Benjamin's comment on Kafka: that he who listens to tradition does not see. Difficult to grasp of Kafka, since he saw everything, very close up, in slow motion almost; but Eliot, who listened to tradition in a very intense and subtle way, perhaps did not "see"; nevertheless what he kept in front of his eyes, and wrote out of, was a vision that made him

> "one of the most subjective and daemonic poets who ever lived, the victim and helpless beneficiary of his own inexorable compulsions, obsessions."

This remark of Randall Jarrell's is quoted by Helen Vendler, who, as Levin does, examines the *Waste Land* manuscripts: she for the uniquely privileged glimpse they afford of Eliot at his most daemonic; he for the revelation of the crucial role played by Pound (the more startling for the way it modifies the "inevitability", the peculiar untouchable intimacy, of Eliot's work).

The poem's strange burden, as Vendler is quick to point out, is less the weariness or "disillusionment" of a generation than a profound personal anguish, its charge that of dark hintings at a sexual horror and repulsion. Yet it might easily not have been so at all, just as (what is more starkly apparent from what was cut) it might have been so with appalling violence. What began as raw and crude and infinitely defended finished by being none of these things. And on the other side of the blackness of what's seen or heard, the positive to the poem's negative, there is perceptible the unspoken content whose possibility is everywhere powerfully denied, the "love" or desire not in itself sexual, the feeling which Vendler hears also in Stevens, that "there is no diminution in desire; there is only a loss of belief in a possible object of desire."

Eliot's numbing statements in the Hamlet and Baudelaire essays about feelings in excess of their objects and the inadequacy of human relations to human desires are not pontifical judgments, but a gloss on his most disturbing poem (parts of which had been composed long before it took its present form); a very different version of the *Waste Land*'s fragmentary, dislocated speech for this most intimate and terrible of convictions, that there is nothing that is worth desiring. Again, it seems to me, a familiarity with the conditions under which the poem came to be written can neither prove nor disprove anything, or qualify the poem's acutely discomfiting effects.

IT IS THIS "DAEMONIC" ELIOT who is so conspicuously absent from the different orthodoxies which Levin and Pritchard present; equally, the Eliot of the early, remarkable essays, most of them produced, as Pritchard notes, as periodical journalism in a relatively short spell of intensely hard work—an Eliot haunted by the "throb" of a passage from Webster, Laforgue, Dante. And it is with Eliot that Pritchard's handling of his principal emphases—on "tone" and "voice"—is most uncertain, as his own shakily suave prose keeps us at the safest distance from the poems. The ironing out of idiosyncrasies into a smoothly accommodating poetic personality (not too far removed, I imagine, from the classroom persona of William H. Pritchard) is less marked with Pound, where it would be even less forgivable. But apart from a glance at "The Return" (which gets all its effects, surely, from a calculated vagueness and suggestiveness, not the "hardness" and "clarity" which Pound's Imagist manifesto was recommending), an over-ingenious reading of "Portrait d'une femme" and some cautiously admiring remarks about *Cathay* and *Mauberly*, Pritchard manages only a muted puzzlement, some exasperation with the *Cantos*, and much deferring to Davie and Kenner.

One critic not prepared to defer to these leading Poundians in the least is Alan Durant,[5]

[5] *Ezra Pound: Identity in Crisis*. By ALAN DURANT. Harvester Press (US, Barnes & Noble), £18.95.

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whose *Ezra Pound: Identity in Crisis* is offered as "A Fundamental Reassessment of the Poet and his Work", and proposes a reading of Pound based on the psychoanalytic theory of Jacques Lacan (itself based on a reading of Freud derived from readings of Jakobson's and Saussure's linguistic theory, based. . .). Such a reading, in Durant's view, refusing to apologise for or ignore altogether Pound's Fascism, shows how "political forms disclose a contribution made by specific constructions of language and subjectivity"; Durant argues that "Pound's adopted modes of writing bespeak a particular conception of language which *necessarily* spills into a set of cultural perspectives." If this is really the fundamental reassessment it claims to be, it is astonishing that it should only just have appeared.

Durant is beset by an occupational hazard of English-speaking Lacanians—the widespread adoption and translation into English of "technical" terms which, in French, somehow never present great problems of sound or weight, can sink an English sentence under its own ponderousness. Taking up this vocabulary wholesale, and attempting to reproduce the syntactical density of the master, but without his vitality or wit, can be fatal, or near-fatal: Durant's argument is, at moments, almost impenetrable. But he has, for all the intractability of Lacanian "insights" and the temptations of extreme gravity and pretentiousness to which they can give rise, some important things to say, and deserves to be heard.

LEVIN, MAKING THE inexplicable assertion that Pound was somehow closer than Eliot to "the immediate urgencies of poetry today", brings into this privileged proximity Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, Delmore Schwartz, and Sylvia Plath. All these poets except Schwartz, and Lowell (who has attracted his attention before), receive extended treatment in Jerome Mazzaro's *Postmodern American Poetry*.[6] It is not, of course, an alternative grouping to that proposed by Pritchard, Levin and Vendler, whose books all have the word "modern" in their titles (and whose range is determined in the first case by personal taste, in the second by invitations to lecture or contribute to this or that symposium, in the third by the vagaries of reviewing).

Only in Levin's case does the noun "moderns" imply a particular moment in the practice of poetry, an outlook, an aesthetic perhaps (and it is extended to novelists as well as poets). Pritchard's nine—or seven of them at least—are more usually

[6] *Postmodern American Poetry*. By JEROME MAZZARO. University of Illinois Press, $13.50, £8.00.

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known as modernists, and his "modern" has more to do with the accident of chronology than anything else. (All nine produced poetry during this century, predominantly its first half, and all are now dead; yet does the term "modern" mean anything when Eliot and Hardy are side by side under its umbrella?) Helen Vendler's modern American poets range from Stevens, Eliot, and the admirable Marianne Moore, about whom Vendler writes astutely and warmly, to Adrienne Rich, James Merrill, Frank O'Hara. On the way she looks at Auden's *City Without Walls*, so is broad in her understanding of both "American" and "modern." Whether modern means anything other than a quirk of birth or publication neither Pritchard (humane and empirical, or question-begging, depending on your point of view) nor Vendler (who leaves us with an impression of bewildering variety) is letting on.

Mazzaro, by contrast, has no doubt whatever about such things, and for him the post-modern school, to some extent defined by its difference from or "reaction" to the older generation, began with W. H. Auden—or Whoreden, as the sad figure of Conrad Aiken called him, professing liking and admiration but believing his influence to be "lethal." Levin in his "Letter" supplies a hint of that influence on the young literary intellectual (more than averagely literary, more than averagely intellectual) of 1934, and it is lamentable indeed:

> "Perhaps Auden's brilliant political satire, *The Dance of Death*, conveys some idea of the direction his influence is taking. By repudiating the art-for-art's-sake and Bohemianism of the previous generation, his criticism helped to reclaim the intellectual as a member of society, and, in a sense, to lead the next generation toward communism."

Mazzaro takes up with a vengeance the question of "influence", and his account of Auden, as of his other post-moderns, is a juggling of vast ideas and ideologies, so vague, in his description, that they could be mistaken for almost anything else—the systems of Marx, Freud, Darwin and Co., in Jarrell's phrase, for Auden; a simplistic understanding (by Mazzaro, but to some extent by Jarrell too) of Freud for Jarrell himself; Yeatsian "antithetical selves" for Berryman; the "failure of language"—no less!—for Roethke; "history" for Sylvia Plath; and so on (his grouping also includes David Ignatow and Elizabeth Bishop). The baggage of cultural-and-intellectual history grows heavier by the page, but the poetry is nowhere to be seen: it was, presumably, lost *en route*, or slipped out, after one or two cursory glances from Mazzaro, before it was crushed underfoot.

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NOT THAT MOST OF THESE POETS are incapable of withstanding a few hob-nail boots; indeed one of the few useful observations Mazzaro makes is to insist how "they have used, and not been used by words."

Auden and Jarrell, certainly, were deeply attracted to ideas—the more of them, and the less assimilable in any but the most bizarre personal "systems", the better—and sometimes felt the lure of expressing them in poetry by trying to align them with their perceptions of a public world. This surrender to ideas, rather than words, could not have been more unlike Eliot or Stevens, whose minds sometimes seem Jamesian in this respect—so fine no idea could violate them. Yet what is quirkier, more arresting than Auden's early work? And the heartbreaking quality of his "followers", Mazzaro's post-moderns, comes to us when, out of personal disturbances and neurosis, out of their closeness to the War and to the threat of being permanently silenced, there grows a style that is occasionally capable of going beyond relentless self-exposure or self-mythologising, beyond the "using" of words, to touch on a more compelling and painful reality, not itself public.

Some years ago Ian Hamilton made the point that if intimately personal revelations are what is

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needed to make a poet "confessional", then

> "either the term has only the most superficial usefulness or it is going to be difficult to find poets whom it does not describe. Is Eliot 'confessional', for instance, or Philip Larkin?"

In some sense they certainly are; but the American poets of the generation after Eliot and Auden give the term its most proper and poignant meaning in books of which it's still possible to say, without undue rhetorical exaggeration or aggrandisement, that they were fought for and hard-won—Lowell's *The Dolphin* and *Day by Day*, Jarrell's *The Woman at the Washington Zoo* and *The Lost World* (so similar to MacNeice's marvellous *The Burning Perch* in evoking an utterly natural voice found very late), some of Berryman's *Dream Songs*, the best pieces in *Ariel*.

Many of the names have now passed into myth, and what was seen by Ian Hamilton as "an impassioned exploration of whatever chances the imagination still has of making sense of a civilisation that is bent on self-destruction" now seems to put the emphasis in the wrong place: the self-destruction turned out to be the poets'. Perhaps the next generation, or the next, will condemn them for a too-close identification of poetry with public and private events, of inner with outer disintegration.

Yet they achieved at best a note that is genuinely new and memorable: a point made by Vendler in her long prose eulogy on Lowell, but difficult to find in Mazzaro. Not the chaos and failure of the human, the recognisably human, ground of their poetry, but the strenuously signposted territory in which they "stand for" something or other, exercises him. The failure of *his* language is apparent on every page, not least because it is incapable of talking about the poets' language—Pritchard begins to look like a very desirable alternative indeed. Heaven help the students who were first exposed to Mazzaro's confused and tortuous theorisings, who may, if they trouble to read some of the poets themselves, find more than they bargain for—more in Randall Jarrell than debts to Goethe, Kafka, Gröddeck and Grimm, more in Berryman than "an original variation on the Yeatsian mask." Jarrell's or Berryman's *own* comments on these figures, as on Corbière, Arnold, or whoever, we would not be without, and Mazzaro gives much space to them. But theirs, like Lowell's, like Elizabeth Bishop's, is a poetry which takes risks—some would say, too many risks—and few of their commentators have grasped that they must do something similar, or failing that, run the risk of irrelevance. Where Lowell & Co. are the injured parties, we have the right to be impatient.

Fantasy Variations

"Work is its own cure. You have to like it more than being loved."
ANNE STEVENSON

Of course, everyone lives for being loved
But you've got to believe that the work matters more
If you're really the kind of person who wants
This kind of work. That, I'm afraid, is the score.
There's no compromise. However hard you've loved
The work in the past, it always asks for more,
And, of course, the person who loves you never wants
To snuggle up with the work, like two pretty doves
Who, gazing in each other's eyes, want nothing more.
But, some might say, doesn't the work need love,
Isn't love its essential tool? And if you want
The truth, I suppose it's "Yes." But there's something more.
What the work needs most is your *wanting* to be loved
—Which is something else. (And really rather a bore.)
Work likes nothing so much as a burning want,
And the small, numb voice which says "But the work matters more."

Carol Rumens

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EAST & WEST

A Letter from Poland

Between Euphoria & Mortal Danger

By Tymoteusz Klempski

THE ATMOSPHERE in Poland . . . enthusiasm, uncertainty, discouragement, outbursts of resistance. The main topics of conversation take either a more abstract approach—will they tighten the screws, or won't they?—or a more concrete: will they invade? The Poles are an emotional people; they react violently, but are not noted for being especially consistent (though it's said nowadays that all previous national characteristics no longer apply!). It seems to me that our nation is at a turning point of one kind or another. The impetus of 1980 is still there, and the sense of a great burst of energy has not yet vanished; but it is quietening down, subsiding. Everything is fading, and a certain grey ordinariness (perhaps a grey extraordinariness) is developing. But the two things are essentially the same: in an ill-defined situation, we maintain a delicate equilibrium.

Last spring, a joke went the rounds: *Can things in Poland get any worse?* ANSWER: *No—if anything could get worse, it would already have done so.* . . .

My God, what bad prophets the joke-writers have turned out to be! That spring was by comparison a veritable consumer's paradise, marred only by the odd difficulty with meat and fats. At the moment, the look of the shops is almost amusing. You can still get packet soup, spaghetti, salt, and occasionally you see dried peas or vinegar. In many towns there is no cheese, and there are queues for butter whenever it is (as the phrase has it) "thrown into the shops." All sweets have disappeared, all jams. Some toiletry items have disappeared. Two recent notices in adjacent Warsaw shop-windows announced respectively: "NO MILOSZ" and "NO SHAMPOO."

It would seem that the Polish United Workers Party (PUWP), grasping at every straw, even at the cost of creating an absurd situation, settles the problem of pay increases on a "Want-some?-Well-here-you-are-then" basis. Here are what? Bits of paper which won't buy you anything anyway.

But I am digressing, attempting to describe the landscape after the battle—and the battle is by no means over. It has merely moved on from the phase of the spectacular cavalry charge to the war of entrenchment, the war of nerves. Everything here follows a logical pattern; what happens today is the consequence of what happened yesterday. But what happened yesterday obeyed no logic, or, if it did, it went beyond our wildest fantasies. I would go so far as to say that last June, even last July, no one in Poland (not even those at the centre of events) could have foreseen what was to happen in August and all the succeeding months. The unimaginable cannot be accepted—or not immediately. Polish society needs a little time to recover and—after getting away from the crushing greyness of the queues and the staggering daily revelations of a new chapter in "the history of Polish idiocies"—to understand what it has lived through.

JUDGING BY THE TONE of the Western press, there too, especially in the circles of the oh-so-learned, oh-so-morally-pure journalists of the European Left, no one knows what really happened. My guess is that if the Soviet Union now threw all its force into this "new Afghanistan" (in Europe, this time), out of the commotion, the diplomatic notes, the declarations and demonstrations would come one great sigh of relief from the whole world: "*Lordre règne à Varsovie*", at last.

The Poles' incomplete awareness of what has happened stems not only from the fact that things are greyer and greyer, and that "front-line" news tends to turn into a series of communiqués from headquarters. For some people too little has happened; for others too much. Suffice it to say that those who truly know the magnitude of what has taken place form a tiny minority.

How to sum it up? It can best be described as a total discrediting of the ideology and its related system. (Systems, rather, since yesterday's best friend, Pol Pot, is today's worst enemy; and it cannot be denied that this Asiatic mini-Stalin is precisely the consequence of Communist ideology in the specific historical/cultural circumstances.) Some will say that that ideology and our system (or systems) were discredited long ago. And over the last few years they have certainly been shaken by the witnesses of history—by all those who demonstrated to the world the immeasurable cruelty and terror that are inextricably bound up with a

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Marxist type of system, the current historical form of dictatorship which is by its very nature anti-democratic, and directed against the individual as a member of the community.

Thus, unfortunately, in political reality there are two ways of being discredited: one moral, which results in the elimination of terror; and the other the discrediting that goes with defeat and obvious breakdown. That is why the helpers and closest associates of one 20th-century European genocide appeared in the dock at Nuremberg, and the representatives of the second sat on the Judges' bench, while he let himself be idolised by the terrorised masses, and also by his allies from the democratic camp, who discreetly turned a blind eye to the essence of this second, victorious, totalitarianism.

THE EVENTS of the "Polish August" of 1980 discredited the system—not, it is true, in the sense of a total victory over evil, but by indicating a new direction, by completely disrobing the always very scantily dressed emperor who, though retaining the immense capital of political power, has made and continues to make mistakes. And, in politics, where there are mistakes there are always winners and losers. The mass action of the Baltic workers showed two things to the world. First, that it is not only crazy intellectuals or dissidents who are against the government. Second, that, in spite of the fragmentariness of the phenomenon (seen in terms of the whole Soviet bloc), the events were irreversible. Those who declare that after a period of spasmodic action things will simply return to the old rut are undoubtedly wrong. Nothing will be as it was. They can "tighten the screws", they can "move in"—both they and THEY—but things can never be the same again. On the Baltic coast, a chapter in the history of the Marxist system has ended. What will the next chapter be?

The mechanism of the Party which grasps, or attempts to grasp, the reins of power is mentally shattered, morally discredited, but still, because of our neighbouring "friends", very powerful. In this situation, the problem becomes first and foremost one of tactics. A paradoxical situation has been created. The people has shown its mass dissatisfaction with a totalitarian and incompetent government, and a majority of the people apparently agree that the PUWP must be supported, perhaps not as "the leading force of the people", but as an essential guarantee of the state in its present situation: encircled and aware of the indifference of uncertain allies.

We have been terribly alone with our problems. The course of events depends largely on us. We have to avoid the quicksand and at the same time glance sideways at the actions of the Party. A situation has arisen which is completely new in this part of the world, through the spontaneously formed body that represents society—and *Solidarity* is undoubtedly such a body.

UNTIL NOW, "the leading force of the people" governed as it wished and as it had the power to do—and we know how that was. Now it merely fulfils a mandate of geopolitical necessity. It must serve the Orwellian "proles" which it has so naïvely and insolently ignored. It is not because of "objective" difficulties (what on earth does that mean anyway?) that everything is tottering, and that some points of the Agreement—either deliberately or through incompetence—have not been implemented. It is because this despotic organisation of puny supermen cannot, does not wish to, does not know how to come to terms with the new situation.

The situation continues to develop as a result of unforeseen and unplanned changes within the PUWP. Up until now, if you strained your ears just a little, you could hear a constant scratching and gnawing in the monumental pyramid that culminated in the little White House.[1] Behind the wonderful façade of unity and unanimity (the only mechanism in the country which had no need of spare parts), a fierce struggle was waged between individuals and between factions for a higher position or at least to ensure that the snout stayed in the trough. Now all that has been exposed, and continues to be laid bare. Many citizens of this country suffer sleepless nights from fear of tomorrow, but it's probably especially the members of the PUWP who are insomniacs—in proportion to their position on the pyramid. A few years ago, as a result of both internal and external corruption, the PUWP began to realise that it had fewer places at the table where "surplus value" was greedily divided. It was then that the dissatisfied and unsated grew in number, since "appetite grows by eating." Now things are even worse. Tears come to one's eyes at the thought of the fallen angels for whom there is no longer a rung on the ladder.

This is no joke; it is a very real problem. The people are supposed to check the mechanism, and even push it along—for the mechanism exists not in order to be efficient but because it cannot be replaced, although it is cracking at the joints. The number of "fallen angels" grows, in other words a two-pronged Opposition grows: against any kind of "renewal", and against the present structure of the Party's personnel. Among these the greatest number are potential candidates waiting for "fraternal neighbourly help" so that they may return to their paradise lost. The Party, like it or not, has revealed and daily continues to reveal its true moral

[1] *"Bialy Domek"*—literally "little White House"—is a nickname given to the Party headquarters in Warsaw.

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face. Let us have no illusions: they will not be swayed by patriotic feelings or responsibility to society. Those who are truly dangerous are those we do not see—or at any rate not at meetings and "economic discussions."

GOING TO WORK, walking along the streets, standing in the queue, looking along the empty shelves, and watching more and more scandals on television, I sometimes wonder if it hasn't all been organised deliberately: this torpor, disorganisation, lack of supplies, this feeling of surrealist grotesqueness and absurdity. Certainly the weather was bad this year, so there may be less potatoes or fruit. But the year before the harvest wasn't too bad (that was just stupid government propaganda). Isn't anything left over from last year's reserves? It is true that within the ranks of the Party and in the previous ruling cadre (cadres, rather) there were fewer and fewer qualified people, and the degree of incompetence at the top rose almost as steeply as the fictional production statistics. But now it seems as if someone is deliberately trying to sow the conviction of absurdity all around us—and no way out. I hope I am wrong. But of one thing I am sure: in our country there is no lack of those who would like life to be in all respects more and more difficult, grimmer and grimmer.

AND HERE, as I see it, lies *Solidarity*'s main role. (In talking about the new unions I am of course thinking only of *Solidarity*; the rump unions had an obvious and inglorious role, as nobody in their senses can possibly doubt.) *Solidarity* must not simply fight against the dinosaurs of the system, but must also repair it, even in a sense protect it. For, after years of being implicitly discredited, and now a year after being openly discredited, there was no great difficulty in toppling this house of cards.

In articles, broadcasts, and discussions, two phrases are repeated with extraordinary frequency: "the building of trust" and "social contract." These phrases are just waffle, but in their way rather necessary in certain circumstances. Let us try to sort out what is really being talked about. It *is* possible to build up trust in "the leading force", yes—but not in the ways that the Kanias and other smaller fry mean; or rather, not in the way they dream of. Third time lucky, the saying goes. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but once was enough for me. And for society those three times would be enough for ever. No, comrades, there will never again be trust (if there ever was any). Gomulka and Gierek have exhausted not only foreign credits but their moral credit too. We propose something quite different. The credit of trust for work well executed—responsible, difficult, but excluding every kind of double-dealing. There's no trust that you will lead us into the bright, radiant future: all there can be is trust that you will carry out well those tasks which we, your employers—the Poles—give you to do. And if you fail? Just as your predecessors failed, from Boleslaw Bierut onwards? Then you will be forced to go, just as they did: into political oblivion and historical disgrace.

And now, "the social contract." Jean-Jacques Rousseau did not envisage it as a group of more or less unscrupulous persons who take over the government, and when this government "doesn't work" retain their prerogatives—which they had gained by sheer fluke—by making a few insignificant concessions to the governed. There can be no social contract when one side is not really a side at all, or is at best self-styled. And yet the genuine representatives of society sign some kind of agreement with that "side", and thus grant a bargaining partnership.

Let us allow this much for a moment: the bargaining and agreements are, at their best, a social conspiracy. For our society, in spite of what its leaders believed (they were not so much incompetent as naïve), has a highly developed sense of self-defence and an instinct for security, built up during centuries of constant threat. The "social conspiracy" is not what was signed in Gdansk, Szczecin and Jastrzebie, but is what I have been speaking of: retaining "the leading force of the people" as a temporary guarantee of external security. All other agreements are merely individual clauses which affect the facts of ordinary daily life up until today. Because tomorrow, comrades, of the PUWP, you will have to sign more commitments. What will they be? That's not up to you. And don't count on any further credit.

THIS SOCIAL CONSPIRACY has external manifestations—various documents which confirm, by detailed decisions, the Party's subordination to the people; and these must be jealously guarded. One must also understand the specific function of colloquial language and of certain semiotic conventions which operate in the official language. A single example will suffice, as common in the mass media today as were its predecessors: "*democratisation*." It is an excellent formula. It indicates, on the one hand, what society wants in its own actions with regard to the Party, and, on the other, the gradual loosening of the bonds which have tied it up till now.

But why, then, is there no talk of "*democracy*"? After all, not so long ago nonsense formulae like "socialist democracy" were in common use. The simple fact is that no longer can anyone be taken in

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by the possibility of democracy and Marxist-style socialism co-existing. "Socialist democracy"—precisely because of that superfluous extra label—meant what it said: eliminating the maximum possible number of the institutions, functions, and elements of life which together make up the concept of democracy. And that is why today we talk of "democratisation", in other words the partial recovery of certain spheres of social action which "socialist democracy" had taken from us—that socialist democracy which grew (for Marxism has never worried about paradoxes or non-sequiturs) out of the dictatorship of the proletariat (read: a group usurping to itself the right to represent the People).

Democratisation is one fragment of the social contract: in conditions of external threat, society agrees to the party playing "the leading role" but subjects it to a most careful control. As a consolation (and at the same time a warning), "democratisation" is talked about, combining fire with water. In such an ambiguous—and perhaps even cynical—situation, but in accordance with the morality of success, we need to consider certain facts about the situation. There are many such facts. I have quite deliberately concentrated only on a few, and it is necessary to present even these in a very abbreviated form.

THE ROLE OF THE POLITICAL OPPOSITION. In my opinion, in this legally unclear, semi-official situation the political opposition should continue to resist, guaranteed by the tacit agreement of the pacified authorities. And so too should "unofficial" publications continue to appear, since just as so-called Marxist socialism cannot be democratised, so there is no way to democratise its instrument, Censorship. Arguments about "new statutes" for that distinguished institution will continue for a long time to come, but will not bring the anticipated results, for as long as the Party exists, then so will censorship, the anti-democratic weapon of the authorities. The strikes at the Ursus works (and the arrest of Narozniak and Sapela for circulating state prosecutors' secret documents) are clear proof of this.

No statute which reaffirms any kind of political control can guarantee a sufficiently broad margin of freedom of information. For how can "secrecy" protect this freedom—a secrecy which undertakes on behalf of society actions which are directed against society? The whole business has the bitter taste of a Polish-style Watergate—and how opportune here is the timing of the film *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* which is at present showing in our cinemas! This film, which was licensed by the authorities as showing the repulsive nature of the USA, is transformed into a distorting mirror of our own reality: the White House is our "little White House", and along its corridors run, with tense faces, the American Bafias and Czubinskis.

THE POLITICAL OPPOSITION should not officially unite with *Solidarity*, since this would harm *Solidarity*. I understand all those who cry hungrily for "action." (It is terrible but true that that natural activistic breed multiplies unnaturally in such conditions as ours!) However, we must show a little restraint in order to see the background of reality through our as yet incompletely satisfied dreams and appetites. But in this situation the opposition continues to be absolutely essential, and should not miss the opportunity for taking semi-official action under the legitimate umbrella of social support. To abandon its semi-official nature and undertake any kind of merger with *Solidarity* is both unnecessary and very dangerous—for both sides. Within the framework of a social contract, *Solidarity* should be apolitical. At the same time, political activity in the practical and ideological spheres is essential for the re-education of society. A new, creative ideology, suited to the times that are coming, should replace what has up to now ruled supreme—a decrepit and reactionary Marxist ideology. There are no immutable and universal ideologies; any ideology which is obviously falsifiable ossifies and dies.

Similarly, I believe that the *Sejm* should not take on the appearance of a democratic institution. Under our present system, it can never be that. It can merely fulfil the role of a kind of auxiliary apparatus to the work of the government and have a limited controlling function. The *Sejm*, which consists largely of Party comrades, cannot hold the PUWP in check, nor will NIK [the Chief Controlling Board] ever do so. There are certain limitations to these controlling functions, and they can even be useful, as long as they are understood as merely a part of the whole.

There has always been a danger that, because of its name and our national tradition, the *Sejm*

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(oddly enough, our television news-readers have recently started calling it "Parliament") is predestined to play some essential role. That is untrue; it cannot do so. The *Sejm*—appointed, through fictional elections, by the PUWP—is even more corrupt and discredited than its patron. No attempt should be made to reform it in the direction of an apparent democracy, for it will only become an impediment to the execution of social control, which is already in the proper hands: those of the genuine representatives of society, the unions. It may be completely unrealistic, but I would like the *Sejm* to be called, not "Parliament", but simply the Chief Council; it would thus simply be at the head of the Provincial National Councils, which are similarly unchangeable.

I KNOW THERE IS a handful of honest, intelligent, and necessary people in the *Sejm*. I was extraordinarily moved by one or two recent speeches. But until we have free and democratic elections (I don't know when that will happen, and I suspect nobody else does either), we cannot place any confidence in representatives who have been thrust upon us. What is more, we should not let the fiction be created that an organ dominated by *apparatchiks* is a body that represents society. Let those Reiffs, Zablockis and Ozdowskis play out their little roles; but that is not, and cannot be, the representative body of the Poles.

IN THE GREAT national contest where—for the moment—the People are winning against the Party by umpteen goals to nil, one absolutely essential problem is tending to disappear from view: the peasant farmers. Let me call them agriculturalists—for I would not like to separate the millions of "small-farm capitalists" (as the leader of the Soviet Trade Unions described them) from the few hundred thousand PGR (State Farm) workers and the foresters. The refusal to register the Farmers' Independent Trade Union passed at first without much comment, but the government was later forced to reverse that decision. A great deal is written about farming and all its disasters, its paralysis, and so on. The gloomy reality of the economic mistakes of the Ideologists, on the one hand, and the immense incompetence of the Bureaucrats, on the other, have meant that Poland—for so many centuries the granary of Europe—now has to import grain from all over. They even take a kind of delight in this: just look how we've managed to finish off our own true natural treasure—the patient, productive Polish soil!

Amidst this fuss, this intoxication with disaster and official "economic concern", the essential problem is that of drawing the village socially into a single homogeneous Polish movement. For the village, in the majority of cases, sits as it were on the sidelines of events. It criticises—it has always liked to criticise and complain, although, as I see it, farmers are one of the most privileged social strata. But politically they lag a long way behind the workers. The workers have become mature owners of their country; the peasant farmers remain, above all, owners of their own patch of land. And in this respect the Trade Union boss, Kruczek, that puppet of the Soviet Union, was really right, though his diagnosis is, unfortunately, very much to the advantage of the "People's Democracies." Capitalists are indeed very happy to support communism, if they can count on relative peace and the possibility of making some money out of it.

WE HAVE WITNESSED a considerable mobilisation of the farmers' United Popular Party (ZSL), that inglorious appendage of the PUWP. Suddenly its representatives were splashed all over the media, suddenly the pre-war peasant leader, Witos, was remembered, suddenly the popular movement from before the First and Second World Wars was recalled, and only at the last were contemporary peasants (read: individual farmers) mentioned. The hubbub was designed to distract attention from the essential problem of rationalising and modernising our agriculture, which lags so far behind the average in developed countries. It tried to divert attention from the question of forming a genuinely popular rural movement. But the attempt proved a failure: *Rural Solidarity* has been officially recognised and Gucwa, the head of the puppet ZSL, has resigned.

For decades, the Communists have tried to neutralise the peasants and forcibly reduce their involvement in society. That has had piecemeal results, and has brought about the sociological phenomenon of the "worker-peasant", but it has not altered the fact that it is people from the villages who form the majority of the population. They have had one success: small rural social groups have been penetrated by *apparatchiks* of varying calibre. The peasants—or at any rate peasants from different parts of the country—do not form a socially and politically coherent body. They are, I am afraid, the stratum in which the process of social corruption has sunk deepest.

THE COMMUNIST LEADERSHIP has made many mistakes; we pay the price for most of those mistakes, for some they pay themselves. Thus, one of the Party's greatest errors has been its paranoid fear of the peasant. They believed that "the peasants are powerful, and that's that!" Because of this they completely failed to notice the moment

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when the proletariat matured—inasmuch as a proletariat exists, since the distinctions between manual and white-collar workers are becoming vaguer and vaguer. But the legacy with which society now has to come to terms includes the remaining peasant "silent minority." And here the PUWP has had a certain measure of success, so the problem must be faced immediately.

AS FOR THE PROBLEM OF the Proletariat and the Intelligentsia. I am convinced that the evolutionary process that is taking place in our society (perhaps in all societies) is heading towards eradication of the hard-and-fast barriers which reflect various degrees of education. Rather, within the intelligentsia there is a division between the proletarian intelligentsia and the intellectuals (among the latter I include specialists, professors of physics, chemistry, medicine, highly-qualified engineers, and not just "university philosophers"). This is right and proper, as regards the integration of the "proletarian" with the intellectual. But for the intellectuals, the problem is a little more difficult. By the very nature of things, they must play a leading role; it is for them to show the way and mould opinion.

In order to fulfil that role, however, two qualifications are essential: they must have, on the one hand, a kind of panoramic view, and on the other, high ethical standards. Judging by what one hears and sees in the press, on radio, and on television, the moral level leaves much to be desired. Among the suddenly "activised" intellectual élite there is an extraordinary number of people who are simply cunning rogues. Circumlocutions are standard practice, and they strenuously avoid plain language. Usually any bold statement is immediately wrapped up in the waffle of some safely ambiguous sentence.

Worst of all is their lack of even a hint of humility. To be able to inspire, or to co-govern, it is not pride that is essential, but the acquisition of humility. And that includes responsibility for the immense burden they have taken on themselves.

HERE I WOULD LIKE to comment on the intellectual processes which accompany great social changes. In our country's immeasurable economic catastrophe, the one thing of which we can continue to be truly proud is the high intellectual standard of that cultural élite, even if a part of it has allowed itself to become corrupt. For intellectuals, after a while, become like the erstwhile aristocracy. Always the easiest to buy, they still give a general indication of those great potentialities which have made it possible for our society to produce in the space of a single generation a Pope, a Nobel Prize-winner, and several dozen scientists and writers of world stature. I greatly respect the workings of the holy spirit, but I would make so bold as to say that the phenomenon called John Paul II is the result of an accumulation of certain specifically Polish cultural and intellectual tendencies.

It seems to me that a very important task faces this élite: fashioning the conceptions of a new socio-political *Weltanschauung*—a new ideology, if you will.

Criticism is necessary, but recently it has not gone hand in hand with creativity to the extent that it should. In any case, criticism should be left to the journalists and economists, and to the failed managers: they need to be seen to be rehabilitating themselves. Those who do not need rehabilitation and have been gifted by nature with a strong intellect should open the gates of the future.

POLISH SOCIETY was supposed to be held together by the ideology of Marxism-Leninism. That was pure wishful thinking. What holds it together today is undoubtedly Catholicism. It has been a force (occasionally a fatal force) in our history, and continues to be so today. But Catholicism did not remain unchanged through the centuries. Catholicism was, is, and will be what the society that embraces it was, is, and will be. I am

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thinking here of Polish Catholicism (and I know that in the West the Catholicism of the Polish peasants is sometimes spoken of with a slight sneer). I do not intend to delve into this complex problem; indeed, I am not qualified to do so. But I accept that Catholicism is moulded by specific historical conditions, and that the newly-developing national and social consciousness of Poland will create its own special kind of Catholicism.

What interests me, as regards both the present and the future, is the predicament of those who lead that Catholicism in Poland. Possibly I have anti-institutional tendencies, but recently I have been worried by the attitude of the Church and its institutional way of thought. It is one thing to call for "*a return to work*" and "*the maintenance of order*" in the name of security for a country and a people. What is not acceptable is acting against social initiatives on the basis that "the final settling of affairs with the government should be left to *us*.... We are experienced in such matters...." The Party, with its back to the wall, is prepared to make any concessions—even to hang a Crucifix next to the Hammer-and-Sickle so that Kania and Ozdowski, the Communist and the Catholic, may feel comfortable as they sit side by side. But is that really the point?

Permission to build any number of new churches, the further relaxation of censorship and teaching, and the concession of broadcasting Sunday mass on the radio—all these are, of course, great advances, and the last is a very important gain indeed. But earth is at stake as well as heaven—"our native soil", about which John Paul II spoke so movingly in his address at Nowy Targ.

The Church cannot and should not make any arrangements on behalf of society. It is not called upon to do so. Its consolation and its initiatives should, however, extend to the field of social ethics. There is a Christian "social science", but it should not stop with Leo XIII. On the other hand, we must not equate Polishness with Catholicism. Catholicism should set itself a limited programme—and not hang back (as the Party did) until the limits are set by society.

HERE WE REACH an equally crucial problem—that of social morality. A few years ago I wrote about the threat posed to society by venality and corruption, that dangerous weapon of weak and despotic rulers. Here great possibilities exist for the activities of the clergy. But that cannot absolve us—neither *Solidarity* nor the intellectual élite—from our own serious obligations.

HITHERTO, as sociologists have documented, our society has been divided into "Us" and "Them." This split occurs in any state where the leadership is not elected but is imposed from above. When such a state calls itself socialist and in fact possesses three-quarters of the national wealth, the "Us/Them" split begins to work in a distorting, even diseased, manner. All sense of property is obliterated, and all responsibility and initiative disappear. Ethical anarchy fills the resulting void. "They" have to give you a flat and a job ("whether you work or loaf, you still get two thousand zlotys", as the saying has it). "They" are supposed to assure the supply of raw materials and the market. But "They" are also the other side, and so you do your work any old way and steal "Their" property whenever possible.

A very black joke appeared during the strikes: *What's the difference between working and being on strike?* ANSWER: *When you're on strike you don't drink.*

IT'S SAID THAT Soviet immigrants to Israel cause immense problems for the local population. They are simply not adapted to any life other than the one they have lived hitherto, in other words a state-directed life which excludes any individual initiative. We Poles can be proud of some things. The immense maturity and the sense of responsibility for collective order (for which the preliminary exam was the Pope's visit, and last August represented the arduous finals) should not, must not, blind us to the sickness within the organism. A diseased doctrine is difficult to treat. Soviet society appears to be incurably ill—but only apparently so, since societies possess extraordinary regenerative strength, even, or perhaps especially, when the tesserae in the mosaic are composed of many nationalities. Our own social order has been least affected by the disease, and it was for that reason that what had to happen somewhere, some time, in the People's Democracies, occurred specifically here—in Poland.

That does not mean we displayed no symptoms. Drunkenness and deliberately bad, careless work; theft; neglect of everything that is not privately owned, ("my" property); lack of personal responsibility or any sense of shared responsibility for every kind of misdemeanour; institutional thinking and the categorisations of Party doctrine (you don't need to be a member of the PUWP to react in that very characteristic way). I could add many additional symptoms, but it is not my purpose to compile an index of the contemporary Pole's own sins to add to the list compiled by Party governments, in their inverted euphoria, over the last 30 years.

What I do want to suggest is that any renewal of the structure of the state must go hand-in-hand with the renewal of society itself. The Church has an important role to play here: on the ethical level,

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in intensified teaching of basic moral principles, and in the propagation of Christian social doctrines. To be sure, priests will always retain something of their penchant for theorising (as when they teach about the Family and Motherhood). But, above all, society must be responsible for its own re-education; and that duty falls in the first instance upon *Solidarity*. (People may even need to be taught socialist—but not Marxist—ways of thinking!)

THE CHARACTER OF the Them-and-Us relationship has changed. Before, "They" were the owners of the People's Republic of Poland; now we are reprivatising that common property. Before, "they" dictated to us, and reaped the harvest they deserved—an appalling regression, not only as regards the dearth of products on the market, but on a world scale. We lag behind almost all countries which operate a commonsense economy. But now we are beginning to dictate to "Them" the conditions on which they may govern us. Gradually, the proportions are becoming more equal, though there are some difficulties, some resistance, and some evident touches of sabotage. The state is ceasing to be a dominant, self-contained entity, and is being transformed into a mechanism that serves society.

Side-by-side with this change must go social re-education, the building of sensible attitudes, a realistic ideology, and above all a basic school of social ethics. The boundaries between private and social property take on a different meaning once the "This-is-mine/This-is-the-State's" division ceases to function. Instead, the consciousness of community begins to be important, as expressed in the notion of "mine" and "ours."

The hurly-burly of late 1980 and early 1981 will no doubt continue for a long time to come (assuming that our "friends" allow us to disentangle our—and this time it really *is* our—affairs independently). During this period we must be especially sensitive to the gains that we have made: they must not be squandered. As I have said, the time for credit in advance has passed—"NO CREDIT", as the signs in pre-War restaurants and little grocer's shops used to announce. There can be talk only of mutual loyalty, of the fulfilment of obligations, of creative participation in saving a country that is involved in an unprecedented crisis. *Our* country, comrades! Society, for its part will guarantee you loyalty for loyalty—but nothing in advance.

At the same time, society itself must undergo an enormously difficult, but essentially very satisfying cure. It must liberate itself from the moral and mental corruption with which it has been afflicted.

August 1980 has become an especially important page in the history of our country, and will be written into the history of the world. I trust that it will rank with the baptism of Poland and the coronation of Boleslaw the Bold; with the first unification of Poland after it had been broken up into different regions following the battle of Grunwald; with the Union of Lublin; with the series of rebellions and the achievement of national independence.

I have consciously omitted one date which we have tended to honour overmuch: the Third of May. On that date we honoured an 18th-century constitutional declaration which was in fact never implemented but became a nail in the coffin of our independence. May our children and grandchildren come to honour the day of the Gdansk, Szczecin and Jastrzebie agreements as one on which the will of the people to control its own national life reached a culmination—and not as a date on which a mere mass of obligations was formulated. It should mark not the signing of commendable and fruitless documents, but the day on which a whole people began to renew itself, and set out on a new path.

Only Eyes

The sudden coincidence. An hour
torn out of time makes an appointment
with another hour. Years
leafed through like a book
read again and again.
An old address
and a telephone number. Eyes
which have seen only eyes

David Rokeah

Translated from the Hebrew
by Ruth and Matthew Mead

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Reports from France

To the Left of Mitterrand

Red Faces

By Jean-François Revel

WHAT CHANGES have occurred in the political attitudes of French intellectuals during the "Giscard years" now at an end? And in particular what has been happening among the intellectuals of the non-communist Left, probably the most numerous section of the French intelligentsia?

The intervention of intellectuals in our political life is legitimised by the assumption that their quota of lucidity is greater than the average man's; but surely experience has shown that intellectuals are distinguished mainly by the argumentative power they can bring to bear in favour of their personal preferences, rather than by the correctness of those preferences. The motivation for declaring political allegiances—and for breaking them—seems much the same both for the intellectual and for those who are not professional dealers in ideas. But the professional intellectual can support his convictions with a battery of words and formulations which are quite beyond the reach of the non-specialist; and for that reason he will act as a "guide", not so much towards reaching the original choice, but in providing an adequate rationale.

Hence comes the paradox that the guide is really a follower too, because very few intellectuals can bring themselves to do without a public of one kind or another. Before they will deign to take note of certain hard facts, and before drawing the appropriate conclusions, there seem to be times when intellectuals must wait for the public verdict to be pronounced in order to decide on the case they are to plead.

That is just what has been happening with the French intellectuals of the non-communist Left. Before the rupture of the *Union de la Gauche* in September 1977 and its setback in March 1978, all their efforts tended to demonstrate the irresistible progress of Communism along the path of democracy, in the unitary logic which was to remarry "*les deux familles divorcées du socialisme*" into a single whole. After the fiasco of March 1978 there was a proliferation of books and articles which, instead, denounced the totalitarian character and logic of communism and proclaimed the urgency of separating genuine socialism from its communist degeneracy. Among others, Maurice Duverger, political columnist and leader writer for *Le Monde*; Alain Touraine, sociologist and commentator for *Le Matin*; and André Gorz, philosopher and economic reporter for the *Nouvel Observateur* (pen-name: Michel Bosquet), published books in which they could find no words too hard to describe the dead-end foundering of socialism. "*Le socialisme est mort*", Touraine wrote.

> "Socialism is dead. The parties which claim allegiance to socialism have become defensive political coalitions, and, increasingly, agents of State power. . . . Socialism has become a kind of shop-talk for intellectuals, for those who refuse to take account of the facts."
>
> (*L'Après-socialisme*, Grasset, 1980)

In *Adieux au prolétariat* (Galilée, 1980), André Gorz too denounces the *étatisme* which is the eventual destination of a socialism which he sees as congenitally allergic to democratic pluralism. Duverger even condemns workers' control, the supreme hope of anti-collectivist socialists, arguing that it is doomed to subside "into either dictatorship or anarchy"

(*Les Orangers du lac Balaton*, Seuil, 1980)

WHAT REALLY NEEDS SAYING about these analyses, other than noting their lack of originality, is that they could all have been made before the crisis of March 1978. Yet at that time their authors were still advising people to vote for, to vote with, the Communists between the two stages of the electoral consultation from which the Left was soon to emerge defeated. Furthermore, these indications of a changing awareness look rather flimsy, and liable to dissolve into thin air in the light of any new prospect of an agreement with the Communist Party which, on past experience, would also be decided by the party.

Have the intellectuals of the non Communist Left learned the lessons of the failure of "real socialism"

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in the world, and the chronic recurrence of the totalitarian mentality in French Communism? Or is their timid self-criticism nothing more than a temporary leaning towards democracy after a painful disappointment? Has this revision really released them from the old familiar stereotypes, or are they on the point of succumbing—especially now that François Mitterrand is elected—to another surge of doctrinaire opportunism? And yet it is in this very event of the Socialist candidate's victory in the presidential election that the political thinking of the Left will need not so much a new façade, more a thorough restoration.

The Great Brain Drain

By Branko Lazitch

SOMETHING UNPRECEDENTED and ominous has happened to the French Communist Party: it no longer has any of the great names in literature, the arts, and science among its membership or among its sympathisers.

Ever since its birth in 1920 the Party's prestige has been bolstered by the presence of famous names in the battle of ideas: Anatole France, Henri Barbusse, Georges Duhamel and Jules Romains sat on the editorial board of the review *Clarté*. Even when "the" Party was politically weak and tactically sectarian, as it was between 1927 and 1933, it remained important on the intellectual level. In 1927 the leading lights of Surrealism, André Breton, Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard, became members. 1932 and 1933 saw the appearance on the political scene of those two celebrated "fellow-travellers" (or as we call them, *Compagnons de route*), André Gide and André Malraux.

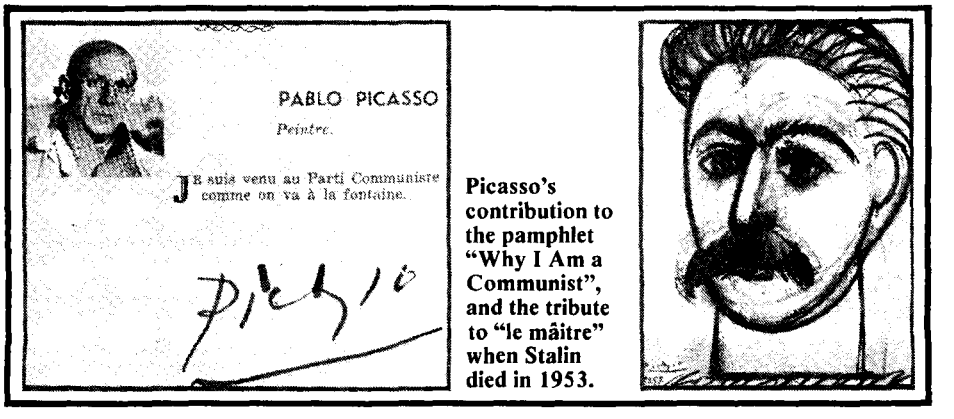
The Party's prestige grew even greater after the electoral victory of the Popular Front. In September 1936 the Party was proud to acknowledge among its members or fellow-travellers Gide, Romain Rolland, Malraux, Aragon, Fernand Léger, Jean Lurçat, Paul Langevin, Jean Perrin, Henri Wallon, Julien Benda, Le Corbusier, Jean Renoir. . . .

The Wartime *Libération* of 1944–45 marked the Party's apogee. In one of the first non-clandestine issues of *L'Humanité*, Marcel Cachin announced a "*Bienvenue à Joliot-Curie*" and proudly declared: "Communism has been embraced by more than one professor at the Collège de France and other establishments of higher education. . . ." There was equal success in the world of the arts, with Picasso the greatest star. "I came to the Communist Party", he said, "as a man goes to the spring (*je suis venu au Parti Communiste comme on va à la fontaine*). . . .

UNDER STALIN, and even after his death in 1953, Marxism-Leninism was probably the dominant ideology of the French intellectual class. The leading non-Communist intellectuals defined their own views in relation to the problems posed by communism.

André Breton had begun to criticise Louis Aragon and "socialist realism" at the start of the 1930s, and he went on doing so. Twenty years later he wrote his sharp "On Socialist Realism as a Means of Moral Extermination." The Sartre-Camus split took place in 1952. Sartre and Merleau-Ponty fell out on the question of what attitude should be adopted towards Marxism-Leninism and Communist *praxis* in 1953. The titles of two books symbolise this ascendancy of Marxism: *Adventures of the Dialectic* by Merleau-Ponty (1955), and in particular *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, by Raymond Aron (1956).

Marxist doctrine and its principal shareholder, the Communist Party, were at the centre of a host of intellectual debates: the battle of "socialist realism" in literature and painting; the Lysenko



Picasso's contribution to the pamphlet "Why I Am a Communist", and the tribute to "le maître" when Stalin died in 1953.

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affair in science; the various quarrels between Marxism-Leninism and Existentialism (and then with Structuralism) being the most notable.

That period is over and done with. The party is left with no more than a single "big name", Aragon. There is no longer any running debate of ideas between intellectuals loyal to the Party and the rest of the French intelligentsia. It is not even worth referring to a dialogue of the deaf any more. There are no longer any real exchanges at all. The Party's book bazaar, "*La Vente du Livre*", and the no less famous "*Semaine de la pensée marxiste*" have vanished. In the realm of cultural creativity, the Party has become, not marginalised but truly volatilised. It has become for France what its ruling "brother parties" already were for Eastern Europe: the great cultural steriliser. All it has left is a set of exhausted rituals.

In February 1980 Georges Marchais assembled a "National Council on Intellectuals and Culture" and proclaimed "a new offensive to bring over the intellectuals." A year later nearly forty well-known intellectuals (from Hélène Parmelin to Guy Konopnicki) have either left the Party of their own accord or been expelled for criticising the official line.

Marchais recently published a list of 1,200 "intellectuals" who support his candidacy, but practically all the great names of yesteryear have gone. To add insult to injury, even some personalities in the world of popular entertainment have gone over to the camp of François Mitterrand, with Michel Piccoli, Catherine Sauvage, Gérard Depardieu and Claude Chabrol.

Once again a "*virage à droite*", one more "right turn", with all its attendant deviations, heresies, betrayals, and the like. But this time Marchais and *L'Humanité* have evidently decided to keep good and quiet about it all.

A True Son of the Party

By Olivier Todd

AFTER THE *oeuvres complètes* of Maurice Thorez in 23 volumes and 6 volumes from Waldeck Rochet, we now have a third book attributed to Comrade Marchais. The secretary-general of the *Parti Communiste Française* (*PCF*) has apparently managed, in spite of his political preoccupation with the *Tour de France*, the Moscow Olympic Games, and the anniversary of *Humanité*, to produce these two hundred pages. What vitality!

It is not for us to ask how he found time, or how he managed without ghost-writers (not particularly talented *nègres*, at that). It is an unwritten but evidently immutable law of Communism, and its democratic centralism, that on being elevated to the secretariat of the Party, one automatically becomes a major political author. Georges Marchais was elected in 1972, and then at the age of 53 seems to have been seized by a frenzied desire to write. Not unlike Cervantes, in fact.

L'Espoir au présent (*Editions sociales*, 1980) is Marchais as the Party sees him: a sturdy spirit untouched by ideas or imagination. It provides yet further proof, if any were needed, of the intellectual poverty of French Communism. A non-book on behalf of a counter-society which is slowly disappearing, it is evidence of the extent to which the *PCF* has become a quaint sub-group of an institutionalised lie. It discloses how much contempt its officials, its *nomenklatura*, have for their audience, chiefly for the workers to whom they are appealing, and whom they assume to be politically illiterate.

In the *tradition thorézienne*, Marchais starts by simply rewriting contemporary history. An event like the Ribbentrop/Molotov German-Soviet pact is simply not mentioned, and he ends by justifying the invasion of Afghanistan. His credo is a hymn, if a rather flat one, to the glory of the USSR, composed by the disorderly accumulation of massive counter-truths.

Is police censorship, as is said, a constant factor in all Communist régimes? "The Polish, Hungarian or Soviet press is more democratic than the French, American or German press. . . ." Are material shortages endemic under all these régimes? "The Soviet Union produces more grain than it consumes. . . ." All issues and problems are reduced to this technique.

MARCHAIS was, of course, a prominent candidate in the recent Presidential election, but he nowhere outlined any basic strategy for his Party. There was no longer any question of an alliance with the French Socialist Party (*PS*) through some kind of summit agreement. Marchais is clearly not calculating on a parliamentary road to power. Is he, then, counting on some "Finlandisation" of the West or perhaps, on the pressure one fine day of Soviet tanks?

In his previous book, only once did he refer to the *PCF* as a "*parti révolutionnaire*." But now, quality being replaced by quantity, in a 15-page chapter ("*Oui, la révolution*") Marchais declares that "that the final struggle, *la lutte finale*, mentioned in the *Internationale* has commenced." Unintentional candour from the spokesman of the

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Kremlin who (given the new balance of European forces) does not need to conceal himself behind the writer.

Neither does the man himself. Marchais' psychological make-up, with the help of a few personal touches ("Georges' how about an anecdote here?") comes through in all its density. With him the class struggle becomes class hatred. He looks at French tourists in Africa and attacks their "flowered shirts." (Is his own sartorial taste, then, so perfect?) In the tone of someone who is "not of that class" he refers to "those people (*ces gens là*)" like an old-time colonialist talking of the natives. In Marchais there is also a special hostility for "Neuilly." (What traumatic experience could the young Georges have had there?) But in the end, standing alone in front of his mirror, jutting out his square jaw, Marchais knows that he is completely a product of the Party schools. Which explains his almost touching insistence on the fact that he has done a bit of travelling abroad. Or that some idea "is dear to my heart", or that he sees some particular problem pressing forward for attention, for as he confesses: "I follow developments in science and technology with passionate interest. . . ." Like Stalin, Marchais can pronounce his authoritative view on everything—cancer, ecology, drugs, Europe. After the little Red Book of Mao Zedong and the Theses of Kim Il Sung, we are fast approaching the thoughts of Marchais, which are after all those of the *PCF* in 1981; and the "I" which crops up frequently at the beginning of the book, becomes towards the end a very collective "we."

IN A SENSE, content and form are here perfectly harmonised. The paucity of style, imposed or accepted by Marchais, corresponds to the poverty of what is expressed with an accumulation of slogans, clichés, of "squeezed lemons." He may be willing to concede "battles lost" . . . "but, if I may be so bold, not the war."

I AM NOT SURPRISED at the mobilisation of the *PCF* behind this *chef d'oeuvre*, nor at the

The Influence of Intellectuals in France

INTELLECTUALS, *writers, scholars, artists et al. adopt public attitudes on the big political questions. Which of the following two opinions do you agree with more?*

■ **The role of intellectuals is to be creative in their own field, there is no reason for them to publicise their views on political problems any more than other citizens 34%**

■ **Since the role of intellectuals is to think and be creative in their own field, it is natural for them to make known their views on political problems ... 54%**

■ **No opinion 12%**

■ *Intellectuals are:*
more left-wing than right .. 26%
more right-wing than left 9%
neither 44%
no opinion 21%

THIS POLL *was conducted by the Institut Louis Harris-France, between 12 and 16 January 1981, on a representative sample of the French population aged 18 years and over.*

If intellectuals whom you very much respect come out for a particular candidate, what influence will their stand exert on your electoral intention?

Very considerable ..... 1% } **12%**
Quite considerable..... 11%
Not very considerable ..... 21% } **82%**
Not at all considerable 61%
No opinion 6%

In your judgment of artists or writers, do their political attitudes matter:

A lot..... 5% **Not at all..... 70%**
A little ..... 19% **No opinion 6%**

Newspapers sometimes contain statements or petitions signed by French intellectuals and personalities. Do you tend to read these texts?

Yes . . . 41% **No . . . 56%** **No opinion . . . 3%**

Would you say that in the last twenty or thirty years intellectuals have generally been right or have been mistaken in their judgment on the great events of our time?

Generally right 24%
Generally wrong..... 22%
No opinion 54%

L'EXPRESS *(Paris)*

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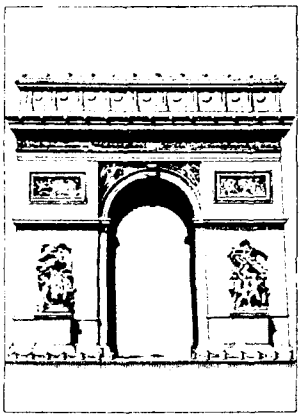
marketing of the masterpiece by the Communist press. *L'Humanité*, with its well-known East European connections, sees in it "the Carpathian mountains of thought" and a "Danube of ideology." More sober reviewers in the French press have done no more than stress its general importance. What is rather more puzzling is that the media have been so meekly accommodating in the face of such obvious mediocrity. Only fringe papers have been saying what they think. *Le Quotidien de Paris* holds Marchais to be a "paranoiac." *Libération* advises throwing away this "feeble tract." But *Le Matin*, firmly rooted in the establishment of the Left, has devoted more than four pages and seven reviews to it over three days. The secretary-general of the *PCF* is obviously receiving extremely privileged treatment; and no doubt François Mitterand's book, due out any day now, will get the same. *Le Monde* is polite but refrains from pouncing on Marchais' more outrageous remarks. Do the critical spirits of *Le Monde* really believe that anodyne quotations are enough? On French radio and television the existence of the book is mentioned but not examined. Most curious, this preferential treatment. Politicians and political analysts were filled with attentive respect when Marchais' *Democratie française* came out four years ago (written on quite another level, even if it didn't quite blow any minds); now they are frozen in constrained silence by *L'Espoir au present*.

Why? Because Marchais symbolises an institution, the *PCF*—and institutions must respect one another, should stand by each other? Because Marchais is part of the continuing political spectacle—and who wants to close the show as a whole by slamming the vapid emptiness of one act? Or could it be that commentators are afraid of Marchais, as a rabbit freezes when facing a boa constrictor?

France remains fascinated by the stolid brutality of *fascisme rouge*.

The End of the Soviet Mirage

By Alain Besançon



FAILURE to understand the Soviet régime is the principal cause of its successes. The régime is aware of that ignorance, and deliberately fosters it. For the French non-communist Left, Lenin's plans were always felt to be *bon dans son principe*, "good in principle." Certainly there were false starts, mistakes, and distortions, but all that could surely have been corrected. In the meantime the socialists went on defending the good old "Worker's State" and "noble experiment." The intellectual centre of the accommodation is dominated by a projection of the French Revolution on to the 20th-century history of Russia; and here they have been waiting for "*Thermidor*" for some 60 years. To the Right stands the block of opinion represented between the two World Wars by the doctrine expressed in Jacques Bainville's book, *La Russie et la barrière de l'Est*. It contains the whole of the Gaullist/Quai d'Orsay doctrine of foreign affairs—Communism does not exist; there is only "eternal Mother Russia", hidden behind a terminology which can be readily ignored; it is possible to get together with the Russians so as to keep "*les Germains*" at a safe distance and mortify the "Anglo-Saxons."

The French Establishment's marked astigmatism towards the USSR had set in some time before 1939. It was the people on the political fringe who had the clearer view—some syndicalists in the labour movement (like Legay or Yvon), a handful of former communists like Victor Serge or Boris Souvarine, and a few unclassifiables like Pierre Harbart. I take it to be a general rule that in any one country at any one time there are rarely more than a dozen minds capable of understanding the Soviet phenomenon and of translating what they know into politically usable terms.

After 1945 everything ran in favour of the pro-Soviet line—the general ignorance; the kind of disgust with the contemporary world which inclines towards a Soviet alternative imagined as being pure, disinterested, warm-hearted and popular; the memory of the Wartime alliances with the Red Army; and, finally, anti-Americanism. The taboo on being "anti-Soviet" prevented a return to reality. It was *permis* not to like the USSR, but out of the

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question to say so in public, and in order to speak no evil it was advisable to be minimally informed on the subject.

Pro-Sovietism reflected the hierarchy of intellectual France. At the bottom, school textbooks derived from academic works often written by communists (Pierre George, Jean Bruhat). At the top, prestigious intellectuals like Frédéric and Irène Joliot-Curie, Jean-Paul Sartre, Georges Friedmann *et al.* stopped investigation and discouraged curiosity. In the middle, a host of books by senior diplomats, respectful journalists, distinguished economists and fashionable philosophers were the vehicles of a complacent conformism. In order to get back to reality it would have been necessary to rely exclusively on the evidence of marginal figures: the despised Victor Kravchenko; ex-inmates of the camps (Margolin, Weissberg, Ciliga); unacknowledged experts (Branko Lazitch); maverick thinkers (Jules Monnerot, Albert Camus, Raymond Aron); confidential periodicals (*Est-Ouest*): and various pre-condemned Americans. Intellectuals could not be expected to venture upon a conversion so hazardous for their respectability.

Khrushchev's Twentieth Congress report thoroughly authenticated this evidence; but it was not believed, for all that, and it remained dormant and ineffective against the inertia and conditioned reflexes of French ideological opinion. Because the celebrated Khrushchev speech accompanied the introduction of a thaw, a relaxation, a "*détente*", it was generally agreed that the shocking speech only described a dead and buried past. To recall unpleasant memories, they said, could only hinder the USSR's progress along the paths of "*convergence*" and "*libéralisation.*"

—"History": A Textbook Case—

TAKE the random example of the widely-used fourth-year secondary-school textbook published by Hatier. The account of the Russian Revolution and its consequences faithfully echoes the conventions of Soviet historiography. Two pages in praise of Lenin, with no reservations (pp. 74–5). Collectivisation "ran into strenuous resistance from the middle or affluent peasantry (the kulaks), which was broken by force" (p. 73). That is all there is to say about one of the genocidal tragedies of this century. (No doubt the children conclude that some kind of a kulak demo was rather violently broken up by the Soviet riot police. . . .)

The Hitler-Stalin Russo-German pact is presented as a purely defensive measure (p. 129). Soviet aggression against Poland and the Baltic states is not mentioned at all. We simply learn (p. 143) that after the Second World War the USSR regained "the territories lost in the aftermath of the Revolution." A fair restitution, presumably.

Obviously the moving force in the Cold War came from the United States (p. 147). There is a perfect symmetry between the two power blocks: "the OEEC has its counterpart in the CMEA or COMECON; the Marshall Plan corresponds with the Cominform [sic!]". "Stalinist" excesses in the Communist world correspond with the McCarthy "witch-hunt" among the Americans (p. 147).

It is implied that it was the Americans who ("in the name of the anti-communist crusade") started the Korean War (pp. 147, 150). It is also the Americans (p. 149)—who "allowed the Hungarian uprising to be bloodily put down" (but by whom?). . . .

A.B.

HOW IMPORTANT was 1968?

In my view, it saw the appearance of an anti-Soviet, anti-Communist Left; but at the same time the "Leninist model" refracted by Mao, Castro and Che Guevara reached the zenith of its intellectual success, with the result that any number of *gauchistes* were drawn into the ranks of the CP.

Then suddenly everything changed. France is, after all *un pays littéraire*, a literary nation: the Soviet dissident writers brought their own irresistible eloquence into the service of the facts already known. Andrey Amalrik was published in Paris in 1970. No response. Nadezhda Mandelstam made herself heard in 1972; and a few echoes sounded. Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* trilogy arrived in 1974, and the dykes were breached. The Zinoviev meteor fell in 1978, and now the breaches could not be closed. In their wake came Grossman, Bukovsky, Shalamov, Kuznetsov, Heller. . . . They would not have caused so great an upheaval if the ground had not been already prepared. And France, it must be said, had a remarkable body of Slavonic scholars who brought true distinction to the task of translating the new Russian literature. The weekly press embarked on a patient process of public re-education. Even in the most stubbornly anti-American and anti-liberal newspapers, the Moscow correspondents who, after all, lived their lives there, *understood.*

IN THE Spring of 1981, I can report the situation as follows. Books and the press have been liberated. Two sectors remain captive.

The first is the sector controlled by the French Communist Party. Love for the Soviet Union is engraved on the heart of each French communist. It is not so much a "foreign nationalism" as a

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vicarious nationalism. Through his identification with the USSR the French Communist becomes part of a great power, a great empire, and the dream of a new world order. The Party vigilantly superintends the educational system which is why, with a few exceptions, our school textbooks offer a view of the Soviet Union which is broadly in tune with the Communist view.

The second is "the political class." As recently as April 1975 François Mitterrand signed in Moscow a communiqué proclaiming

> "the progress achieved by the USSR along the path of socialism, in line with the plans and conceptions of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. . . ."

The Gaullist dream of the "alliance of opposites" (*alliance de revers*) has not faded. Many graduates of the *École Nationale d'Administration* (who learned about the USSR at the *Institut d'Études Politiques*) have some fellow-feeling for the Soviet "*planificateur*" or administrator, whom they envisage in their own image. The public pressures which are brought to bear in order to maintain their attitude of political restraint towards the USSR feed back into their own private vision, which is thereby reaffirmed because it justifies that restraint. If, for example, it is politically awkward to designate the Soviet Union other than by the vague euphemism of "*super-puissance*", or in terms of "*la politique des blocs*", it will be easier to convince oneself that the USSR is just another such superpower, and that the notion of "great-power politics" implies a symmetry between the USSR and the USA.

I believe there will be in the future three signs to show us whether our leaders have shaken off the great illusion. The first is abandoning the convention of dissociating the USSR from the international communist movement. We shall see whether they stop behaving as if relations between states were supreme, and as if the actions of the Soviet state were not backed by the operations of the international communist movement. The second sign would be regaining control of their own vocabulary and beginning to call a spade a spade—in other words ceasing to behave as if the Soviet régime was just as honourable, legitimate, and full of goodwill as any other. The third sign will consist of our official French media becoming capable of giving information about the USSR which is not in conflict with what is available from the independent press and from books—which would mean that government-controlled media (radio, TV, etc.) stopped acting as if Solzhenitsyn or Zinoviev had never existed.

These three signs will demonstrate more than the end of an illusion in France; much better than that, they will announce the beginning of courage.

Found in a theatre programme which may have once belonged to Walter Sickert

I shall paint you—
But must write this here, now,
Before it goes—
Beside your picture—how

Lit by the flesh of you—
That hand
Tapering to its fingers—love
Quickens, gathers, and

In the hung
Lantern of your dress
Blazes. It shouts
Yes! Yes!

And is mine—
It is all I have heard—
Just that one red syllable's
Consummate word.

John Mole

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LETTERS

Englishisms

M. J. LASKY in his "Perception of Words" [ENCOUNTER, February–March] refers to Paul Johnson's article on current Americanese which also fascinated me, but left me wondering why such an experienced writer of English highlights as Americanisms a number of words which are not American at all, but English through and through.

"Hegemony" is English even though it originated from Greek and "fomentation", although possibly from Old French, is middle English, having meant in a figurative sense "encouragement: instigation" for over three centuries.

In the quoted extract "*We're gonna see more fomentation of hegemony in Africa*" the only Americanism is "gonna", although the speaker might have said what he meant in simpler English. Quoting "*supportive*" Mr Johnson says it "is already much used in Britain." It should be; it has been an English word for nearly 400 years although the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary declares its use rare.

Among the words which he believes are misused in American journalism he includes "*snotty*" and "*fleering*." Neither of these is an Americanism and I disagree that they are incorrectly used in the extracts he quotes.

In modern English usage "*snotty*" is dialect or slang meaning "curt; angry", but Mr Johnson's alternative "*snooty*" is also slang and is a relatively new word—dating from 1919 according to the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary and meaning "superciliously contemptuous"—not quite the same as "snotty." "*Fleering*" would appear to come from a middle English verb "fleer" (probably of Scandinavian origin) meaning "to grin or smile contemptuously"—a good definition, in my opinion, of "sneer."

Whatever some may think the Americans are obviously still speaking English even though some of it may be dialect or slang. They also appear to be reviving certain English words which have long ago fallen into disuse. Perhaps we should be grateful to them for that!

DEREK I. HARTWELL

Mansfield, Notts.

Love? Respect?

IN YOUR February-March issue Lord Hailsham enlarges upon a quotation from Cicero translated by John Buchan as:

> "We have a natural propensity to love our fellow men, and that after all is the foundation of all law."

Lord Hailsham later quotes the Latin original "*natura propensi sumus at diligendos homines quod fundamentum juris est.*"

Now I do not underestimate the scholarship of their Lordships. Yet it seems to me that a possible error in translation has influenced the view taken by the Lord Chancellor of this quotation.

The Vulgata has translated the Greek word *agapao* into the Latin *diligo*, and indeed the Greek word has been translated into the equivalent of love in all translations into present languages. Yet the word *diligo* in Cicero's time had rather the meaning of "respect" than "love", respect being an attitude completely familiar to a Roman lawyer, while love as an emotional approach seems to have been rather alien to the Romans.

It would appear to me that all the conclusions drawn by Lord Hailsham from this quotation were indeed to gain in substance if the word *love* were replaced by the word *respect* wherever it is used.

As your very same issue contains a valuable contribution by yourself about the misuse of Greek and Latin words elsewhere, it would seem essential to insist altogether on correct translations of words as used by the originator in his time. The Vulgata was translated some four hundred years after Cicero, an interval akin to the period between Shakespeare and the present.

It is respect for our fellow men that is needed today, in the sense envisaged by Cicero in his writings, respect rather than love, as love for our 4,000 million fellow men makes no sense.

I somehow feel sure that the Lord Chancellor, for whom I have great respect, would concur.

R. J. JORDAN

Johannesburg

DR R. J. JORDAN should widen his reading in classical Latin.

The etymological meaning of "*diligo*" is strictly "to pick out for favourable consideration." But already by the time of Plautus it had acquired emotional overtones. Thus *Amphitryo* 1, 3, 11. "*Satin habes si feminarum nulla est quam aeque* **diligam**." Respect? Ha! ha! But the point is how Cicero used it. Observe *de Amicitia*, 8, 28. "*Nihil est virtute* **amabilius** *nihil quod magis alliciat ad* **diligendum**", or, in the same work, 27, 100, "**Amare** *autem nihil aliud est nisi eum ipse* **diligere** *quem* **ames**." It is admittedly cooler than *amare*. Cf. Letter to Brutus 1, 1. "*Clodius valde me* **diligit** *vel ut* ἐμφατικώτερον (I hope you have Greek type available) *dicam valde me* **amat**!" Incidentally, even if he invokes St Jerome, Dr Jordan will discover that in the Vulgate, the Beloved Son is *Filius Dilectus*!

Dear Dr Jordan, *please* do not try to teach your grandmother to suck eggs.

HAILSHAM

House of Lords
Westminster

Propaganda & Secrecy

THE PUZZLE of why Jews remained in Germany during the 1930s is a recurring theme in ENCOUNTER. I think that the political atmosphere is often forgotten, and the following illuminating story might usefully go on the record.

In the autumn of 1936, a Jewish German friend took the opportunity of passport relaxations for an international football match to visit England; and he spent the first evening with me. Herr Radok was then about 50, an intelligent and cultivated man, a successful factory manager in Koenigsberg, East Prussia, and an avowed

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extreme conservative in politics. In 1930, when I lived in Koenigsberg, his house had been a cultural centre. Now, he told me, he invited no one to his house, not wishing to harm his friends by association. But, he insisted, if this was for the good of Germany, which he accepted, he was willing to suffer. We argued over this all evening without any concession from his point of view.

He spent a week in Manchester on business and spent the last evening with me. "Michael, you are right!" was the first thing he said to me. Always, before 1933, he had been abroad every year and had seen Germany from the outside. Now, after a week in England, he realised that his enclosed life in Germany meant that he knew nothing of what was happening in his own country. (This view was borne out by Elizabeth Wiskemann, the historian journalist, who wrote after living in Germany at that time that the propaganda was so powerful and all pervasive that even she, had she been German, might have succumbed to it.)

Radok was slow to move. He was very German; his wife was a "Baltic blonde", and three of his four children were passing as "Aryans." He was eventually arrested but released on the intervention of Goering following a recommendation of General Blomberg, who had held the command in East Prussia. Radok and his family survived, not only the Nazis, but also the ill-fated *Arandora Star*, and settled successfully, though very regretfully, in Australia.

May I add a correction on the same subject? Bruno Bettelheim wrote in ENCOUNTER ["The Holocaust", December 1978], and based a theory on it, that the gassing of Jews started in desperation after Stalingrad. Hoess's evidence at Nuremberg made it clear that it was already active in two Nazi camps in 1941. It is also interesting that he ascribed the very exceptional secrecy of the operations to fears that the German Army might hear of it.

MICHAEL GORDON

Cullompton
Devon

Revelation

A WONDERFUL *letter from the Rev. Eric Mathieson, described as Chaplain to the National Theatre, has appeared in "The Guardian." It is about the attacks on Mr Howard Brenton's play "The Romans in Britain." Assuming that it is not meant as a tasteless joke, I give an extract.*

"I too found these attacks disturbing. Perhaps they do represent an unwillingness to face the agonising moral points that the play is trying to make—about the evil in man, about the self-destructive force of all violence. Whether or not Howard Brenton's artistic intentions are successfully realised, this play must surely be the most *moral* to be seen in London at the moment . . ."

What is so strange about this clergyman is that he seems to believe Mr Brenton has personally discovered the evil in Man for the first time, and that those who adversely criticise his play do so because they cannot bring themselves to face this new, astounding, unacceptable revelation.

What does this clergyman suppose his own religion is about? Isn't it part of his own ancient, sacerdotal duty to make people face the evil in man, without need of recourse to the works of a trend-bound, secular, politicised Leftist playwright?

AS I SAY, Mr Mathieson's letter may be a joke. Or for all I know, he may in fact be the Rev. Peter Nordwestdeutscher, domestic chaplain to Dr Spaceley-Trellis, the go-ahead Bishop of Bevindon [see: Michael Wharton, "Dr Spaceley-Trellis", ENCOUNTER, September 1976], who has already put out feelers for a special Christmas production of "The Romans in Britain" in Bevindon Cathedral.

Peter Simple
in THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Murder No Killing?

THE AMAZING Humpty-Dumpty letter ["Evil Killing 'No Murder' ", February-March] from Désirée Hirst is a staggering example of the same abuse of language which the lady pretends to condemn.

No definition of murder, except her own, limits the act to a "peaceable community." She seems herself unable to decide what is a civil war and what is a revolt.

Her characterisation of the IRA as a "political movement" suggests that she would be more at home in the "Free Wales Army" than in the English Department of a Welsh University. There were groups to which the IRA can be compared: for instance, the *SA* which operated in Germany before the Nazis became the "legal" government of that country; or cognate groups which prepared the way for the Fascists in Italy.

The openly-stated aim of the Provisional IRA is to destroy the present government of *Ireland*, and to dominate that country—exactly as did the Fascists and Nazis in Italy and Germany. One of the main sources of moral support and encouragement for the Provisionals is the well-intentioned, compassionate, and intellectually sloppy academic who is willing to swallow their propaganda whole and untested.

The confusion which riddles Ms Hirst's letter evokes a weary recognition that intelligent people who really ought to know better often mangle words, distort ethics, make a nonsense of politics, and slaughter ordinary common sense: and so contribute to the butchery of human beings.

HERB GREER

London

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A Complex Case

THE KREISKY CASE may well be familiar to your readers now, after Robert Wistrich's sharp and clinical dissection of our Chancellor's vagaries (ENCOUNTER, May 1979 and May 1980). But Austria may still be one of those far-away countries about which so little is known, and the impression may remain that all of us here go along with our official excesses. Far from it! Wistrich did well to invoke Marx, and we here in Vienna cannot help but invoke Freud. Marx, after all, pioneered the tradition of "Jewish anti-Semitism" in the socialist movement, and Freud has added an explanation or two about "self-hatred" in identity-crises.

But first let me mention that, whatever dissent there may be in the Austrian Social Democracy—and the European Left has often been the stalwart defender of persecuted Jews and their right to a homeland in Israel—the official Christian opposition has strongly rejected Kreisky's foreign policy, marked by such outlandish hostility to Zionism and such uncritical support for Yasir Arafat's PLO. Dr Alois Mock, the leader of the *ÖVP*, said the other day, following Kreisky's move to recognise the PLO in official diplomatic terms:

> "... Kreisky has broken a legitimate international norm. He has given recognition to a representative of a people without a government, without a state. As a result Austria has become a maverick, and its friends and partners hardly know what to expect next. Who knows?—perhaps his next move is to invite the leaders of the Eritrean Liberation Front to Vienna? ... In any event, the accreditation of a PLO Ambassador is an unprecedented act of one-sidedness, and constitutes a dangerous burden for our Austrian Neutrality...."

As for the Jews themselves, worth mentioning is the emotional reaction of Simon Wiesenthal, world-famous as the "Nazi hunter" and captor of Eichmann.

> "... People have often spoken loosely about *'jüdische Selbst-hass'* (Jewish self-hatred). But it does exist! Bruno Kreisky is an example. He hates my people, because it is also his....
>
> "Jewish intellectuals in European liberal and socialist politics were once of different style and substance—think of Leon Blum or Pierre Mendès-France, or even Henry Kissinger. With Kreisky the manner has become a cold and horrifying arrogance. Small wonder that in the ten years of his Chancellorship there have been so few trials of former Nazis and *SS*-officers on charges of war crimes. Of the eight that took place, six ended with acquittal.... And if one dares to accuse him of anti-Semitism, he comes back at you: Are you mad? 21 of my own family were gassed in Auschwitz...."

It is not a simple case, and I am glad that ENCOUNTER has tried to explore it in all its complexity. In any case Bruno Kreisky is a remarkable, unusual, powerful European figure. But as the Editor of the *Wiener Kurier*, Gerd Leitgeb, put it the other day: "He is endangering his place and reputation in history...." Or has he already decided that history is on the other side, the side of the violent ones, the terrorists of Palestine, the kidnappers of Bogota (whom he has just defended as "moderate people ... a liberal group"), the ruthless ones who are everywhere intimidating a weak-willed civilised world into accepting barbarians as liberators....?

ALOIS BARTL

Vienna

Skidelsky's '30s

IT WOULD BE GOOD to know whether your eminent Arthur Koestler in any way accepts Robert Skidelsky's simplistic analysis and wholesale rejection of "certain convenient myths of the 1930s" (June 1980).

As we know, Koestler went full circle in body and soul through those agonising years and has recorded them

Note to Readers

IT will come as no news to our loyal and regular readers that we have been able to continue a (more or less) uninterrupted schedule of publication. Despite the shocking prospect of an immediate closure last winter, we have been producing regular issues and, we trust, of wonted intellectual quality.

A number of generous friends, organisations, and foundations responded to our desperate Appeal and came quickly to our support; and although our financial difficulties, especially in the "long term" (a year, two), are by no means over, we feel more confident now that fate need not be a philistine enemy.

We are especially grateful to a number of faithful supporters in London and New York for using the telephone as a golden instrument to rally necessary financial assistance and help us meet the destabilising inflationary costs of our paper, printing, and postage. On behalf of our poets, critics, and short-story writers, we also express our appreciation for the helpful grants we have received from the Arts Council of Great Britain during the past five years. We have had to make a number of severe economies: in our small staff (alas); and the like. We are still searching the horizon for the coming of an Enlightened Publisher who will resist the vain temptation to pour his millions into gigantic newspaper projects and, on the principle of small being beautiful, valiantly take on an enterprising "little magazine."

MEANWHILE, may we remind all our readers that they can do few nobler editorial deeds than renewing their subscription now, taking out an additional subscription for a friend or relative, or donating one to the local library or reading room? It is the kind of act of commerce that protects ENCOUNTER, and broadens minds.

M.J.L.

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graphically in fact and fiction. Some, like him, first turned to Marxism but had the wit and courage to recognise the God that failed. Others, like myself, sought out Utopias in Pan-Europa, the League of Nations, in Clarence Streit's "Union Now" and Aldous Huxley's "Peace Pledge Union", all entirely in vain. A misguided generation certainly, in retrospect—but primarily confused, disoriented and uprooted by the slaughter and the political, social and economic consequences, in Europe, of the First World War which overshadowed us all.

JOHN WEINER

Oving, Bucks

AUTHORS

John W. A. Roberts is an Ulster-born writer who has had stories published in *The Guardian* and broadcast on BBC Radio 4.

Nathan Glazer is Professor of Education and Social Structure at Harvard University and co-editor of *The Public Interest*. His articles in ENCOUNTER include "The Universalisation of Ethnicity" (February 1975), "Black Progress in America" (December 1969), and "America's Race Paradox" (October 1968). He is co-author (with David Riesman) of *The Lonely Crowd* and *Faces in the Crowd* (1950, 1952), and (with Patrick Moynihan) of *Beyond the Melting Pot* (n.e., M.I.T. Press, 1970). His study of *Affirmative Discrimination* appeared in 1976.

Claire Sterling writes for *The Reporter, Atlantic Monthly*, and *Reader's Digest*. Her article on "Italian Terrorists" is included in her new book, *The Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism*, published in Britain by Weidenfeld & Nicolson and in the US by Holt, Rinehart.

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph*.

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

Sir John Barnes is a son of the former Bishop of Birmingham whose biography, *Ahead of His Age*, he published in 1979 (Collins). He spent 30 years in the Diplomatic Service, being Ambassador to Israel from 1969–72 and to the Netherlands from 1972–77. "Now", he writes, "I do odd jobs in the City of London, the County of Sussex, and the Church of England." His article is based on new material in the Foreign Office archives.

Jan Morris's latest books are *The Venetian Empire* (Faber) and a collection of travel pieces, *Destinations* (Oxford University Press).

Dame Helen Gardner is Emeritus Professor of English Literature at the University of Oxford. Among her publications are *The Art of T. S. Eliot* (Faber, 1949), *A Reading of Paradise Lost* (Oxford University Press, 1965), *Religion and Literature* (Faber, 1971), and *The Composition of Four Quartets* (Faber, 1978). She has also edited *The Divine Poems of John Donne* (second edition, Oxford University Press, 1978), *The Metaphysical Poets* (Penguin, 1957), and *The New Oxford Book of English Verse* (Oxford University Press, 1978).

Gay Clifford is a Lecturer in English Literature at University College, University of London, and author of *The Transformations of Allegory* (Routledge, 1974).

J. I. M. Stewart is an Emeritus Student of Christ Church, University of Oxford, and was Reader in English Literature there from 1969–1973. He gave the annual Shakespeare Lecture at the British Academy in 1971. His most recent novel is *Full Term* (Gollancz, 1978).

Bernard Bergonzi is Professor of English at the University of Warwick. Among his recent publications are *Reading the Thirties* (Macmillan Press), *The Situation of the Novel* (Macmillan Press, rev. ed. 1979), and a novel, *The Roman Persuasion* (Macmillan, 1981).

Alan Jenkins is on the staff of *The Times Literary Supplement*. He has recently been given a major E. C. Gregory Award for an unpublished collection of poems.

Tymoteusz Klempski is the pseudonym of a Polish writer whose article first appeared in *Kultura* (No.1, 1981), the Polish magazine in exile which Jerzy Giedroyc publishes monthly in Paris.

Jean-François Revel, editor of *L'Express* in Paris (in which his first article appeared), recently resigned when his associate editor, Olivier Todd, was dismissed by the magazine's owner. His translated works include *The Totalitarian Temptation* (n.e. Penguin, 1978) and *Without Marx or Jesus* (n.e. Paladin, 1972).

Branko Lazitch is a staff writer for *L'Express*.

Olivier Todd's autobiographical work, *The Year of the Crab*, was published by Aidan Ellis in 1975.

Alain Besançon is Director of Studies at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales in Paris, where he teaches Russian history and culture. His books include *The Soviet Syndrome* (Harcourt Brace, 1978), *Les Origines intellectuelles du leninisme*, and *La Confusion des langues* (Calmann-Levy, 1978). His article on American disbelief in Communist ideology, "The View from East of Eden", appeared in the June 1980 issue of ENCOUNTER.

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Life & Letters Today

London

COUÉISM: **In general [writes drama critic Francis King] my colleagues have often been more easily satisfied than I have. Reading such comments as "Hysterically funny," "I laughed till I cried" or "Superbly absorbing," I have sometimes wondered whether the sort of critical Couéism, by which every day, in every way, almost every play is acclaimed as better and better, will really cure the maladies of the theatre.**

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

EUPHEMISMS: *For some time Supermarkets and Department stores have referred to shoplifting euphemistically as "shrinkage" on their balance sheets. They have now had to invent a new word to describe merchandise that vanishes because it is eaten by customers as they walk around the store, before they reach the check-out.*

It sounds a perilous sort of stealing, likely to make one choke, and start like a guilty thing upon a fearful television eye, and ram one's trolley into a ziggurat of soup tins.

The word that the supermarketmen have introduced to describe this kind of shopswallowing is simple, apt, euphemistic, and makes one smile: "grazing."

THE TIMES

London

BOOK OF UNCOMMON PRAYER: *Thieves who broke into a Gloucestershire church have been formally "cursed" by the vicar—who used a little known section of the Book of Common Prayer to do it.*

This ten-minute "Commination Service" is used to curse a variety of sinners, including "he that removeth his neighbour's landmark" and he "that maketh the blind go out of his way." The vicar, the Rev. Robert Nesham of Down Ampney, near Cirencester, says: "I certainly would not like to be on the end of a Commination Service."

The service is among a range of intriguing items which, over the generations, have been included in the prayer book. The terrible dangers once involved in childbirth, for example, inspired the service known as the "Churching of Women." This requires the new mother to kneel while giving thanks for her survival: **"The snares of death compassed me round about: and the pains of hell gat hold upon me."**

In the Alternative Service Book, published last year, the emphasis was changed to thanksgiving for the birth of a child instead of for the deliverance of the mother. But the original remains in the Book of Common Prayer.

Some of the old sections, however, have been declared obsolete. These include the Prayers of Thanksgiving, which had to be offered every year on November 5. **"For the happy deliverance of King James I and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder. . . ."**

DAILY MAIL

New York City

LIT. CRIT.: *Ernest Hemingway wrote to Lillian Ross in 1948 that she was quite right to run rather than slide while playing softball.*

If his baseball fundamentals are arguable, Hemingway's feel for the game was undeniable. Looking to disparage T. S. Eliot, who he conceded was "a damned good poet and a fair critic," Hemingway wrote to a friend in 1950 that Eliot "never hit a ball out of the infield in his life."

Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth and Mark Harris have written novels about baseball. Even in the midst of his torment, Santiago, Hemingway's Cuban fisherman, begged young Manolin to "have faith in the Yankees, my son. Think of the great DiMaggio."

The historian Jacques Barzun may have overstated the case when he wrote "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball." But he does not seem to have been too far off base, at least as his remark pertains to writers.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

BANISHMENT: **If the Unicorn Hunters had their way, you'd never hear the words "de-plane" and "moral majority" again.**

Those are just a couple of the words and phrases on the 7th annual Dishonor List of Words Banished from the Queen's English. The list is released by the Unicorn Hunters, a group of language purists at Lake Superior State College. The Unicorn Hunters chose this year's list from more than 1,500 nominating letters received from around the country.

"We banish these words because of mis- and mal- and overuse as well as general uselessness," explained the archivist for the group of artists, writers, poets and others.

Words like *"deplane"* **and phrases like** *"for sure"* **should never be used.**

Oddball words that pop up unexpectedly but are not in general use: One example on this year's list is Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne's comment that she hoped an investigation would prove *"fruitworthy."*

Words that are simply misused: *"Adult"* **as a synonym for X-rated is one example on this year's list.**

The Unicorn Hunters banished the phrase "campaign rhetoric," which they said translates into "ordinary lies."

Two Redundancy Alerts were announced: "past history" **and "exact same." A Suffix Red Alert was issued for** "gate" **as in "Koreagate" and "Billygate."**

They object to the word "adult" being used as a synonym for obscene as in "adult theater" or "adult bookstore." "We wait more than 20 years to become one only to find that it now means obscene. An adult bookstore should sell Jane Austen, John Galsworthy and Sigrid Undset—not pornography."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

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